

DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room

Large Paper Edition

LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
PHILLIPS BROOKS

VOL. I — PART II





Vol 27

LIFE AND LETTERS

Phillips Brooks

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



G. B. LITTLE AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Phillips Brooks

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

Phillips **B**rooks

BY

ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED



New York

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

MDCCCCI

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY
ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN
WILLIAM G. BROOKS, ELIZABETH W. BROOKS, JOHN C. BROOKS
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Two Hundred and Fifty Copies
Printed. Number *52*.....

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XI.

1860-1861.

	PAGE
BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.—THE CALL TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN PHILADELPHIA	353

CHAPTER XII.

January to August, 1862.

THE FIRST YEAR AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.—DISTRACTIONS OF PARISH WORK.—THE NEW DIVINITY SCHOOL.—VISIT TO NIAGARA	386
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

September to December, 1862.

THE CIVIL WAR.—LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.—THE FAMILY LIFE.—GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH .	409
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

1863.

DEATH OF GEORGE BROOKS.—PARISH WORK.—CLERICAL SOCIETY.—THREATENED INVASION OF PHILADELPHIA.—SUMMER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—PROTEST AGAINST BISHOP HOPKINS'S BIBLE ARGUMENT FOR SLAVERY.—INTEREST IN THE FREEDMEN.—THANKSGIVING SERMON	437
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

1864.

CALL TO A PROFESSORSHIP IN THE PHILADELPHIA DIVINITY SCHOOL.—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK.—SPEECHES IN BEHALF OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE	481
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

1865.

CLOSE OF THE WAR.—THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.—THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION.—DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE	525
---	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XVII.

1865-1866.

THE YEAR ABROAD	556
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

1866-1867.

BISHOP RANDOLPH'S REMINISCENCES. — CALL TO THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE. — FAMILY LIFE AND LETTERS. — NOTES FROM JOURNAL. — LETTER TO DEAN STANLEY	582
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

1868-1869.

THE FIRST CALL TO TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON. — SITUATION IN BOSTON. — DECLINATION OF THE CALL. — THE SECOND CALL AND ITS ACCEPTANCE. — AN APPRECIATION BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL	598
---	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PHILLIPS BROOKS AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN, from a photograph by J. W. Black. <i>Photogravure</i> <i>Frontispiece</i>	
CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, PHILADELPHIA, INTERIOR. Representing the chancel somewhat changed from its aspect in 1859 . .	376
PHILLIPS BROOKS AND HIS MOTHER, from family group in 1862. <i>Photogravure</i>	422
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA, INTERIOR . .	448
WILLIAM GRAY BROOKS, the father of Phillips Brooks. <i>Photogravure</i>	520
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA, EXTERIOR . .	582
ALEXANDER H. VINTON, D. D., from a photograph by James Notman. <i>Photogravure</i>	604

CHAPTER XI

1860-1861

THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR. THE CALL TO THE
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN PHILADELPHIA

DURING the month of August Mr. Brooks was in Boston for his holiday, enjoying every moment of his leisure with his own peculiar intensity. It was the rest, however, of activity, for he could not be inactive. He preached at St. James', Roxbury, and at St. Mary's, Dorchester, creating the same strange impression of his power that had been felt at once in Philadelphia. Much of the time was spent in North Andover at the old Phillips homestead. Frederick was now a Sophomore at Harvard, Arthur was in the Latin School, carrying off the prizes which his older brother did not win, and John, the youngest, was a boy of eleven. Phillips occupied his old room in the house on Chauncy Street, which his mother kept as he had left it when he first went from home, allowing nothing to be changed. To this home he returned with the consciousness of power and success, and the conviction of greater results to be achieved. A photograph of the whole family was taken at this time, before death had made any breach in its ranks, the father and the mother in the centre with the boys grouped around them. Phillips was among them in an idle, careless pose, his eyes cast down with an amused expression, his face turned to one side, giving the beauty and symmetry of his head. The record of these days at home shows him at his familiar haunts whenever he had the opportunity,— the Athenæum and the Public Library. He also wrote his sermon to be preached on the first Sunday after the vacation should be over. This was one of his characteristics to be ready for duty, and to make his preparation

some time in advance. It gave the false impression, however, that he did not require to work as others, for when they were in the toils of anxiety about their work he was free, and seemed to have nothing to do.

When he returned to Philadelphia on the first Sunday in September, he found the same large congregations awaiting him, but he remarked that they were mostly strangers. He returned to take up his work with new vigor and enthusiasm. The year that now followed was prolific in sermons, each week seeing the completion of two; he was determined, if he could help it, not to preach an old sermon. In addition to new sermons on Sunday, he gave a weekly lecture in the church on Wednesday evenings, and on Saturday evening he met a large Bible class, composed of members of his congregation. To his Sunday-school he gave a large part of his time and interest, speaking of the pleasure it was to him to look upon their young fresh faces. He made special preparation for their anniversaries, and excelled in talking to children. He pressed his friend Mr. Strong into their service, by getting him to write special hymns for their use. The church was full of life and interest, shown by the heroic efforts to raise the debt which harassed and crippled it.

He was at last making some systematic effort in the line of physical exercise. In college, as we have seen, he took none, nor during his years at the seminary. Both his father and mother urged its importance. His frequent illnesses at Alexandria may point to some physical weakness, at least he had not yet attained that physical strength and endurance which marked him in later years, when he did not know what illness was, or what it was to be tired. But in this second year in the ministry, as in the first, he frequently complains of being "fearfully tired." The Sunday work, the writing of the sermons, even the Bible class exhausted his strength. In the midst, too, of all his friends he alludes to his loneliness and to a sense of depression. When he got back to Philadelphia he speaks of being troubled with "blue spots" as he thinks of home. In many of the letters he writes he opens with apologies for delay. These things are

mentioned because they disappeared so entirely from his later years, when he was in the fulness of his power, that it seems surprising they should ever have been. Beneath the changes there was a great moral effort. He had resolved upon regulating his life in little things and in minor details upon some ideal of conduct, — the provision of things beautiful in the eyes of all men.

At this time the moral resolve began to be apparent. Despite the fact of producing two sermons a week, his handwriting does not deteriorate, but improves. It had always been good, though often showing the signs of haste and at times illegible. Now it was becoming uniform and graceful, even artistic. He reads his brother Frederick a vigorous lecture on the defects of his handwriting: "My dear brother, what's the use of letting your handwriting go to wrack and ruin in this desperate way? I get a good many shameful-looking letters, but I think I've hardly had one more perfectly outrageous in its penmanship than this of yours. Excuse my saying so, but it's the truth."

When he reached the age of twenty-five on the 13th of December, 1860, he records his weight as one hundred and ninety-five pounds. But with his great height, he still gave the impression of being slender in his figure. As his form began to fill out with the additional weight, there came a new and unexpected ease and grace of manner, which seemed in keeping with the inward spirit. There was now apparent an exquisite physical symmetry and a manly beauty, which called for comment and description as much as did his power in the pulpit. There was here the physical basis of oratory, but there was something more, — the outer man became the reflection of the inward grace and endowment.

He had hardly been a year in the ministry when already he was known to more than local fame, as evidenced in the demand for his services. While still in deacon's orders he had been called to churches in Cleveland, in Harrisburg, Pa., and in Cincinnati. Hardly had he begun his second year in the Advent when other loud and pressing calls were received, which it was at least necessary he should consider. There

was one from Providence, R. I. Then came Governor Gibbs of the same State, bearing a call from Trinity Church, Newport, followed by a committee who urgently advocated his acceptance. Still a third call came from San Francisco, with the tempting salary of five or six thousand dollars, inwardly appealing to him, because then, as for many years after, he felt a strong desire to throw in his lot with the upbuilding of a new country. Thus from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from Newport to San Francisco, had his fame extended. There is something to be marvelled at here in the rapidity with which the knowledge of him travelled. It was not done by advertising as in the newspapers, for there is a limit to what advertisement of a formal kind can do, and his fame had spread faster and further than could be accounted for by such methods. He had in some mysterious way touched the very springs and sources of human life. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him. People were talking of him, and spoke of him to one another, in ways that impressed the imagination of those who had not seen or heard. The impression thus made upon the most sensitive of all modes of human communication moved more quickly and surely to its end than postal facilities, or the power of steam and electricity. One of the things which the historian Ranke noted about the posting of Luther's theses on the eve of the Reformation was the almost inconceivable swiftness with which the knowledge of the fact spread throughout all Germany. So it is when anything happens of vital moment which it concerns humanity to know, or when some new prophet arises and God is again visiting his people. But the message was not new, it was the old burden, the Eternal Gospel in its moving, living appeal.

These invitations to other more attractive and possibly more extended spheres of influence, Mr. Brooks had declined under the feeling that, for the present, his duty called him to remain where he was. But soon there came a call louder and more peremptory, to which he long refused to listen, and then at last accepted. Already in the fall of 1860 there were rumors that Dr. Vinton was to leave Philadelphia. At first they took the form that he was to return again to

Boston. So insistent was the rumor that it became necessary to deny it publicly before his congregation. But there was something in the rumor; he was not contented with his position; domestic reasons made a change necessary, and before long it was known that he had decided to resign the Church of the Holy Trinity to accept a call to St. Mark's Church in New York. Again he appears as a factor in the career of Phillips Brooks, when he recommended him as his successor to the parish he was leaving. Whether he had recommended him or not, Mr. Brooks would probably have been called to the vacant parish. He was already well known to its people. If Dr. Vinton had been intentionally preparing the way for him to the charge of the church when he should leave it, he could not have labored more directly to that end than by the frequent invitations he gave him to preach in his own pulpit, and in other ways to associate him with the parish. Not only had he preached there frequently, but the congregation of Holy Trinity formed a large part of his audience at the Church of the Advent. It had become the fashion in Philadelphia for people to wend their way to the neat little church on the corner of York Avenue and Buttonwood Street. "Crowds from all parts of the city flocked to hear his sermons, and it was not an unwonted sight on a Sunday evening to see the streets in the neighborhood of the church filled with carriages." All through the year 1861 the question was pending whether Phillips Brooks would leave the Church of the Advent for the large Church of the Holy Trinity. In April, 1861, Dr. Vinton preached his farewell, and Mr. Brooks was immediately invited by a unanimous vote to take the vacant place.

It was in the spring of this year, 1861, that the civil war began. Events had been rapidly consolidating toward this calamity from the time of Lincoln's election. Mr. Brooks had recorded in his diary for November 6, 1860, this sentence, with a line drawn about it isolating it from other sentences to make it appear as prominent on the page as it loomed up significant to his mind, — "Abraham Lincoln chosen President of the United States." For the next four

years his letters, his sermons, his public addresses, show how the awful tragedy and its issues entered and quickened his personality. His letters became a chronicle of the war. They contain nothing new; he had no special source of information. There are thousands of such letters, but these have value as coming from him. So far as they are used in this narrative, it will be, not to supplement histories of the war, nor to revive its painful memories, but as part of the story of a life, sinking its individuality in the national purpose, till the soul of the nation seemed to pass into his own. He emerged from this experience with a deeper devotion to the cause of humanity. He received its teaching as a message to himself, fusing all his powers into one intense and consecrated endeavor.

In one sense the war gave him his opportunity, — an adequate opportunity for revealing the greatness which was in him. He was roused by it to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; he became its representative and mouthpiece to the city of Philadelphia, as did no other of its citizens, till finally he spoke to the country at large in a way to be compared for its effectiveness with the speech of Lincoln at the battlefield of Gettysburg.

These letters which follow cover the first year of the war, and also the time when he was considering the transition from the Church of the Advent to the Church of the Holy Trinity. From some points of view they tell but little; they give only what he was willing to give. The inward experiences which lay behind are reserved for other occasions. They are characteristic letters; a certain boyish tone runs through them; they indicate a spirit full of happiness, for whom a future with richer results is waiting. The glory and joy of life, the pleasure simply of being alive — this constitutes their charm; amid all their reticence this was something he could not conceal.

PHILADELPHIA, September 17, 1860.

DEAR FATHER, — I was very glad to get yours on Saturday. How good the little photograph is! There it is upon my mantel-piece now. There has been an immense putting of the Brookses

on to paper within the last month. My "group" is much admired, and sets off the room finely.

Things are looking well down at the church. Our congregations are larger, and what vacant pews are still left are fast renting. The vestry are about instituting a movement by which they hope to be able to secure the payment of the church debt within two or three years. If they can do it, it will add \$500 to our regular income. . . .

I have n't quite got over my vacation yet, but have blue spots every now and then, wishing I was safe at home in the back parlor among the boys and huckleberries. I can only keep saying "one of these days" and keep up my spirits.

I am counting on Fred's visit in the winter, and mean not to be disappointed about it. It will do his health good. I have no doubt he can find enough to see here to employ him for a couple of weeks. Don't think of not letting him come. He is n't much at teasing himself (witness the couch), so I must do it for him. Love to all abundantly.

September 27, 1860.

DEAR GEORGE, — Your politico-fraternal letter has arrived. I am glad to see your enthusiasm keep up so well, and that everything promises so well to warrant it. You may be sure that if Colonel Curtin's election rests on my vote he will be our next governor, and then, of course, Honest Abe is our next President. I am regularly assessed and my name on the voting list. . . . Everybody is talking politics, and it is the exception when there is n't at least one political procession within hearing. There go the caps and capes and torches, up Franklin Street, through the rain.

The wigwam up at Sixth and Brown is open every evening, and you can't get into a street car without being reminded that it's within a few weeks of Old Abe's election. No danger of a man's forgetting to vote in such times as these. Almost all Advent go with the rector. I don't know but one or two Democrats among them, and hardly a Bell man.

But enough of politics till after election. Then we'll send a crow back and forth, and I'd be glad to have you stop a week with me as you come on to inauguration.

I am safe at work again; lost seven pounds already since my return. Are you at the retorts still?

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday evening, November 4, 1860.

DEAR FATHER, — Many thanks for your kind letter of a day or two ago. I had been thinking of writing to you all the week,

but have not been very well; not sick, you know, but out of sorts and not able for any work, headachy and so forth. I am going to break my rule and preach an old sermon for the first time to-morrow. It has been wretched weather, and now it's pouring horribly. I enjoyed the little glimpse I had of uncle John last Sunday, all the more for its being so unexpected. . . . I am very sorry that the prospect of getting home at Thanksgiving seems so slight. Perhaps I may accomplish it some time this winter. At any rate I depend on Fred's visit as soon as his vacation opens.

To-day I had a visit from Governor Gibbs of Newport, R. I., who came on to offer me Trinity Church in that place (the one Mr. Mercer had). I have not given a positive answer, but presume the look of things will forbid my entertaining any call. What do you think of it? They offer \$2000 and a house. Not much of a congregation in winter and a full church in summer. Dr. Vinton advises me not to go. I don't think much of it. I am kind of pledged, though not in so many words, to see the Advent out of debt before leaving. They have almost \$6000 of the \$8000 subscribed, and most of it is with a sort of understanding that things are to remain as they are for the present.

I enclose what pretends to be a sketch of a sermon of mine, which appeared in the "Press" this morning. I think there is no vanity in saying that the reporter has made a wretched jumble of it. It was n't much of a sermon, but it was better than that. Still, you may like to see his account.

Friday evening, December 7, 1860.

DEAR WILLIAM, — There will be no time to-morrow, so you shall make sure of it to-night. Right into winter again and everything as disagreeable and bleak as it can be. Everybody blue, and prospects generally discouraging. What a time you had in Boston, Monday! I see Sanborn was in the thick of it. I don't believe in John Brown, but I don't believe either in that way of choking down free speech. It looks too much like the way they have of doing things down in South Carolina. What do people up there say about the message? Poor old J. B. [President James Buchanan.] He's on his last three months luckily.

December 21, 1860.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . You'll get this in plenty of time to wish you all a Merry Christmas. I would give a good deal to have a share in the family turkey, but it is no use. I am going to eat mine at Dr. Vinton's. I wonder if it's really a whole

year since last Christmas. How they do go! Since the last time I wrote I have had another birthday. You know I am a quarter of a century old. It went off quietly, and I felt inclined to say very little about it. The Newport matter has been up again. Last Sunday there was a committee on here, and they came to see me on Monday. Mr. Abbot Lawrence and Dr. Ogden of New York. I sent them home again on Tuesday. They represent things in a pretty bad way there. I tried to get them to call Dr. Richards.

So the Union's gone if South Carolina has the right to go; but I believe we shall see brighter times yet, and don't believe the country five years hence will repent of the Republican victory of 1860. Do you?

Saturday, January 6, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — It's late Saturday night, and I'm just home from Bible class, pretty tired, but you shall have your letter before you go to bed. Till Massachusetts secedes, and the postal arrangements are stopped, you may depend upon me pretty regularly. Yesterday, Fast Day was pretty generally kept here. Almost all the churches were open. We had service at Advent, but not sermon. I understand Dr. Vinton preached a great sermon. . . .

Chase (of the "Advertiser") was here the other day. He spent Sunday, and returned a week ago. It was all Cambridge over again while I saw him. He represents things out there [at C.] as being in rather a bad way. Strong is to preach to-morrow at Medford in answer to a call there. I presume you will see him. He preached for me last Sunday morning. To-morrow morning I am going to preach a New Year's sermon from Exodus xiv. 19, and in the evening repeat a sermon which I preached some time ago, from Is. xxx. 15. Somebody sent me to-day a paper with some verses on an old sermon of mine which I believe you read last summer. They are in the "Protestant Churchman" of December 15. Have you any idea who wrote them?

Have you read the "Glaciers of the Alps"? I am reading it and like it. "Friends in Council" is an old favorite of mine, and its mate "Companions of my Solitude." . . .

Friday evening, February 8, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — I have been wanting to write ever since my return, but this week has been overcrowded with all kinds of business, and I have had no time. Fred wrote a day or two ago and told you, I believe, all about our journey and arrival. Since

then the parish has been feasting him to his heart's content, and I think he has been enjoying himself to his heart's content. He is n't very enterprising in sight-seeing, seems to prefer the armchair and fire, and I have n't had much time to go about with him, but I believe he is getting along pretty well with the Lions.

But what I wanted particularly to say is that we expect you to come on after him next week. You need it, and so do we. Make your plans to spend Sunday, the 17th, with us, and you shall get a hearty welcome and all the enjoyment I can scare up. Now, father, don't disappoint me about this. Fred and I have both set our hearts upon it, and when I saw the man at the Continental the other day he looked just as if he had a room all ready and waiting. Don't disappoint me, but let me know as soon as possible just when I may expect you. I count upon your coming. Don't let it fail. *Fred is n't much of a traveller and will be all the better for your escort home.*

There is no news here. The parish seems to be going on smoothly, at any rate the houses are still full and the people apparently interested.

Monday, February 25, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — What do you think of the President-elect's sudden run from Pennsylvania hospitalities? Next week at any rate is close upon us, and then "we shall see what we shall see," in the words of the late guest of the Continental. I saw "Abe" on Thursday. He is a good-looking, substantial sort of a man, and I believe he 'll do the work. At any rate it 's a satisfaction to have an honest man there, even if he can't do much. The tumult increases about Dr. Vinton's going off. With the reason he gives, I think he is right in going. I don't see how he could do otherwise. Father will tell you what the talk is about his successor. There again "we shall see what we shall see." What a splendid day it is to-day, and was yesterday! We seem to have skipped winter here, and blundered right into the midst of spring. Why can't you run down and enjoy it with us?

PHILADELPHIA, March 2, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — I have n't done thinking of your flying visit and dwelling on the enjoyment of it. This week has been a very busy one; all the better no doubt for that, as it has n't given me a chance to be homesick or low-spirited. It has n't given me time either to think much about Holy Trinity. That whole matter is *in status quo*. I have not seen Dr. Vinton since

he left us at the Continental; don't know whether he has sent in his resignation. Certainly they will not make any call at present; so that my interest in it or anybody else's is only prospective.

I thank you for your kind interest and advice about it. I feel the force of all you say, and have no hesitation in saying that if that call or any other one were made to me now, I should have no difficulty in deciding against it. What may turn up to change my mind I can't say, but I don't anticipate anything. If I were inclined to change and for a larger parish, there is none certainly that offers so many inducements as the Holy Trinity. But I have been thinking lately that if I made any change it would be probably for a smaller and not a larger field. Advent looks all bright, but there are some discouraging things about it. Still, I shall probably stay there for the present. You shall hear when I know more about things.

Saturday, March 9, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I am expecting Barlow from New York, who was in our class in college, to come down for a few days to make me a visit. He will be here early Monday morning. As for this afternoon, I am tired. I have begun to go to gymnasium every day, and for the present always come home pretty well used up. I do it as a kind of duty matter, and believe that it has done me good already. Do you want to know how matters do at the Holy Trinity? Dr. Vinton's resignation has been accepted. Their charter requires them to nominate a new rector a month before election. I was nominated last Monday evening, and as mine was the only nomination and was unanimous, it implies an election. Several of their vestry have called to see me. As to going I am in doubt. There are some strong reasons why I should, and others apparently why I should not. I don't think the increased salary is any object with me, for I have plenty, as much as I ever want to spend, where I am.

But the prospect of being settled at once, and probably for life, in a field as large and pleasant and promising as any that one could find is certainly to be thought of. Though a large parish it is not a hard one to work, and has a noble and efficient set of men about it. As to Advent, the look of things this spring makes me often fear some other man could do their work better than I am doing it. Here's a whole letter on this one selfish point; but it's on my mind and you must excuse it. Let me hear what you think of it.

Yours affectionately,

PHILL.

Tuesday evening, March 12, 1861.

MY DEAR FRED, — I have just got your note of Sunday evening, and confess I hardly know what to write in reply. It is just what I have hoped and prayed for, ever since that Sunday evening, and yet we have so little faith that what we desire most often takes us by surprise. At present, my dear Fred, I can do no more than thank God for you with all my heart that He has led you to a decision which I know is to be to you only the beginning of a happiness and reality in life that you have never known before. I know you have not come to the decision lightly, and I am certain that having decided it in faith and prayer the blessing of God will be abundantly upon it.

I think I understood and sympathized fully with the difficulties that seemed to be over your mind during the conversation that we had, and I believe that if they have been removed it has been only by the Spirit of God leading you directly into the truth of Christ. God bless you, my dear Fred, and help you in the life you are beginning.

You will feel more and more as you go on in it that the Christian life is the only true life for one to live. I do hope and pray for you that you may grow stronger and stronger in this your first resolve, and so get deeper and deeper into the truth you have begun to love. Excuse the desultoriness of what I have said. It all amounts to this: I thank God for you, and bid you Godspeed. Won't you write me soon again and tell me more? I promise you my warmest interest and sincerest prayers. God bless you and help you.

Your brother,

PHILL.

March 25, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Three weeks already since the new President came in. I hope we are going to see something done by and by. What do they say in Boston about Fort Sumter? Pretty hard, is n't it?

We have been back in snowstorms again this last week. Yesterday, though, was a magnificent day. Everybody out and churches full. . . . A week ago yesterday Dr. Vinton preached for me an old Boston sermon, "Remember Lot's Wife." Advent is still prosperous. Yesterday we started a branch Sunday-school a few squares from the church. We began with sixty scholars and ten teachers. I think it will work.

As to Holy Trinity I have about concluded not to go, and have signified as much to Dr. Vinton. I think there are many reasons why I ought to go, but I don't see how I can properly

leave Advent just now. I enclose you a paragraph that was handed to me yesterday, cut from the Sunday "Dispatch," — a "flash" paper of this city. It shows how absurdly the thing has been talked about here. Have you read "Elsie Venner"? How well it closes and what a smart book it is all through. I see the "Recreation" man is announced to write for the "Atlantic." We shall have something good there.

Monday evening, April 2, 1861.

DEAR FRED, — I am sure you know that it is neither neglect nor indifference that has kept me from answering your last letters more promptly. I hope you know something of the pleasures they have given me and of the interest, greater than I can begin to express, which I feel in this great work which God has done for you. It is only that the class of Lent has kept me so unceasingly busy that I have not had time before now to sit down quietly and write to you.

Does n't it seem wonderful always to look back on the way that God has led us, and to trace back his guidance ever so far before we began to have any idea that we were under it? How completely it makes one feel that the whole work is in God and not in us, from first to last that He has done it and not we. And how much more than satisfied we are that it should be all His doing. What a happy confidence it gives us that as He began it in spite of our indifference, so He can carry it on in spite of our feebleness. I am thankful that you can write and feel as you do in beginning the new life. God grant that you may grow in grace abundantly and fast. William wrote me the other day of what you had told him. I know the warmth and feeling with which he spoke would give you pleasure. When is your confirmation? Ours is not till near the last of April. I expect about fifteen candidates. The Holy Trinity matter is still unsettled. Good-by. God bless you.

Monday, April 9, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Spring is slow in coming, and here we are all getting a little weary waiting for her. Easter Day was the most perfect day we have had yet. Yesterday was way back in February again. I am beginning to look Bostonwards again. Summer is not so very far off, and the other day I had a letter from Mr. B. T. Reed, asking me to preach three Sundays in June at his new chapel in Lynn. I returned word that I could n't do that, but, if he wished, would come on and preach the second Sunday (the 9th) of June. So you may look for me about that time to be on your hands for a week or so. It will make a

pleasant trip, and the \$20 that they give will pay expenses. Next Sunday I spend at Elizabeth, and shall run up to New York the first of next week, but can't get further that time. I exchanged yesterday morning with Dr. Stevens at St. Andrew's, and saw Bancroft there in church. The Holy Trinity matter is fast approaching a settlement. They gave a call last Tuesday evening, backing it with a long six-page letter from the congregation full of reasons why I ought to come. Since then I have been down with visits from them urging my acceptance. But I am not changed in my mind to stay, and have a rough draft of a letter in my drawer now, which will be copied off and sent next week.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9, 1861.

TO THE VESTRY OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY:

GENTLEMEN, — Your secretary has communicated to me the vote passed at your meeting of last Tuesday evening, by which I am invited to become the rector of your church.

I need not tell you that I have endeavored to give the call that earnest, calm, and prayerful consideration which it deserves. I have felt its importance, and you know I have not dealt with it lightly.

I feel confidence in thinking that most of the members of your body already know and appreciate the motives under which I have arrived at the decision which I ought not to delay in announcing to you.

The condition of my present parish and the circumstances of my connection with it constitute the great reason which has brought the question to a settlement, and which compels me now, acknowledging with all my heart the kindness and consideration which has marked your proposal and all the intercourse that has accompanied it, to decline the call to the rectorship of the Holy Trinity.

I trust that it is unnecessary for me to say how deep an interest I feel in the parish for which you act, and how earnestly I pray for its prosperity, and how confidently I look to see it do, under God, a great work in our Master's cause.

Accept, gentlemen, personally the assurance of my warmest regard and kindest wishes. And believe me very sincerely,

Your friend and servant,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Sunday afternoon, April 29, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — Excuse my seeming neglect of late. I have been very busy and have not found the time to write. What

times these are! Is n't it great to see people in our degenerate days willing to go to work for a principle as our people are doing now? How splendidly old Massachusetts is doing. She has evidently got the old blood left in her yet. The feeling here is just as deep as ever. Not quite as much noise, but everybody doing what they can. Our lecture room at Advent has been a tailor's shop for the last week, with the ladies making clothes for the volunteers. This morning a company attended service at Advent and had an appendix to the sermon for their benefit. To-night there is to be a baptism in Advent of two young men who are ordered off to-morrow, and cannot wait till confirmation time. Everything now has something to do with the war.

Wise left town last Monday; his furniture has been sent off, and he will probably never return. He made himself somewhat obnoxious before leaving, and was turned out half shaved from a black barber's shop on Monday morning because he used his tongue too freely. His church is in a quandary.

We see people here from Baltimore every day. I met a lady last night just from there, who said that half the city would rejoice to have a U. S. army of 30,000 men come and occupy the city. Why don't they do it? The administration will be forced to do it yet by the strong popular pressure. You have asked once or twice about the Holy Trinity and my reasons for not going there. I had but one real reason, — I could n't see that I could leave Advent. If I had been wholly free I should have gone, and think from the peculiar nature of that parish I could have got along. I don't know what they will do. At present they are all adrift. They say that they can settle on nobody. The names mentioned have been Dr. Butler, Nicholson, Dr. Cummings, and Mr. Eccleston of Staten Island. The last seems now to have the best chance. None of the others can possibly get a vote of the vestry. Dr. Vinton preaches his farewell this afternoon. I am to read for him. He goes on Wednesday or Thursday. Mrs. Vinton went some time ago. The war fever has overshadowed all these church excitements. I had an offer yesterday to go to San Francisco, to Grace Church, salary from \$5000 to \$6000. If ever I move, I am not sure but that would be a good direction, but for the present I said I could n't think of it.

I congratulate you on your membership of the "Historical,"¹ and them on their new member. I know you will enjoy it, and it certainly is an honor to be associated with such men. How the genealogical fever will grow on you!

¹ The Massachusetts Historical Society.

But I only meant to write a note. Franklin Square you would n't know. It is a drill yard from morning to night, and at this moment there is a whole company on the sidewalk opposite to 701.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! Peace! but there is no Peace! the war is actually begun. We are in the midst of recruiting and drilling and arriving and departing of troops. We see the Massachusetts men as they pass through on their way to Baltimore, and in a few hours we hear of their being bruised and beaten and killed in a city that claims all the benefits of being on our side. There can be but one party in the North now. There is but one in Philadelphia. The excitement is intense. Several young men of my congregation have enlisted and are going on high religious motives. Who dare say that it is n't his duty to go when the duty is so urgent and the cause so sacred?

Of course nothing else is talked of here, and it's hard to fix down to work of any kind. I was in New York on Monday, and things were the same there.

I still expect to go on in June. I should have preferred to take a later Sunday, but the one I chose seemed to be the only one consistent with my work here. Everything goes well at Advent. They have just voted to raise my salary to \$2000, beginning next month. Our confirmation has just been fixed for the 15th of May. Till then I shall be pretty busy.

I shall think of you all to-morrow afternoon, and though miles away, my heart will give to Fred the warmest of welcomes into the church.

Saturday, May 4, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — War still; quieter just now, but yet, as we all think, a fight certainly coming. How your last letter bubbled and boiled with patriotism! Is n't it a grand thing to see how the mind of the whole country has risen up to the demand of the times? Does n't it prove what, in a long time of peacefulness we are apt to forget, that the heroic qualities are true elements in human nature, and will always be developed with the recurrence of any exigency that calls for their exhibition and employment? Does n't it renew and enlarge our faith in our race?

But I'm not going to write war again. To be sure, there's little else. It's hard to get away from it in sermon-writing or letter-writing.

Dr. Vinton has gone. He left Thursday. I shall miss him very much, for I have seen a great deal of him, and valued his society and intimacy very much indeed. I have liked him more and more with all that I have seen of him. And it will make Philadelphia quite a different place to have him out of it. He gave me his study table that used to be in Temple Place, and it stands now between my front windows. The Holy Trinity is still without a prospect. I am to preach there to-morrow afternoon.

May 13, 1861.

DEAR GEORGE, — It has n't been neglect but business. Will you forgive me and let me write as freely as if I was answering all in good season your kind letter of ever so long ago? I hope by this time, long before this, you are yourself again and hard at work among the Medfordites, and I hope the work is prospering and you enjoy everything about the place as much as ever. By the way, I expect to look in upon you in three or four weeks. I have promised to preach at Lynn on the second Sunday in June, and you may have your manillas ready any time in the preceding week. What of the war? Is n't it grand? Your enthusiasm is no doubt as great as ours, and your confidence as strong that just the thing our land has been needing for ever so long to clear it, first of its corrupt government and ultimately of the hateful curse of slavery, has come about at last. The seminary is broken up and probably Northern students will never be on its roll again. Sparrow and Packard have gone South, May has returned North. The Northern money that has gone into those buildings is sunk. . . . At Advent all goes much as usual. I have been busy getting ready for confirmation, which comes next Wednesday evening. There are twenty-seven or twenty-eight candidates.

Saturday evening, May 18, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — The sermon is just done, so you must excuse a very late note and a very short one. My next one I hope to deliver in person, for it is only two weeks now before I shall be on my way in your direction, unless Jeff Davis is in Philadelphia before that time, in which case, as he may like to attend service at Advent and hear what we think of him there, I should have to stay and tell him.

I had a letter from Father the other day full of red-hot war spirit and making much of Governor Andrew. It seems after all the "Courier" said that his was an election quite fit to be made. How well our Yankee general Butler comes out too. Massachusetts is ahead yet in the war.

Last Wednesday evening we had our confirmation at Advent. Bishop Potter officiated, and the church was crowded. There were thirty-one candidates. It is encouraging to feel that some work is doing. I have enjoyed this last year exceedingly, and if I can only feel that the people get as much good as I do pleasure out of our connection, I shall be well satisfied.

Lots of love to all, and tell them to look out for me.

June 26, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — I have been meaning to write to you since my return, but have been pretty busy without accumulating anything. We are in the midst of the hot term, many people gone and going out of town, and things pretty generally stagnated. At such a time one cannot work with full spirit, and I am looking forward to getting away again for vacation, three weeks from next Monday.

The people of Holy Trinity are going about the country hearing ministers. They are anxious to hear Dr. Huntington [now Bishop of Central New York]. I have told them I don't think there is any chance of getting him, but they are set on trying, and so I have promised to ascertain for them how they can hear him. . . .

Things don't seem to get ahead much in the war, do they? This new talk about compromise I am convinced will come to nothing, but it is a bad symptom, and ought to be stopped. I am glad to see that Massachusetts has come down handsomely with ten more regiments.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, June 29, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — How hot it is! Don't expect much to-day, for it's the last hot day of a long hot week, a two-sermon week too, so that I feel myself pretty considerably written out. Sixty pages a week, the thermometer at 80°, is trying work.

Has Boston quite recovered from my visit, and settled down again into its normal quiet? Your New York trip has come since; I am glad to hear that you enjoyed it. Sorry to hear you speak so cheerlessly of Dr. Vinton's new position. I am afraid that he has made a mistake. I am in hopes now that Dr. Richards will be called to Wise's parish. The vestry went on to hear him last Sunday and were much pleased. It will be very pleasant for me if they call and he accepts, — two peradventures.

Another blunder down South yesterday in the death of Captain Ward. One of these days, perhaps, we shall do something to brag of, but we don't seem to have done it yet. What will

Congress do is the question. People are getting dreadfully poor here, and even ministers are beginning to economize. Where will it end?

July 2, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — Many thanks for your kind letter, also for the trouble you took in finding out about Dr. Huntington. I have not forgotten that this is the birthday of our Eldest Hope. Twenty-seven, is n't it? Offer him my best congratulations and my heartiest wishes for twenty-seven more happy new years. Wise's old parish have been on to hear Dr. Richards, and have concluded to call him. The call will be given this week. I hope he will accept. We are all to have service on the 4th (July) by Bishop Potter's recommendation.

From his mother: —

BOSTON, July 2, 1861.

MY DEAREST PHILLY, — To-day is William's birthday, when I had my first child, and I have been living all day in the past. How full my thoughts and my heart have been of Willy and you in your baby days. How many recollections crowd upon me when I look back upon all the way the Lord has led me and realize how solemn it is to live. We naturally live so much in the present that it is good for us sometimes to turn back to the past. It does not make me feel sad but solemn when I think how much of my time is past and how short the journey now. I only desire to travel it well and peacefully, until we and the children God has given us shall safely reach heaven and dwell with our blessed Saviour forever. Oh, bliss unspeakable! . . . Good-by, my dear child, for a little longer. You'll be soon among us again. Dinna forget.

Your devoted and loving MOTHER.

Saturday, September 14, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — When is the great battle coming? Everybody says now before another week is over, but I believe McClellan knows what he is about, and won't fight till he's ready, and then will whip them terribly. Philadelphia brags loudly of her son and has forgotten Patterson in her delight over McC.

How comfortably the traitors are getting housed in Lafayette. Boston has contributed nothing yet. You must have some old "Courier" men that you would like to spare that you could send to keep our precious townsmen company.

Monday morning.

What hot weather again; yesterday was oppressive, and with three services I feel pretty well used up this morning. I am

quite in the old rut again now, and everything is going pretty much as usual. I hear nothing from Holy Trinity, though I understand they have made no arrangement yet. I preached there on the 8th, but their head men were all out of town.

They say there was a great movement of troops from here yesterday towards Washington.

Monday morning, September 16, 1861.

DEAR FRED, — I think the upshot of your last letter as near as I can make it out is, Will I subscribe to the "Harvard"? Of course I will. I am anxious as far as it is possible in this benighted region to keep up with the literary and æsthetic progress of our land. So put my name down, and as soon as you will write and tell me what the subscription price is, I will transmit the funds, to be returned, of course, if the machine does n't run a full year under its new engineering. I must make one condition, and that is that I am to be kept informed monthly what articles I am especially to warm up over, as emanating from the lineal successor of its first editors.

They say the great battle has got to come this week. I hope and think that we are ready for it, and from all that we can hear, believe that under McClellan we may look for, as he says, "no more Bull Run affairs."

Friday, September 27, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — We are just through the President's Fast Day, and I have never seen a week day kept as it has been. Our stores almost without exception were closed; the churches thronged. We had service at Advent in the morning, and in the evening and afternoon joined with Mr. Cooper's and Dr. Newton's congregations for union services. The churches all three times were overflowing, and unable to hold all that came, and so it was with all the churches, I believe, all over town.

I had no sermon, only a short address. The only restraint was a feeling that I could not speak out as fully as I wished on the one great sin which is beyond doubt the chief reason of this calamity being on us, and which has got to be removed before the calamity can be lifted off. It is useless to talk round and round it, when we know and are sure that slavery, its existence in the South and its approval in the North, is the great crushing, cursing sin of our national life and the cause of all our evils. I spoke of it freely yesterday, and so far as I know without giving offence.

How strange this continual mismanagement is! What is ham-

pering our soldiers and statesmen? Another defeat and another brave man useless out in Missouri, and all apparently for want of foresight and prudence. Here's a noble letter about the war and the country. Well, you'll excuse it, for there is n't much worth thinking or talking of besides in times like these.

October 1, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — I have meant to answer your last letter before, but have been pretty busy. I got last night the "Transcript" with its cut at —. He deserved it, and more too. The man who can insult a Northern congregation nowadays by standing up and laying the whole blame of these troubles on the North deserves all the dislike and distrust he gets.

We are just beginning to be stirred up here about the election of an assistant bishop. Bishop Potter has called a convention for the 23d, and the choice is very doubtful. Drs. Butler, Goodwin, May, Morton, and Leeds seem to be the promising names. Dr. Stevens would stand a good chance except that his loyalty is spotted. . . . I have received the first number of the new volume of the "Harvard" [magazine], with Fred for one of the editors. He seems to be holding up his end of the family rope well.

How bold we are getting in Virginia, taking possession of deserted hills and shooting down our own men! Things look badly in Missouri too. What splendid October weather we are having.

Friday, October 11, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . This is a big week in church matters here, meetings of societies, etc. Dr. Tyng has been making some splendid speeches, taking the black bull by the horns every time he could get a chance, but I won't touch on that as we both vented our Abolitionism abundantly last week. Dr. Vinton is here, but returns to-day. I was in hopes to have kept him over Sunday, but he is inexorable. By the way, the Holy Trinity call is coming the 1st of November, I understand, and Mr. Coolidge having left Providence at last I can have that parish if I want it. Between the two the choice is I shall stay at Advent. . . .

Colonel Wilson's regiment went through here the other day, and created a great deal of attention. It was called the best equipped regiment that has passed through Philadelphia. We have had a terrible week of rain, but this morning has cleared off gloriously, and everything is looking beautifully. I am just going out to try to secure some of the Bishops and other Big Boys here to preach for me on Sunday.

October 29, 1861.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — Another defeat and another butchery. Where are we drifting to, and when is the tide to turn? I have n't a doubt that it will turn, but it is tedious waiting for it, and meanwhile we are losing time and men. Have you read the poem called the "Washers of the Shroud" in the last "Atlantic"? It seems to me very fine.

We have been busy and excited this week in the choice of a bishop. The papers have told you, no doubt, that Dr. Stevens was elected. I voted against him, and was sorry that he was elected simply because I do not think in the present state of things, and with the prospects that are before us, any man of Southern sympathies and connections, even though he may be just now professedly loyal, ought to become the mouthpiece of a Northern diocese. However, he is an able and a good man, and I shall hope the best of his administration. It was a very long and excited canvass.

There is nothing new in my own church relations. I have had an interview with the Holy Trinity people in reference to their giving a new call, and have discouraged it, at least until they have made trial of one or two persons who have been for some time before them. What will be the upshot of it I can't tell.

Friday, November 8, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I went to hear your senator last night, Charles Sumner, on the War. He was n't very great. He has grown fat and clumsy, and has not the same fire that he used to have. Where is the fleet? Are we ever to hear from it, or has it drifted out into infinite space or gone over to secession or gone down Armada fashion in one of these gales? I have faith still, but things look badly, especially in Missouri. What a pity that Fremont's removal came just at this time, though, independently of that, no doubt it was a good move, or rather it was a bad one ever to put him there. . . .

Monday, November 18, 1861.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I have resigned the Advent to-day, and shall accept the Holy Trinity to-morrow. You will not think it strange that I have not written you about this before. I wanted to have it fixed and settled before I troubled you with it again.

The call from the Holy Trinity came two weeks ago, and since then I have been in a wretched state, weighing my desire to stay with the Advent people against my apparent duty to go and work this larger field. I never want to pass another such two weeks.

I went on a week ago to-day and passed two days with Dr. Vinton. After coming back from there the matter has had much serious and prayerful thought, and has resulted finally in a clear conviction that I ought to go. The Advent people are very much hurt and very indignant about it. I am sincerely sorry to leave them, more so than I can tell, but what can I do?

And now about the details. My resignation is to take effect after the first Sunday in Advent. I have n't the heart to go right to Holy Trinity the next Sunday, and so shall accept then to begin the 1st of January. Most of the intervening time I shall spend with you in Chauncy Street, if you will take me in. I say "most" because I may be kept here a few days after I leave Advent to make arrangements about moving, etc., and also because I have partly promised to spend the second Sunday in December with Dr. Vinton. At any rate I shall be at home to keep George's birthday and Christmas.

TO THE VESTRY OF THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT:

GENTLEMEN, — I hereby resign to you the rectorship of your church.

This charge was accepted by me in response to your invitation in September, 1859; since that time I need not say how sincerely and constantly I have rejoiced in the relations of perfect harmony that have existed between us and in the evident blessing of God upon our joint labors. Never has any rector been privileged to minister to a people more kind and earnest and sympathizing, or to rely upon the help of a vestry more united, more cordial, and considerate in every stage of his intercourse with them. After such an experience I cannot try to tell you how deeply I feel the painful necessity of severing our connection. I believe you all know that it has not been an easy task or one determined on without earnest, long, and prayerful thought.

But I have been led to see it as my duty to accept a field of labor which has been opened, and kept open, before me by the Providence of God. I shall go to that field in answer to my Master's call, and because I sincerely feel the summons comes from Him.

For the Church of the Advent I feel a love and care that time can never weaken. I pray for its continual prosperity, and I look with much desire for the permanence of the many close friendships I have formed among you.

To the vestry I render my most hearty thanks for all their sympathy and help, for their kind seconding of all my efforts and anticipation of all my wants, and though our official relation

ends, I prize their regard, and beseech for each of them the best blessings temporal and spiritual that our Father can bestow.

It is my wish that this resignation should take effect after the first Sunday in Advent.

With sincerest regards and strong affection, I am, dear brethren,
Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 18, 1861.

There are circumstances connected with Mr. Brooks's resignation of the Church of the Advent which are not mentioned in the foregoing correspondence, or receive only a slight allusion. It is evident that the event was a painful one to him as it was also to his congregation. It was inevitable, but perhaps it would have presented a more ideal aspect if in leaving his first parish he had been leaving it also for work elsewhere than in Philadelphia. For there was here a circumstance capable of the usual misinterpretation, that he was leaving one parish because it was poor for another because it was rich. But for nearly a year he had kept the question under consideration. Although he had once formally declined the call, yet the exigent demands of the larger church would not allow him to refuse. Some things also had become more apparent as the months went by. His church was crowded with worshippers, but they brought no strength to his parish; they came to listen, but they did not rent the vacant pews. He was in reality ministering to the congregations of other parishes. If he was to speak as his soul moved him to do, he needed a stronger vantage ground, a more prominent position. If he must preach to crowded churches, as seemed to be even then his destiny, it was better to preach in a church with fifteen hundred hearers than in one with five hundred. A power outside himself seemed to be arbitrating the issue for him. In the spirit of humility and of obedience he acquiesced, but with no sign of ambition for self, or spirit of conceit and self-sufficiency.

It was a hard and bitter experience for the Church of the Advent. He seemed to belong to them as by the divine right of discovery. They had found him as he preached in the Sharon Mission near Alexandria, and from afar had



CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, PHILADELPHIA, INTERIOR
(The Chancel somewhat changed from its aspect in 1850)

descried his power while all the world was in ignorance. To them he had given the first fresh devotion of his ministry, endearing himself to them by no ordinary faithfulness, going in and out among them as their very own. They too in return had given him of their best; there was nothing they would not do, or attempt to do, to show their affectionate appreciation. But they were paralyzed by these efforts, one after another, in such rapid succession, to rob them of their treasure. In the case of the Church of the Holy Trinity they were tempted to stand upon their rights, to appeal to ecclesiastical law, to refuse absolutely to let him go.

The change of a clergyman from one parish to another is so familiar and commonplace a circumstance that it would hardly seem to deserve here more than a passing mention. But this was a case which probed the issue involved in the relation of pastor and people to its deepest source. In the early history of New England the principle had been tacitly sanctioned that the relationship could be sundered only by death. Such also had been the understanding in the ancient church when the principle had been embodied in the canon law. But it had been found an ideal too high for realization in this imperfect world. In the ancient church it had passed into abeyance, surviving as a relic in the order of bishops only, and even there it was eventually overcome. The Puritan churches had also failed to maintain it, one of Mr. Brooks's ancestors, the Hon. Judge Phillips of Andover, being among the first to advocate a change in the rule. But when it came to Phillips Brooks's case, the call to leave the Church of the Advent for the Holy Trinity, the ancient principle began to be seen in all its pristine force and beauty. It seemed to the Church of the Advent as though the tie binding minister and people were so sacred that it was wrong and even sacrilege to attempt to break it, — a sin against both God and man. But much also was to be said for the Church of the Holy Trinity. From the time when Phillips Brooks first preached there, soon after his ordination, he had so won their hearts that they had at once fixed upon him as their rector in case Dr. Vinton should leave. It had been

a mistake, his preaching there so often, if he were not free to become their minister when they should call him. Already he was as dear to them as to his own parishioners, — the only man upon whom they could now unite, when Dr. Vinton had left them. While they recognized the difficulties to be encountered in detaching him from his devoted people at the Advent, yet none the less did their claim upon him seem the stronger. At great expense they had erected their noble church in the most commanding position in the city, the centre of its life and growth. The large building had at once been filled with a congregation composed of prominent and influential citizens; its social distinction and prestige was the highest. If they felt that these circumstances constituted any part of their claim, yet they did not give them a foremost place. There were those watching the proceeding who ventured to assure the young minister that if he accepted the call, he would be regarded as mercenary in his motives or ambitious of social recognition. But to the credit of both the claimants it must be said that such arguments as these were only faintly urged. Already the high character of Mr. Brooks, apart from his genius and other endowments, made such things seem out of place.

It had been left by the vestry of the Holy Trinity Church to one of its members, the Hon. G. W. Woodward, a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, to draw up the document which should present its cause. To the preparation of this document, Judge Woodward bent his powers as an able lawyer, reviewing the situation in all its aspects. It was a masterly paper, and could not have been without its influence. It made its impression on the mind of Mr. Brooks, but nevertheless he declined the call. These events took place in the month of April, 1860. Six months and more went by, and the Church of the Holy Trinity was still unable to unite upon any one as its minister, so long as its mind and heart were preoccupied with Mr. Brooks. In November of this same year the call was renewed. Then the Church of the Advent was alarmed, for the danger was now felt to be real and close at hand. They had no great jurist among

them like Judge Woodward to advocate their cause, but they were not without resources of their own, of equal if not superior force, in making their last defence and appeal. They did not allude to the possibility of any sinister motives as having any connection with the case; they simply fell back upon the eternally human as the strongest foundation; they pointed out in simple, but most pathetic ways the divine hand, the voice of the Spirit in all these human affairs.

No more moving appeal than they offered could be conceived. They knew their man; they had not sat in vain under his teaching. They recalled to his mind their situation as a parish when two years and a half ago they had called him to be their minister. They were then in a depressed condition; half of the pews in the church were unoccupied; their number of communicants sadly reduced; their revenue far below their current expenses. Under these circumstances, the calling of a rector was to them a matter of vital importance, for a mistake meant failure and ruin. Then as a church they had prayed for the divine guidance. Was it not in answer to this prayer that one of his fellow students at Alexandria, who happened to be in Philadelphia, had mentioned the name of Phillips Brooks to one of their vestry, a seemingly chance occurrence, but mentioned in such a way that it could not be forgotten? He mentioned it to others of the vestry, and so strong was the impression borne in upon their minds that a committee was appointed to go and see him. They recalled to his mind how this committee had gone to visit the little mission house to hear him preach, or rather talk, to the poor people to whom he ministered, the impression made on them, and the conversation that followed in the garden near the humble place where they had found him; the return of the committee and their report to the congregation, and then the immediate and unanimous call. The first sermon and the impression it made upon the people to whom he was yet an entire stranger, — this they also recalled to him; then the almost immediate increase in the congregation, continuing to increase during all the time of his ministry; the earnest and crowded audiences listening to the

truth as it fell from his lips. They spoke of the large number added to the communicants of the church; they reminded him of his Sunday-school, with its hundreds of eager children's faces. In all this, so the argument ran, was there to be seen the evidence of some divine supernatural call. And here they rested their case.

But, on the other hand, the Church of the Holy Trinity was not without a similar conviction, and equally strong, that a divine and supernatural hand was now directing him to arise and depart from the smaller, more limited field, in which he could not be suffered any longer to remain. If he ministered effectively to a congregation of five hundred, was it not a divine opening when he was invited to minister, and surely with equal efficiency, to a congregation of more than twice that number? A letter came to him from a gentleman, a member of the vestry of the larger church, which tells the same simple story, making the same human, pathetic appeal, as had the members of his own congregation. He had heard him when he first preached at the Church of the Holy Trinity soon after his ordination, and had then been captured, mind and heart, by the young stranger, and his soul had gone out to him as to a son. He wrote that the opinion, under the influence of that first sermon, expressed at the moment by those with whom he talked was that Phillips Brooks must be the successor of Dr. Vinton. He urged upon him the unusually large number of young people who made up their congregation, who listened to him as they would to no other. Here he himself was virtually interested, for he was the father of young children growing up in their beauty and innocence, for whom his one desire was that they should be brought to their Saviour. And of such families there were hundreds looking to him in the waiting church.

When the call to Holy Trinity was repeated, it came to Phillips Brooks with a renewed force. It had become evident that he was not to be allowed to remain in peace where he was. He had said but little in his letters of the motives for his final decision. But this was one of them, the desire to feel that he was permanently fixed where he could do his work

to advantage. That part of the city where he then ministered was changing, and the trend of the population was away from his neighborhood. To follow the population and build elsewhere was only to divide his church, for it was needed where it was, to minister to those who would remain. But he was distressed at the thought of leaving his parish; he was distracted in mind and sore at heart when he betook himself to Dr. Vinton for advice. That visit determined the question. When he returned from New York, he sent in his resignation of the rectorship of the Church of the Advent. When Dr. Vinton heard of the decision he wrote: —

NEW YORK, November 20, 1861,
ST. MARK'S RECTORY.

MY DEAR BROOKS, — Your letter has set me rejoicing. The Lord bless your decision is and shall be my prayer.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than to be at my old place Sunday, but our communion keeps me at home. I have written to Mr. Coffin proposing the Sunday following, the third anniversary of my first sermon in H. T. [Holy Trinity]. If that plan is agreeable to you, I shall come.

I suppose you mean to go to Boston in December. Remember my house is your home *always* in your passing and repassing, and you contract no obligation, but confer one thereby. When if ever it should be inconvenient to us I will tell you.

And now may the Lord bless and keep you, and make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you.

Yours affectionately, ALEX. H. VINTON.

But the chronicler for the "Daily Press," apparently the same who had kept track of Mr. Brooks from the time when he went to Philadelphia, was disappointed at this decision, and gave utterance to his feelings: —

The Philistines have triumphed! Holy Trinity rejoiceth! Advent mourns and refuses to be comforted. Last week we mentioned the fact that overtures were being made by the vestry of Holy Trinity to rob the Church of the Advent on old York road of its pastor. . . . Mr. Brooks, acting as a man should do, declined the sordid bid. They called again, and still he replied nay. They then proposed to relieve Advent of an incumbrance of several thousand dollars, *provided* Mr. Brooks accepted. This we regret to learn that gentleman has done, so that the poor of

Advent are left to wander without a shepherd, that the aristocratic attendants upon Holy Trinity may be accommodated. . . . If he can reconcile the change with his own conscience and God, we have nothing to say. But the finger of suspicion will long point at him as one guided in his holy calling by temporal interests. This and more he will have to encounter. The cold-blooded aristocrats of Holy Trinity will treat him with frigid dignity, nothing more. Advent and her people took him to their bosoms, and warmed his every labor by cheering smiles of approval.

During this trying time when he was still at the Church of the Advent, before his resignation should take effect, came Thanksgiving Day with its holy memories. He could not join his family at the sacred feast, but at least he could keep festival by bringing to the altar the best offering of his genius. The Puritan feeling in which the day had found its origin stirred within him. One essential quality in the life of man was gratitude. Unless a man could give thanks for the mercies of creation, as well as of redemption, he missed the meaning and the value of life. But how to interpret the dark hour when a great nation was involved in all the horrors of a fratricidal war, so that gratitude to God might be still recognized as the undercurrent of its being—that was the problem he had to face. He took for his text the verse of a familiar Psalm: "I will sing of mercy and of judgment" (ci. 1). The sermon was reported in the daily newspapers with the brief preface: "The neat little Church of the Advent, York Avenue above Buttonwood, was filled to the utmost capacity yesterday morning." The sermon has a historical interest as a picture of the hour:—

I suppose there is not one here who has not thought more than once this morning what a peculiar tone and spirit there is in this Thanksgiving Day. Nine weeks ago to-day we met here under the proclamation of the President to hold our Fast Day services. We came then with a sense of disaster and distress. We came sadly and penitently to confess our sins, and to beseech God to remove His judgments from us. The troubles that brought us together then have not ceased; the fears that we felt then are still upon us, and the same perplexities which surrounded us then bring us together again to-day to thank God for His mercies.

It cannot be under such circumstances that our fast should be

entirely forgotten. The shadow of that day will give color to this. God's two hands — His hand of blessing and His hand of caution — are laid on us together, and if we sing at all to-day it must be a double strain, like that which David announces in our text, "I will sing of mercy and of judgment."

Monday morning, November 25, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I thank you most sincerely for your kind note of sympathy and congratulation. Yes, my race at the Advent is up next Sunday, and you can't imagine how blue it makes me. But I am rejoiced the thing is settled, and now long to have the parting over. They are beginning to feel more kindly about it, though they have not yet accepted my resignation, having twice refused to do so, and referred the matter to Bishop Potter. But as he fully approves of my course and has told them so, I think they will make no more difficulty, but accept it at their next meeting to-morrow night. Meanwhile you can imagine it is pretty hard work to keep on laboring just as before. I preached yesterday morning. In the evening I had Bishop Hopkins of Vermont.

Have now only two sermons more to write: one for Thanksgiving and my farewell for next Sunday evening. As to coming home you will see me either two weeks from last Saturday or two weeks from to-day. I am coming for a quiet little rest and for the joy of seeing you all. Mother wants me to preach while I am in Boston. Tell her she must excuse me once more. I want to drop off work altogether for these few weeks, and she must let me sit alongside of her and listen to Dr. Nicholson.

Excuse this long letter all about myself. I have been so busy about my own affairs lately that I have grown vilely selfish. With much love,

Your affectionate brother,

PHILL.

On December 6 he started for Boston, staying for a few days in New York with Dr. Vinton. It was his wish, his intention, during his absence from Philadelphia to refrain from preaching. How well he kept his purpose is shown by the records of his Sundays during the month of December. On the 8th he preached in the morning at Trinity Church, New York, and in the afternoon at St. Mark's, for Dr. Vinton. On the 15th he was with the Rev. George A. Strong in Medford, preaching for him at Grace Church, morning and

evening. On the 22d, and this was a memorable day for him and his family, he preached at St. Paul's Church, Boston, in the church to which he had gone as a child since he was three years old, with his family in the old pew, No. 60, in the broad central aisle. His text was St. John iv. 28, 29: "Come, see a man who told me all things, that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" In the evening he preached at St. Mary's, Dorchester, where his uncle, Mr. John Phillips, resided. On the 29th he preached for the first time in Trinity Church, Boston, while Bishop Eastburn read the service. In the evening of the same day he preached at St. James', Roxbury. It was on the 13th of December that he kept his twenty-sixth birthday.

One would like to know what judgment his parents passed upon his preaching as he stood before them, or what Bishop Eastburn, the stalwart Evangelical divine, thought of the unfamiliar utterance as he listened from the chancel. The father was a severe critic of preachers as they passed before him in review at St. Paul's. He admired the slow deliberate oratory of Dr. Vinton, whose massive voice corresponded with his imposing figure. He had also at first been greatly impressed with the delivery of Dr. Nicholson, whose rendering of the service, solemn and emphatic and with rotund sonorous voice, he thought the finest he had heard. It must have seemed to him as though his son defied every rule of oratory, or was incapable of classification according to accepted principles. Indeed, the new preacher gave his audience no time to think about his voice, whether it were fine or not; there was a rush of sentences, one tumbling after another, and the audience had all it could do to follow, for somehow he made them intensely eager to follow and to catch each spoken word, as though something essential would be lost if their attention should be diverted. There must have been surprise and even amazement at something so novel, so unlike anything they had ever heard before. Not only was the preacher's delivery unfamiliar, but his thought was new; the old familiar thought of the gospel was in his sermons, but it came with a new meaning and force, stripped of the old

conventionalities of expression. It was the case of a prophet returning to his own country. There is some evidence that he failed to receive at once the recognition and the honor which had been accorded him in his adopted city. When he first preached at Dorchester, one who heard him thought the congregation was rather amused than impressed with the rapid manner, the stumbling over sentences, the occasional entanglement of words from which he extricated himself with difficulty. There is a tradition also that his uncle, when he first heard him, did not feel sure that he would succeed as a preacher, but thought him a young man possessed of genius.

CHAPTER XII

JANUARY TO AUGUST, 1862

THE FIRST YEAR AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY
IN PHILADELPHIA. DISTRACTIONS OF PARISH WORK. THE
NEW DIVINITY SCHOOL. VISIT TO NIAGARA

THE first duty incumbent on Mr. Brooks in his new position was to make the acquaintance of his parishioners, and to gather up the lines of work into his own hands. He studied his parish as if it were a business enterprise, revealing himself as an administrator of affairs, with a minute knowledge of every department of work, its actual condition and the possibilities of its extension. It was his aim to make the parish realize some high ideal of usefulness for the city and for the church at large.

During the first six months of his rectorship he was so absorbed and his time so occupied with these pressing demands that he found little or no opportunity for study. It must also be said that during these months the record he kept of his work shows that he wrote but two sermons. He fell back upon his old sermons, but he also was driven into extemporaneous preaching as the only method possible under such heavy pressure of engagements. If his soul had not been so full of enthusiasm, or his preparation for the ministry had not been so thorough, he could not have met as he did the increasing demands for high work in the pulpit, which his very success was creating. For the moment he utters no complaint, though he must have inwardly groaned as he contemplated the situation. During these months, his diary, faithfully kept, shows him making and receiving calls, morning and afternoon and evening of every day in every week and month. The rich and generous hospitality of his

congregation seemed to know no bounds and recognize no limits of time. It was one long ovation to the new rector. No occasion was complete without him, and the social festivities for which his presence was desired were innumerable.

But still further, his position as the rector of Holy Trinity Church and the successor of Dr. Vinton entailed other and wider responsibilities. Although a young man of twenty-six, he was taken at once into the confidence and councils of the mature and venerable men, who were charged with duties to the church at large, the leaders of the Evangelical party who at that special moment felt that a crisis was impending in the church, which called for strenuous efforts if the faith was to be maintained. From this time he was a constant speaker at meetings and anniversaries of the American Church Missionary Society, the Evangelical Knowledge Society, and to these was now to be added a third, the Evangelical Education Society. In this same year, 1862, which saw the birth of this latter society for promoting the education of an Evangelical clergy, the first steps were also taken for the establishment of a new divinity school in Philadelphia. The seminary at Alexandria having been closed in consequence of the war, and its professors and students scattered, the need was felt for a central school of theology, which should perpetuate its policy, but with greater advantages than Alexandria had possessed. Bishop Alonzo Potter of Pennsylvania has the honor of being its founder, a wise and statesmanlike ecclesiastic, who saw the need and sought to divert the wealth of the diocese into this new channel. As the rector of Holy Trinity, Mr. Brooks became one of the overseers of the new divinity school, giving freely of his time to the many preliminary meetings which the new enterprise demanded. Dr. Vinton was now often in Philadelphia to be present at these meetings. Thither also came Dr. John S. Stone, the former rector of St. Paul's, Boston, under whose direction the Brooks family had entered the Episcopal Church.¹ With these men, and the name of Dr. Heman Dyer must be mentioned with them, though many

¹ See ante, p. 42.

years his senior, Phillips Brooks now associated on equal terms. They welcomed him for his high position, and the social influence he represented, but chiefly for that fascinating eloquence which gave a new and potent charm to the cause so dear to them. His accession to the cause was simply invaluable. These older men must even then have recognized some difference in the presentation of the truth as they held it, but they were wise and large-hearted, penetrating beneath the surface and recognizing that at heart, and in all the essential quality of the gospel, he was at one with them. From this conviction they never wavered.

Such were among the first results of the change from the Church of the Advent to the Church of the Holy Trinity. Other even greater results were to follow, — his prominence, not only in the church, but in civic affairs, till he came to be one of the foremost citizens of Philadelphia. It was characteristic of him then in his youth, as throughout his life, that he met those new and larger obligations with all the gravity of age, throwing himself into every speech he made on representative occasions, so that the occasion should not fail through any fault of his. He took his part in the deliberations of the hour, never failing in his duty to be present at any appointed meeting. He was now eagerly sought after for such special events as ordinations and consecrations of churches, because thus early his presence and the word as he spoke it were felt to be necessary in order to the fitness of these solemnities. It was almost too much for any man to be called on to endure with safety. But the admiration, the adulation which now went forth towards him, the enthusiasm his presence created, he seemed to regard as a shadow from which he would fain escape. If he was *in* this world of great social and ecclesiastical functions he was not *of* it. Those who knew him well can bear abundant witness to another peculiarity, lifelong and most impressive. He was only too glad to leave the scene of his greatness, to get once more with a few well-chosen friends, as though the honor and applause which came to him were unimportant compared with the privileges which friendship brought, and he were tacitly entreating those whom

he claimed as friends to forgive and to forget these accidental distinctions of popularity and fame as having no intrinsic significance. It is an almost uniform record how, after every public function, he hastened away to this social communion. Sometimes it left the impression that he was hardly responsible for or but slightly related to his work in the pulpit, while that which constituted the value of life was to be found in social fellowship. To make the quick transition from the spiritual exaltation of the pulpit to the ordinary converse of life, which to many is slow and difficult, was easy for him and seemed to be essential to his happiness and peace of mind. There is a contrast here, not easy to harmonize, that while others were still too deeply moved with what he had been uttering to think of anything else, he appeared to have forgotten it or to regard it as an ordinary circumstance in the routine of life. To those who knew him best, the impression was not misleading or injurious. Beneath the contrast lay the principle by which he had reconciled the antagonism of the ages, the antagonism which he himself had felt so strongly in his early years. He had inherited the double portion, — the love of the human equally with the divine. He was bearing testimony to the truth of his own experience, that the joy of living, the pleasure of social converse, the talk which turned upon little things, the wit and the humor natural to man, were not incompatible with religion; that to turn from one to the other, or always to be ready for either, was only to recognize the divine purpose in God's creation, the unity of man's existence in a world which was temporal while yet conjoined with the eternal. He may seem to have carried his defiance of conventional religious manners to an extreme, but, if so, he may have felt that the singular power which he exerted in the pulpit was a source of danger to him, unless it were counterbalanced by the healthy participation in the joy of common life. He attached a mystic importance to the social fellowship, regarding it as the reflection of some aspect of the eternal reality, of things as they are, in themselves and in God.

The social side of his life, therefore, in Philadelphia, must be viewed as an important factor in his history. He seemed

to be making up for lost years of seclusion in college and in the seminary. He went to social receptions whenever he was invited, and they were many. Philadelphia hospitality, which needs no commendation so well is it known, was offered to him without stint or limit. In his congregation there were charming households which were opened to him as homes. Go where he might, he was more than welcome. Life seemed to be a perpetual social ovation. The impression which the records of these days present is that of perfect unalloyed happiness, almost too great for this lower world. In the list of these social engagements some stand out more prominently than others, among them the dinners at Mr. Cooper's every Tuesday evening, the Wednesday evenings after service at Dr. Weir Mitchell's or elsewhere, the Sunday midday meals with Mr. Lemuel Coffin, who was now to Mr. Brooks what Mr. Remsen had been at the Church of the Advent, — a man of great goodness and simplicity, upon whose unfailing sympathy and support he could always rely.

The following letter gives his first impressions as he enters upon the duties of his new position. It is characteristic, and touching also, that he calls at once for a visit from his father and mother.

Saturday, January 11, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — It will be a chance if I don't ask you before I finish what the rent is, and how many boarders you keep. I have spent all this week in asking this question of all sorts of people all over town and am sick now of the very sight of a boarding-house. I am still at Mr. Cooper's, but hope to hear to-night that I can have some rooms at which I have been looking, and which I have promised to take if they are vacated within a week. I am impatient to get settled, for until I do I cannot actively begin my parish work, and am at present doing little more than preaching for my new people. I like them more and more the more I see of them. They are kind, cordial, and full of will to work. There is a good deal of disagreeable fashionable life among them, but many of them are earnest and devoted people. My first Wednesday evening lecture came off last Wednesday night. The lecture room was thronged, but both then and last Sunday there were many strangers on whom I cannot permanently count. I am not ambitious of a crowd, and am sat-

ified to have the church well filled. All the pews but five or six are taken. The news to-day looks something more like work—two expeditions off. Oh, for a blow somewhere to make this monster stagger! We are having the meanest weather, rain or snow alternately, with fogs and mist and damp. Lay to this and my unsettled state the wretchedness of this letter.

February 3, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I thank you for the letter which I got on Saturday. I am getting to feel at home in my new quarters, and not to be quite so much surprised at letters directed to 1533 Locust (Street). The rooms are all that I desire and the house apparently a pleasant one.

All is going swimmingly at the new church. Mr. Coffin (the "Remsen" of the new concern) tells me he rented the last sitting on Saturday, and the church is all taken now for the first time. Yesterday I began my plan of having evening service once a month, with a service for the children instead of the regular afternoon service. It went first-rate; both afternoon and evening were overcrowded. Our Wednesday evening lectures are always much more than full. So you see that we are doing well and have every reason to hope for the future. Dr. Vinton was here last week and seemed to think things looked prosperous. . . .

I want you and Mother to make your plans to come on here in the spring; Mr. Coffin is very anxious you should stay with him. I don't see but what it would be a good arrangement.

As to George's coming, let it be whenever you please, only let me know of it beforehand, that I may find him out a room. . . . Write soon and often.

Yours affectionately, PHILLIPS.

February 8, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — What do you think of Fort Henry?¹ Does n't it seem as if we were really going to have something to crow about one of these days? Now if the Elements will only be done fighting against us, we shan't have much trouble in driving the thing through.

Everything with us is going as quietly as if there were no war. I am getting easy in my new seat, and have about all the reins picked up and fairly in my hands for the long drive. Our church is very full and all rented. They are beginning to whisper

¹ The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by General Grant, which gave the Union armies possession of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, the highway to the Southern States of Alabama and Mississippi.

of enlargement, but it won't be done so long as we owe \$60,000. Last Sunday I began the experiment of an afternoon children's church, postponing my regular afternoon service till the evening. It succeeded perfectly; both services were overcrowded, and I am going to keep it up now the first Sunday of every month. Tomorrow I am going back to Advent for the first time. Dr. Butler has disappointed them, and I am going to take charge of their Sunday-School Anniversary in the afternoon and to preach for them in the evening. It will feel queer; some of them didn't want me to come, but I think probably the best way to break down that feeling is just by going. How I always write about nothing but myself. You must excuse it, but I am so busy I don't have time to pick up news about other people.

The absorbing duties of his parish did not prevent him from following still with deep sympathy each stage of his younger brother's career at Harvard. Frederick Brooks was now preparing to follow in Phillips's footsteps by competing successfully for the Bowdoin prize. The relations with this younger brother show what he might have been as a teacher had not his desire to follow that profession been rudely checked. One thing is clear, that the religious reserve which once made it impossible for him to speak on the subject of personal religion was now broken down. This peculiarity so marked among the New England people—the unwillingness to intrude within the sacred shrine of another's personality—had its roots in the reverence for individual freedom, nourished as it had been by generations of training in the Calvinistic theology. We may believe that it was no easy thing for Phillips Brooks to conquer this reserve, and urge upon Frederick the choice of the ministry as a profession.

1533 LOCUST STREET, February 8, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — I thank you for your note of Friday. There was n't much of it, but it was first-rate what there was. I must steal a few moments this morning to answer it. Glad to hear of you all at home so very busy. I rejoice in it. It's good for all of us. We'll rest by and by.

I am glad you are going in for the prize. What is your subject and tell me something of your treatment of it? As to the length that always used to be specified in the yearly Catalogue at

so many (twenty-four, I think) pages of the "North American Review." You can easily make a calculation by copying a few lines from the "Review" in your usual hand, how much that will come to in MSS., and I think it is well to come about up to the mark.

I had read your articles in the last "Harvard Magazine" before your note came. I like them both. If I made any suggestion it would be this, and in view rather of college writing in general than of any fault I see specially in yours. Almost all college writing is unsystematic. I remember the horror I used to have of anything like a scheme or skeleton before I began an essay. But I have long since found my error. Let your essay be a whole something, and not a lot of *disjecta membra*, all good, perhaps, but with no organic unity. I am convinced that the difference between good and bad essays lies not between skeleton and no skeleton, but between *two kinds of skeletons* and *two ways of putting on the meat*. I want to feel the bones when I read a man, just as when I shake hands with him. As to style and all that, what a capital paper that is of Mr. T. W. Higginson's, "To a Young Contributor," in the last "Atlantic"! That seems to say all that can be said on that point. Write me all about the progress of your work. One other word, Fred, and very seriously. Have you ever thought about your profession? It is almost time to choose. The ministry of Christ needs men terribly; so much to do, so few trained and cultivated men to do it. What do you say? Write to me about this too, and be sure that all you say shall be to me alone.

Good-by. God bless you.

PHILL.

A few months later Frederick Brooks was honored by an election into the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, and writes to Phillips for advice in regard to the proper thing for a Pudding oration. Upon that point the older brother could speak with the force of experience, and *con amore*:—

I can only tell you what was the thing in my opinion seven years ago. What new standards a later generation may have set up I can't say. Not local, I should say first of all; that is, not local in its subject or substance. A local allusion here or there of course is a matter of taste, and is well just according as it is well done.

Light or heavy? I should say rather *not heavy* than light, if you see the distinction; there is one. If the best class of Cantabs

are what they used to be, they have a secret contempt always for a mosaic of puns and prettinesses, such as is often set before them for an oration. Take a good earnest subject. Treat it earnestly without preaching and pleasantly without trifling.

When is it to come off? Please write me word that I may make my plans if possible to be there. I bid you welcome into our little fraternity, and shall be glad to sit with you at our musty board and glory once more in my silver spoon.

Friday, February 21, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . How the good news comes in! It takes one's breath away — this hearing of place after place going the way of all rascality before the Union arms. We are all jubilant here, and are going to have a great time to-morrow. I am likely enough to have the mayor for a vestryman, and so am going to dine with the celebrities at his house.

I am mourning over the loss of George's visit. I had been depending on it. I do wish some of you could get on here this winter. I want to show you my parish. It is the liveliest and noblest church I ever saw. I met last night at a party Lieutenant Fairfax, of Mason and Slidell notoriety. He is a capital fellow. I had a very interesting talk with him, and he has promised to come and see me. I hope to know him well. I am visiting my new parish industriously; have made about one hundred calls since I took charge, and have two hundred left. I am all adrift in a sea of new faces. Give lots of love to all, and let's hurrah together for each new victory.

Monday evening, March 3, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — How long it is since I have written to you! But if you could have seen my life this last two months I am sure you would forgive me. What with sermons, and lectures, and meetings, and dinings-out, and making five or six hundred new acquaintances, the time has gone very pleasantly, but very hurriedly. I find the new parish all that it was promised. There is a very great deal of wealth and luxury, but also a large amount of intelligence and refinement as well as of earnestness and devotion. The church is all taken up, and we are slowly providing for our debt by the sale of pews. Some \$3000 has been sold since I took charge. The contributions in these two months are something over \$2000. Then we are doing a large work among the poor, over two hundred of them being in our classes and societies. Our meetings are all overcrowded, especially our Wednesday evening lectures, for which our lecture room is much

too small. I tell you this to let you see that in spite of the "Sunday Dispatch" there is something worth while going on in Holy Trinity. We hope to do more when we get thoroughly used to each other.

My new rooms are delightful and the house is pleasant. I do most sincerely hope that you will be able to run on in the spring and give your boy a look. I had an old St. Paul's face in my congregation the other day, Mr. Amos A. Lawrence. He came to see me after the service. How well the war goes on, but now the elements are against us once again, and I am afraid the great Virginia "Advance" will suffer from this frightful weather.

I rejoice in George's prospects, though I am much disappointed not to get his visit. I hope it is the opening of great things for him.

I am very well, never better in my life; a little blue and tired now and then, but on the whole happy and prosperous.

Tell Mother I am sorry that she writes so little. Love to aunt Susan and the rest.

Affectionately,

PHILLIPS.

His mother's letters were not so frequent as when he was at Alexandria. She was at this time concentrating her interest and anxiety upon George, the third son, who had not yet been confirmed. For years she had been praying and working for this great consummation, and George, who had reached the age of twenty-three, gave no sign of an awakening to the things of religion. But his mother was also deeply stirred, as was every member of the family, by the reports which were brought to Boston through friends who had been visiting Philadelphia, and who went with great expectations to hear the young preacher. The universal praise and homage he seemed to be receiving gave his father and mother a sense of disquietude lest some injury should be done to his character. His mother now wrote: "I am glad you are prospering so well in your church. I hope you will always be faithful and *humble*. Sometimes, I fear, Philly, that the praises of your friends will make you proud, for you are human; but do not let it. Remember how humble your Master was." His father was also moved to warn him against the evils of flattery. "You are in a dangerous situation for a young man, and I cannot help warning you of it.

Keep your simplicity and your earnestness, above all your devotion to your Master's cause, and don't let these flattering demonstrations you see about you withdraw you from them. Keep on in the even tenor of your ways, so that when there is a lull in the excitement it will find you the same." To these appeals he responds: —

Wednesday, March 12, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I was very glad to get your letter and have just time to answer it before I go to lecture. I thank you for your congratulations and also for your cautions. I hope my letters have not looked as if I were getting conceited. You must let me know just as soon as they do. Seriously, though, there is so much to humble one every day in the sense of the imperfections with which the work is done, that it seems to me there is but little chance for a man to get puffed up with the mere outward manifestations of success. I am abundantly and devoutly thankful for all the fruits I see, but they are so out of proportion to the needs and capacities of the field that there is enough to humiliate as well as to elate.

Thursday morning, 13th.

I did n't get through my letter after all, but was interrupted and occupied all the rest of the evening both before and after lecture. How the news comes in this morning from the war! It seems rather hard to understand as yet. Either there is a general cave of the great rebellion, or else they are laying deeper plots than ever before. We shall see in a few days now. What a narrow escape we had in the Merrimac affair. . . .

Yours affectionately, PHILLIPS.

He was now launched on the stream of a great and growing popularity, which was to gain new momentum with each increasing year. His mother discerned the coming greatness. She writes to him: "What a delightful work you are engaged in, and you seem so happy in it! No wonder. How different it seems from my life's work, so humble and so laborious. But far be it from me to complain, while God is honoring me in letting my children preach his glorious gospel. I wish He would call every one of them for his servants." But she was not unconscious that she had some share in the result, that the contribution she had made to his moral

and religious training was vital and indispensable. She encloses a short extract from a newspaper, which may have more than one application: a prospective look for him, as well as retrospective in her own case:—

It is often a matter of surprise that distinguished men have such inferior children and that a great name is seldom perpetuated. The secret of this is often evident: the mothers have been inferior, — mere ciphers in the scale of existence. All the splendid advantages procured by wealth and the father's position cannot supply this one deficiency in the mother, who gives character to the child.

A communication written for the "Christian Times," a church paper published in New York, under the date May 18, 1862, gives a picture of one of these impressive services in Holy Trinity Church. It is entitled

A SUNDAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

In comparison with the endless whirl and confusion of New York, the quiet of the Sabbath seems ever to reign over Philadelphia. The Quaker stillness has not gone any more than the Quaker architecture, so prim and so pleasing in its uniform whiteness of steps and shutters, and the plainness of house fronts; or the Quaker marvels of cleanliness, rendering even the pavements, like the well-scoured floors of Yankee homesteads, fit to serve as tables for meals. And when the Lord's Day comes, as was the case with the pleasant one we lately spent here, how sweet the bridal of the earth and sky in their Sabbath rest. It was a perfect day of spring, fitted for high and holy thoughts and deeds; and at its close, as we looked down upon the sight of seventy-nine persons — young, middle-aged, and old — renewing in the presence of a vast congregation their vows of baptism in solemn confirmation, we felt that it was indeed a high privilege to spend such a Sunday where such sights were to be seen. The place was the stately Church of the Holy Trinity; and the earnest and eloquent rector whose first fruits were thus presented to the Lord of the harvest was the Rev. Phillips Brooks. Surely his was an enviable position that day, when at eventide there came forth such numbers as these to attest his devotedness and success. Particularly gratifying was the gathering of the poor as well as of the rich in that throng about the chancel. . . . As the newly confirmed turned slowly away from the chancel, the choir, the

best we ever heard in Philadelphia, gave expression to the deep feeling of many hearts as they rendered most exquisitely the hymn,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Another account is furnished by a visitor from New York, who also attempts a pen portrait of Mr. Brooks. Of such portraits there were many, differing from each other, as men differ in their vision and judgment, but alike significant of the conviction that the thrilling presentation of the message was somehow connected with the personality of the preacher.

Our Sunday [writes this correspondent of the "Christian Times"] was spent both morning and afternoon in attendance upon the ministry of the clerical prodigy of our church, the Rev. Phillips Brooks. And in truth it is no common sight, even in this precocious age, to see so young a man ministering with such ability and acceptableness to a congregation that will rank among the most numerous and influential in the land. . . . In appearance he is tall and commanding, but not over-graceful; his style of elocution is rapid even to discomfort, many of his glowing periods being lost through the quickness of their utterance. His composition is marked by striking originality and comprehensiveness. His analysis is clear and simple; his diction dainty, yet fluent. A rich vein of gospel truth runs through his discourses, and an earnest desire to win souls was apparent in those we heard. The morning text was Rev. xxii. 11: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." . . . The afternoon discourse was a complete and most satisfactory analysis of the character of St. Peter. Whether due to Mr. Brooks's personality or the character of the people, we noticed that the church was as well filled in the afternoon as in the morning, — a statement that could hardly be predicated of any of our own churches.

There is still another newspaper version of these first months in the new rectorship. It is evidently from the same hand that had welcomed him to the Advent, that dismissed him from there with suspicion of his motives, and now uses its opportunity to misrepresent the situation. The story of the slippers invented by this writer, which gained a wide currency and was thought amusing, had no foundation in fact. The report from the same source of his engagement in mar-

riage was untrue, but it travelled far and wide, causing embarrassment to himself and to his friends at home. This was the paragrah as it appeared in a Philadelphia paper:—

Parson Brooks of Holy Trinity Church is a lucky fellow. It was a good move in the parson to vacate the Advent and to take up his abode with the aristocratic denizens of the West End. The ladies of Holy Trinity adore Brooks. They declare he is a love of a man, and picture his good qualities with a good deal of vim. Notwithstanding Brooks is pledged in marriage to a lady in New York, our fair damsels are in no way dismayed. How Brother Brooks resists the attentions so liberally bestowed upon him by our beautiful daughters we cannot comprehend. But report says he is gradually caving in. Brother Brooks has been the fortunate recipient of one hundred and fifty pairs of slippers, numberless collars, hemstitched handkerchiefs, neckties, and those articles generally found in a gentleman's furnishing store.

Thus early had Mr. Brooks become subject to that petty personal criticism, which he afterwards spoke of as one of the most insidious of the attacks made upon a clergyman's independence. The report that he was engaged to be married was so widespread and persistent that at last his father wrote to know the truth regarding it. In his business way he gave him advice, — not to be in a hurry, to consider and weigh the matter carefully, to take time, nothing would be lost by waiting, keep his freedom and independence a while longer; he would be better pleased if it were postponed for the present. As Mr. Brooks felt no call to the single life, he may have been contemplating the possibility of marriage, but there was no truth whatever in the reports of his engagement. He promised to let his family know whenever so great an event in his experience was imminent.

In the spring of this year, 1862, his father made a visit to him to see with his own eyes the situation. He found his son complaining that under such heavy pressure of duties and responsibilities, social and ecclesiastical, no time was afforded for study. The life he was leading was unnatural, and could not go on at such a pace without disaster. An arrangement was made by which he secured a room at the church, where

he could retreat and be with himself. It was something gained, but his feeling of readiness to be at the beck and call of every one who wanted or needed him was the great obstacle to be overcome. His strongest desire was to be a student; he was distressed at the way things were going, but there was a conflict within and without. For the time being the practical administration of his large parish claimed his attention and his strength.

Saturday, March 22, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I leave off a few minutes in the middle of a sermon that I may not fail of my duty to you again. . . . Things slip along so quietly here that there is little or no news to tell. The church is going finely, quite as promising as ever. We are selling our pews rapidly now that all are rented, and there is no chance for newcomers except to buy. Our Lent services are well attended. I have removed our Wednesday evening lectures from the lecture room to the church, and last Wednesday evening we had the church full. I hope there is good doing.

I am at work now on a sermon for to-morrow night before the anniversary of the Children's Home, which is to be held in our church (text Matt. xxv. 40). I am ashamed to say it is the first sermon since my Introductory which I have written since I came to Holy Trinity.

Wendell Phillips has been lecturing here this week. I could n't hear him. He has made quite a sensation. What do you think of the war now? It seems to be "Marching On." I wish they would let McClellan alone, to give him a chance. He knows what he is about.

I am beginning to look forward to next summer vacation. I hope to have a good long one, as they are talking of going to work to partially finish the church. I am going to give most of it to the White Mountains. Are you ready?

Affectionately, PHILL.

VESTRY ROOM, CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY,
PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, April 5, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I have been trying to write a sermon this morning, but can't do it. It is so doleful and gloomy outside that I can't get up any kind of zest within, and they must put up with an old sermon for to-morrow night. We were in May yesterday, and are back in March to-day. A dull cold rain with nothing to cheer it up. Not even good news from the war. When are they coming? I have faith, plenty of it, in McClellan, but I

do wish he'd do something; still we shall see what we shall see to-day or to-morrow, I trust.

I hope to go off for a week after Lent is over. I mean to run down to Washington to see how things look there, that is, unless our army is driven back before that time, and Jeff is throned in the capital. In that case look for me in Boston instead. The church still goes on busily and pleasantly. There is work enough to do, — more than I anticipated, — but it is pleasant work, and perhaps when I have been longer at it and got it a little more systematic there won't be so much. Our Confirmation is fixed for the 18th of May, and I am just beginning to get ready for that.

When his mother heard of his plan to go to Washington, she protested with all a woman's heart. She was nervous about the dangers he would encounter; she had heard alarming rumors of diseases contracted by those who had made these flying visits.

April 29, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I have been to Washington and got back safe. No cholera, no typhus, no anything. I had a very interesting time, saw all there was to be seen, and although there is no army in that region now, yet the forts and camps and the general look of the country on the other side of the Potomac are very interesting. Our old seminary is a hospital now, and the place is terribly altered. The woods are all cut down, fences gone, and the roads completely obliterated. The whole country for miles around is trodden down with a perfect desolation. Everybody in Washington seems sure of ultimate success, and the news of this morning is certainly a great step forward. . . .

Affectionately, PHILLIPS.

Saturday, May 3, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Great news this week. New Orleans and Fort Macon taken. McClellan pressing on to Yorktown, and Father coming on to Philadelphia. Next week, what with his visit and the occupation of Richmond by our troops, promises to be quite an eventful time. I am rejoiced that father is coming just now. The city is looking its very best, and this spring air is glorious. I want him to see our church before it begins to break up for the summer. So start him off if he is n't off already. . . .

Saturday morning, May 17, 1862.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I got your congratulations on Norfolk, written on the outside of your last letter. Perhaps before this is

sent I may have to write "Richmond" on the envelope. Isn't it great the way things are going and the way the war will be over by Independence Day? What do you think of Hunter's proclamation?

I have been very busy lately, looking forward to Confirmation. It comes to-morrow afternoon. I have eighty names on the list. After this week I hope to have rather more leisure.

We are in the midst of most magnificent spring weather. Warm and bright and beautiful.

May 31, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I have just seen Dr. Vinton off for New York. He has been spending several days here, and I have been with him a good deal. I shall quite miss him. This has been our Convention week — the city flooded with white cravats and the church in a tumult with great long-winded debates that never seemed to come to anything. Still it went off very well. I am glad that Father enjoyed his visit here. I am sure we all did exceedingly.

How the boys are carrying everything before them at school. . . . Congratulate them for me, and tell them to take care. There is such a thing as overdoing it.

So Banks is where he was six months ago! Somebody has got bad mismanagement to answer for there. Who is it? Stanton? And Corinth is evacuated and Richmond will be taken in a week or ten days. What a time your governor has been in. I liked his letter to Stanton, but he seems to have been a good deal scared afterwards.

The great event in the spring of 1862 was the movement of General McClellan from his winter quarters and his advance upon Richmond. His inactivity had sorely tried the faith and patience of the people, but it was then considered the orthodox attitude to believe in him. The popular imagination had made him a leader and a hero, and it resented any criticism which detracted from his supposed merit or saw any defect in his method. In this feeling Mr. Brooks also shared, as is shown in his letters, which reflect the picture of the moment, with its hopes of a great immediate victory which should bring the war to an end. While this victory was still deferred, other events sustained the popular faith, though their relation to the end of the war seemed remote, — the capture of New Orleans by Farragut, the battle of

Shiloh, and the taking of Corinth (May, 1862), which gave to the North the greater part of the Mississippi River, threatening the South with the loss of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. General Grant was now first heard of in the West. His name had not yet become familiar to the people, but the battle of Pittsburg Landing revealed his character and method, — the record of killed, wounded, and missing was 24,000. While these events were occurring, Mr. Brooks made his first visit to Niagara Falls.

Monday evening, June 16, 1862.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I am late this week, but you must lay it down to the press and rush consequent on getting home from a week's absence. All last week I was away on a Niagara trip. Mr. Coffin, my warden, was with us. We left early Monday morning, and went to New York, where we spent the day, and at five o'clock took the Hudson River cars for Albany. You know how beautiful that ride is, but I had never been over it before, and enjoyed it intensely. We spent the night in Albany at the Delevan House, and the next morning were off early by the N. Y. Central, for the Falls. The ride across New York State was not particularly interesting, and we were glad to get to the Suspension Bridge in the evening. We went at once across, and up to the Clifton House, where for the first time in my life I found myself on other than Uncle Samuel's Farm. It was dark when we got there, and so I slept all night with the roar of the cataract, which I had not yet seen, preparing me for the morning sight. When I woke up, full in the view from my room window, there it was! Greater than any dream I ever formed of it. More wonderful and awful than any sight I had supposed our world could furnish. Of the next two days I can't tell you much. They were spent in an incessant wandering, learning the miracle from every point of view, — under the falls and over the falls, up the river and down the river, from the Bridge and the Island and the Tower, and what is after all the view I remember most vividly, — that grand sweep that you see from the front piazza of the Clifton House. We went everywhere, and got ourselves full of the glory and beauty of Niagara. The most wonderful thing to me, I think, was the color, both of the falls and of the river, its changes, and depths, and brilliancy. I never knew what water was before. The last day of our stay was at the Cataract House, though we had been over on that side before. On Friday

afternoon we left for Philadelphia, coming by way of Buffalo, and Elmira, and Williamsburg, and Reading, over the famous Catawissa road whose scenery is more marvellous than any railroad in the land. It was a splendid day's ride on Saturday, reaching home about seven in the evening. Now you have got my last week in full.

I shall leave here two weeks from to-day and probably come right to Boston. I have about given up the idea of going to Newport. I don't care much about it, and want to have as much time as possible at home before I go to the mountains. So look for me probably two weeks from to-morrow morning, and then "What Larks!"

Affectionately,

PHILL.

The impression made upon him by the vision of Niagara was so vivid, and his whole nature so deeply stirred, that he burst into song once more, as in his days at the seminary. These lines from the sonnet which he was moved to write express the feeling which the experience created. The message to his soul was an incentive to higher moral consecration:—

I would not be the thing which I have been,
O Christ, whose truth once spoke from winds and seas.
Hast thou not still for wretchedness and sin,
Some message speaking out of scenes like these?

After six months of hard labor in his new position, he left Philadelphia on the 30th of June for his well-earned vacation. To this he had looked forward with the eagerness of a schoolboy, to whom the holiday is the most real part of his existence. Something of this feeling inhered in Phillips Brooks throughout his life. Hitherto his vacations had been spent chiefly at home or in the vicinity of Boston, varied by excursions to the old homestead in North Andover, where his grandmother and his mother's sisters still resided. This year his holiday was a more elaborate one; he made his first visit to the White Mountains. On the way to Boston he stopped at Newport, spending a week with one of his parishioners. While there he heard the evil news of the defeat of McClellan before Richmond. Reaching Boston on the 8th

of July, he began at once to take lessons in riding. He felt the necessity for some more agreeable form of physical exercise than the gymnasium, which he had abandoned after a short trial in Philadelphia. For some reason he did not like walking, or at any rate could not be induced to practise it as a regular mode of exercise. Each day that he spent in Boston records a ride on horseback. He went out to Cambridge on Commencement Day, the 16th of July, meeting his classmates, revelling in the associations of those years when his spirit had first awakened to the richness and fullness of the intellectual life. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by George William Curtis, and the dinner followed in Harvard Hall. Then there came a week at Pomfret, Conn., with Dr. Vinton in his summer home, where there was much theological talk, inevitable where Dr. Vinton was present. Here, too, he preached as he had done at Newport; from preaching it was impossible that he should escape.

Returning to Boston he spent several days with his family, in the dear familiar way, the last time that the family would meet as an unbroken whole. Already the mother's heart was heavy with anxiety, for George Brooks was intending to enlist as a soldier. The future looked dark, after McClellan's defeat with heavy slaughter; but Boston was girding itself anew to the fearful task, no longer under any illusions about McClellan, or fond anticipations that the end of the struggle was near. Instead of dreaming of an easy victory over the South, it began to look as though the South might prolong the contest indefinitely, if not finally secure its independence. A great meeting had been held at Faneuil Hall, to aid in the work of enlistment, where Edward Everett was one of the speakers, and Phillips Brooks was present to hear. The excitement was intense, and under these motives, that the need was pressing and that the call had come to him, George Brooks enlisted as a soldier.

With his friends Richards and Strong Mr. Brooks left for the White Mountains on August 4, to make the tour, not so common then as it is now, when it was a notable

event in the lives of the three friends. The lessons in horse-back riding proved of practical service. But he did his share of mountain-climbing with the others, going up Mount Suspense and Mount Hayes to get his first view of the billowy mountain tops in what seemed like an ocean of mountains. His headquarters were at the Glen House. He notes in his diary the effect upon him of the extensive views and the exquisite landscape. In the course of their wanderings the party was increased by the arrival of his friend, Mr. Cooper, from Philadelphia, and of his brother William, from Boston. Here is his record for the day in which the trip culminated:

August 12. Tuesday. Six A. M. Started on a great trip. Climbed Madison, crossed its two summits, dined between Madison and Adams, climbed Adams, crossed Jefferson and Clay, and arrived at Tip-top House (Mt. Washington) at 12.30 A. M. Tired out.

Wednesday, 13. Walked down Washington by carriage road; spent the rest of the day at the Glen, resting.

In the "Remembrances of Phillips Brooks by Two Friends," already referred to, Mr. Richards has given some interesting details of this exhausting tramp:—

Starr King's exuberant volume, his rhapsody on the "White Hills," had just been issued, and inspired us to do what was then rarely done, what was known as "going over the Peaks," though strictly it was going over the northern Peaks from Madison to Washington. There were no defined paths, no "painted trails," and guides were few. We secured a man, a farmer in the summer and hunter in the winter, from the neighborhood of the Glen House, who was said to know the way. At half past six one fine July morning, we started from the hotel, went a couple of miles or so on the road toward Gorham, then struck across the valley and up the mountain side. It was very steep, with much fallen timber flung helter-skelter, in the fashion known to mountaineers as "Jack Straws." Lifting ourselves over a huge log, we would sink to our middle in deep beds of moss. The sun was fierce, the air close, the black flies vigilant. It was discouraging for fair pedestrians to be told on reaching timber line, after six hours' severe labor, that they had walked from the road perhaps a mile and a half.

For the first part of the day Brooks took his share of the work

as well as any of us. We had reached open rock and fresher air. It was blowing half a hurricane; we had meant to make two days' leisurely work of the trip, camping at the base of Jefferson. But our guide insisted that the wind was too high, and the temperature too low, to make camping safe for heated and tired men. We must push forward. It was sunset as we stood on the peak of Jefferson, and saw the Carter Mountains rimmed with prismatic colors across the Great Gulf. There was still two or three hours of good work before us. Somewhere here, Brooks, who in those days needed double rations and had only been provided for on the scale of smaller men, began to flag. He could go no farther. He implored us not to wait for him, but to leave him anywhere under the shelter of a rock, with a shawl, for the night. It is needless to say that nobody would hear of this. Spurred on by our entreaties, he would struggle on for a few minutes and then fling himself exhausted down for a long rest. Night came on; we lost our way. The guide and the compass expressed different opinions. At last we guessed what was the trouble with Brooks; some of us fortunately had an egg or two in reserve; by careful feeding and patient resting he presently gained a little strength; the moon rose, the wind was in our favor, getting under our packs and boosting us up the last stiff climb, and at a little after midnight we reached the Tip-top House. We threw ourselves on the office floor, for every bed was taken, and we found oilcloth as slumberous as feathers. Afterwards with my brother, on the Alps, Brooks showed much endurance, going anywhere afoot and tiring lighter men.

The remaining days in the White Mountains were spent at North Conway. The ascent of Kearsarge was made on foot; other expeditions followed, some of them laborious, and the result was finally a sprained ankle, which brought his tramp to a close. Twice before, while in Virginia, the same accident had happened. He returned at once to Boston, where he was confined to the house, whiling away the time till he should be able to walk, before he returned to his work in Philadelphia. He read Max Müller on the "Science of Language," Henry Kingsley's novels, Taylor's "St. Clement's Eve," Theodore Winthrop's "Edwin Brothertoft," Mrs. Putnam's "Tragedy of Success," Browning's "Colombe's Birthday,"—most of it light reading, but indicating his tendency to read what every one else was reading. As soon

as he was able to walk, he made his way to the Athenæum Library, and haunted the bookstores. Boston always stirred him with a desire to buy books; he now gratified his inclination, making many additions to his library, which was already assuming large proportions. On the 11th of September he went back to his parish.

CHAPTER XIII

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1862

THE CIVIL WAR. LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION. THE FAMILY LIFE. GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

It would seem as if Mr. Brooks should have been left undisturbed in his large parish, after accomplishing the removal to it from the Church of the Advent with so much difficulty. But soon after his return he was "approached" with reference to St. Paul's Church, Brookline, near Boston, then vacant by the removal of Dr. Stone to the Philadelphia Divinity School. The invitation to one of the most beautiful of the suburbs of Boston could not have been without its attractions: an exquisite church built by Upjohn, and regarded as one of his most successful works; a parish strong and devoted, which counted among other members the Lawrences, the Amorys, and the Winthrops, — a quiet rural parish, free from the excitement and rush of the large city, with ample opportunity for the intellectual culture he hungered for, near his family also, in the midst of all dear associations. The call to Brookline was the first intimation that Boston was beginning to feel the strength of its claim upon one of its own children. This opportunity declined, New York put in its case. In the fall of this year, 1862, there came an invitation to the rectorship of Christ Church on Fifth Avenue. Here too the opportunity was represented to be great, as undoubtedly it was. Dr. Heman Dyer, who knew more about the openings in the church for growth and influence than any one else, but who knew quite as well the situation in Philadelphia and the feeling towards Mr. Brooks in his new parish of which he had been the rector not yet a year, advised the acceptance of the call to New York. He

probably reasoned that the young preacher was destined in the nature of the case eventually to turn up in the metropolis, where all things great must centre, and if he was to come there ultimately he might as well come there at once. But this call was also declined promptly and without much consideration. There were causes of dissatisfaction in Mr. Brooks's mind with his position in Philadelphia, as will be seen hereafter, but these would only have been aggravated by exchanging it for New York.

Mr. Brooks had evidently returned to Philadelphia with the determination to rescue all the time at his disposal for the purpose of study and of sermon-writing. He now kept his room at the church every morning, bent on systematic reading, and almost every week records his written sermon. This year and the two following years were fruitful in sermons. He was not a prolific sermon-writer. Many clergymen could count up at the close of their ministry more written sermons than he has left. His sermons cost him prolonged effort; above all they demanded moods of creative activity, which were not continuous. Such a creative period was that from 1862 to 1865. During these years he lived at high intellectual tension, while his whole being was wound up to the greatest activity as he followed the events of the war. To those who knew Philadelphia in those days, there was nothing more wonderful in all his career than the utterances he poured forth so richly, apparently without effort, Sunday after Sunday, never disappointing his vast congregation or falling below himself. One of his youthful hearers, who was then a student in the University of Pennsylvania, and who heard him frequently, the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, has described the scene:—

After these days when the young preacher was a power, throned like a king in the pulpit, which had been built for his old friend and pastor, Dr. Vinton, and when the boys, whose eyes like those of Balaam were opened, were now in college, looking forward to their own coming ministry, how many and how helpful were the hours stolen from routine duties, when sitting by the door of the church on Rittenhouse Square, they listened to the voice and drank in the full, deep inspiration of that nobly

anointed nature. Many a Sunday afternoon when the wide doors of that church were thrown back, and the crowds flocked out into the open air, it seemed to those listeners coming out into the street again as if the very heavens were on fire, not because the sun was setting across the Schuylkill, but because the preacher had projected a light into the open sky of the heavens, — the light of the mystic, the light of the prophet, the light which never was on sea or land.

Even at this early moment in his history the recognition of his character, of his transparent honesty and sincerity, had won the confidence of his hearers to such an extent that anything he might say in the pulpit gained an increased force from the weight of his personality. Even if he said but little, or repeated what was familiar, or stammered under the consciousness of lack of preparation, yet he still exerted a charm by his appearance; the mysterious force of his inner being went forth undiminished to fascinate those who listened to him. A clergyman who went to hear him for the first time became convinced as the address proceeded that the preacher was unprepared, and was struggling with great difficulty, talking somewhat at random if not incoherently. But as he came away after the service was over he heard around him the usual plaudits of delight and satisfaction. Afterwards when he came to know Mr. Brooks he asked him if he had been right in surmising that on this occasion, which he recalled, there were not some lack of preparation. The answer was that up to the last moment before going to church he had depended on Dr. Vinton to preach for him. But Dr. Vinton had felt indisposed, had left him in the lurch, telling him it would be good discipline for Lent; and struggle as he might, he found he could not get into the subject he had hastily chosen for his address.

The autumn months of 1862 were the darkest in the whole history of the war. McClellan had been outgeneralled, his large army defeated with immense loss of life, while the Southern forces, gaining new hope and energy, had begun to act on the offensive, carrying the war into the North and threatening the capital. The prospect of bringing the war

to an end by the capture of Richmond vanished into the remote future. If it was to be done at all, it could only be accomplished by the conquest of the whole Southern territory, the Northern army gradually closing in upon the Confederate capital from the west and south as well as from the north. To do this, required not only the indefinite prolongation of the war, but must be attended by an appalling slaughter of human lives. The total loss in the engagements between the two armies which had ended in the defeat of McClellan (June 26–July 2, 1862) was 36,000 men, and this was but a foretaste of greater destruction yet to come. It is not to be wondered at that the country trembled at the prospect, or that many in the North who had hitherto supported the war should draw back, seeking some compromise by which the slaughter, too terrible to be contemplated, might be averted, even at the expense of Southern independence. The Brooks family had now yielded up one of its members as a contribution to the great cause, and all the more intense was its sympathy, its agony, as the melancholy situation became more evident. The spirit with which George Brooks had enlisted is indicated in a passage from a letter to his mother: "One thing you may be sure of, I shall try to do all my duty to my God and my country. Do not fear for me, but do as you promised you would, and as I hope I have done myself: commit me entirely to God, keeping trust in Him and the blessed Saviour whatever may happen."

At this time President Lincoln was contemplating his Proclamation of the Emancipation of the slaves. It was to be a war measure and justified solely on that ground, not on any principle of the inherent wrong and evil of slavery. The object of the war was the preservation of the Union. If it would embarrass the South in the prosecution of its purpose to free the slaves, then the act of Emancipation would be justified. On political grounds it might have been questioned whether such an act would be constitutional. As a war measure, put forth in an emergency, it assumed a different aspect.

Mr. Lincoln had turned the question over in his mind, not as a reformer, but as a statesman. He saw clearly that such a proclamation would unite the North and stimulate its energy to pursue the conflict. The reformers who demanded the abolition of slavery on abstract principles of right would be appeased, while others who were indifferent to the moral issue would regard it as an effective stroke for the accomplishment of the great end, the integrity of the nation. To have put forth his Proclamation immediately after the disastrous defeat of the Northern army before Richmond would have been impolitic, — a cry of distress or an acknowledgment of inability on the part of the Union forces to cope with the enemy on equal terms. He therefore held back his Proclamation until some victory of Union arms should constitute a more fitting opportunity. On September 22, 1862, the public announcement was made that on the first day of January, 1863, the slaves should be declared free in every part of the country at war with the United States. With this Proclamation, Phillips Brooks was inspired to a more complete identification of himself with the issues of the war.

Notwithstanding the duties and burdens of his large parish, he not only wrote frequently to his father and maintained his custom of sending every week a sort of family letter to his older brother, but he enlarged his correspondence to include his younger brothers, George and Frederick. His attitude was that of one always conscious of his membership in the family as if it were still his most important relationship; he was one of the home circle on a temporary absence. He had not outgrown the child life in becoming a man. Indeed, the sense of the dearness and beauty of the home life grew stronger as he now contemplated it from a distance. After the enlistment of George Brooks, the two brothers came into the closest mutual confidence.

The prospect of the war was of course the uppermost theme in the long correspondence. The letters of Phillips Brooks are in harmony with the popular sentiment in regard to McClellan. That was one of the leading traits of his char-

acter all his life, that he never failed to share in these popular convictions, sheathing his critical faculty where the people's faith was concerned, clinging even to those faiths when evidence was against them, and reluctant to let them go. He found it hard to give up his faith in McClellan, thinking that if he had only been let alone he might have done the great things which were expected of him.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Safe back again, settled down in my old place, and finding it hard to realize that it was only yesterday evening that we were all grouped around the back-parlor table, eating our pears, and John his apples. We had a very pleasant night on the Sound, but did not get to New York till eight o'clock, and had to wait till the ten o'clock train for Philadelphia, so that I did not arrive here till the middle of the afternoon. Found everything here a good deal excited; troops starting off for Harrisburg under the governor's orders, and some people trying to make out that Philadelphia is in danger. Of this latter, however, there is no fear, and business, with the exception of the withdrawal of a great many men for military service, goes on as usual. Every one is counting much on the heavy rain of last night, which has made a tremendous flood, and it is hoped has hemmed in the enemy between impassable rivers. At any rate everybody here is confident and full of faith in the government and in McClellan.

Tell Fred that I met Dr. Mitchell at Newport, and came on with him. . . . He gave me an account from Dr. McClellan, the general's brother, of the general's behavior during his late suppression and of his relations to Stanton,¹ which I promised him not to repeat, but which sounds very reasonable, and certainly makes General McClellan out to be a very noble man.

So vacation's over, and we're back at work again! Have n't we had a nice time! Next summer we'll do it over again.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday evening, September 15, 1862.

DEAREST MOTHER, — I feel homesick to-night, and you shall have the advantage, or the disadvantage, of it in the shape of a letter. Besides, I want to congratulate you on the good news which we have been getting all day, and which has relieved a great many anxious minds in Pennsylvania.² All has been very excited

¹ Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

² The collapse of Lee's invasion of Maryland, which threatened the city of Philadelphia if it were successful.

since my return — troops off for Harrisburg all the time, and everybody drilling. It is hard to think that we have been in such danger as some people imagine, but no doubt all the precautions taken were wise, and the enthusiasm they have stirred up will do much to help on enlistment. Almost all the able-bodied men of my church are off to Harrisburg.

I am comfortably fixed in my rooms again, and for the present am the only boarder in the house. I rather like it; have my meals alone and when I please, and am generally more independent than when the house was full. That wedding came off on Saturday morning. All went well; fee \$20. Yesterday I preached all day; very good congregations, although the excitement was intense, and made the day a very distracted one. I went home after service, and took tea and spent the evening at Mr. Cooper's. My church is wholly done and very beautiful. The painting is splendidly executed and all in good taste. Everybody seems to like it. The people are still largely out of town, and our congregations yesterday were much made up of strangers.

My ankle has given no trouble, and seems perfectly well. I suppose George has gone into camp to-day. I shall depend on seeing him as he goes through here. My warmest love to him, and please send me his camp address. . . . Give lots of love to everybody, and keep twice as much for yourself from

Your affectionate boy, PHILLIPS.

His interest in the war would have led him to accept a chaplaincy if it had been offered to him. He expected an appointment, but why it failed to be made does not appear. His father was aware of the plan and dissuaded him from it. But these paternal remonstrances were made in the expectation that the son would obey his own sense of duty.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday evening, September 19, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I am much obliged to you for your letter of Tuesday which I was very glad to get. It seems so much more than a single week since I got back here. . . . We are still sending off to Harrisburg and Hagerstown, though it would seem as if the necessity were about over now. Very many of my congregation have gone, and I suppose I shall have to preach almost entirely to the females for the present. A great many families are still out of town. We shall not be fairly under way again till the middle of next month.

So the rebels, as we hear to-night, have got off again in

Virginia. I am sorry for it, for I have been in hopes that they were going to make an end of them in Maryland. Then Harper's Ferry was a bad business, and so is this which we hear to-day from Mumfordsville. Still McClellan has won a victory, and we are a little nearer the end than we were. I heard yesterday that I was to be asked to the chaplaincy of a new regiment now raising here. If I am I think I shall go. I should like very much to see George in his camp life. I mean to write to him as soon as I get his address. Give my love to him, and tell him the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon is in full blast. We are having warm weather, but it is very pleasant, and people look so much more cheerful these last few days that we begin to feel as if we might get through one of these days after all. Please write soon again.

Your affectionate son,

PHILLIPS.

It was a question much discussed, concerning which also opinion in the North was greatly divided, whether the object of the war was to abolish slavery, or rather primarily to maintain the union of the States in national integrity. Upon this point Phillips Brooks did not take sides, but rather combined the two attitudes in one issue. Although the question was brought before him while he was in college, whether it was not a duty to bring about the abolition of slavery by any methods or at any cost, even at the expense of civil war, yet he never quite threw in his lot with the school of Northern abolitionists, though even then he had a certain subordinate sympathy with their position. At least he did not join their ranks as he might have done, or contribute to the agitation which ultimately resulted in war. His father was one of many in Boston at the time who, while they looked upon slavery as an evil to be got rid of, preferred to keep the question in abeyance for fear it would lead to disrupting the Union. Such had been the attitude of Daniel Webster, — a willingness to make sacrifices, to postpone action, to effect compromises, rather than force the issue. The process of years, the growth of sentiment, legislative expedients, the unknown and unexpected element in human affairs, — they would trust to these for relief rather than contend for the abstract principle involved in the issue of human

slavery. Upon this point Phillips Brooks now appears as diverging distinctly and emphatically from his father's attitude. In his father's position lay the latent principle that the unity of the State was higher and more sacred than any other cause. To this his son added the conviction that the life of the State demanded the abolition of slavery as the first condition of national unity. Hence he hailed with enthusiasm the Proclamation of Lincoln, on September 22, which foretold its downfall. The devotion to moral principles and ideal truths ran in the Phillips blood. But there was no tendency thus far in Phillips Brooks to any extreme or doctrinaire advocacy of such principles. His distinguished kinsman, Wendell Phillips, could denounce the Proclamation of Lincoln, even though it was to accomplish the desired end, because it was not grounded on the abstract truth that human slavery was an evil which in the nature of the case could not and should not be tolerated. Phillips Brooks was grateful that the exigencies of the State created an occasion which justified the State in accomplishing the purpose in its own way. Whether the abstract moral principle were proclaimed or not by the State was a question not affecting the reality.

Friday evening, September 26, 1862.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — What a week this has been in the history of the country, — the greatest in one point, I believe, since the country was born. We have heard the Proclamation of Freedom promised from the President's chair. I am sure for once we may go with the "Tribune" and say, God bless Abraham Lincoln. What do they say about it in Boston? Our troops are fast coming back to Philadelphia, who have been off to the Border and into Maryland, for the protection of the State. They have done well, and deserve the welcome they are getting on their return. What is it about aunt Susan going off?¹ I have heard nothing of it. It comes pretty hard to buckle down to work again in times like these.

¹ His mother's sister, Miss Susan Phillips, who volunteered her services as a nurse, and was for some time in a hospital in Annapolis. She was a member of the family, residing for the most part with her sister, and greatly beloved by all the children.

Friday evening, September 26, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I have just received your letter and mother's in the same envelope, and I ought to write and say that I have heard nothing more as yet about the chaplaincy, and do not know that I shall. I am all ready to go, and if I get the invitation I probably shall go, but I may not get it after all. I will let you hear of it as soon as I do.

I am sincerely glad to see the President's Proclamation. We have been getting ready for it for a year. It remains to be seen whether we are wholly ready for it now. If we are as I hope we are, then it is the greatest and most glorious thing our land has ever seen. We have broken off at last our great iniquity and may go on our way with some hope of a blessing. I have just returned from attending the funeral of our friend, Dr. Mitchell's wife. She died very suddenly on Sunday of Diphtheria. I came on with him and her, from Newport, on my return from Boston.

To this letter his father replied: —

I do not go into the raptures you do over that Emancipation Proclamation. It *may* be a very good thing, it *may* do a vast deal of good, but that remains to be proved; and it *may* prove a mere nullity. One thing is certain, it was a measure of great responsibility for the President to undertake.

There are but few allusions to the fortunes of the war in the letters written at this time by the mother of Phillips Brooks. After her son George had enlisted the war was to her more than ever "a war to be abhorred by mothers." But the inward agony was assuaged by an event which in her mind counted for more than any earthly victories or defeats. That event was the confirmation of George at Trinity Church, Boston, September 28, 1862. To the end of her life she sacredly observed the day as her crown of rejoicing, the signal mark of God's great goodness. For many years she had prayed and agonized and waited for this result. She could not know happiness until it had been accomplished. She had availed herself of every appeal that she could bring to bear; for years she besought Phillips in her letters to use his influence, but all seemed in vain. She continued to hope, to pray, and to struggle, and when after the long delay the consummation was attained, it threw into the shadow of

the unimportant all other events and circumstances, even the sad parting when he embarked for the war. She could let him go with composure, for the one transcendent issue of life had been met; he had been reborn into the spiritual, and had become the child of God. To reproduce the picture is here impossible. It was for years the tragedy of the mother's life. The scene is too sacred to unveil, — the long sorrow and inward bemoaning followed by the inexpressible joy and gratitude. But something of the story may be told, for more than any other incident in her life it reveals the mother as she continued to live in the character, the preaching, the one absorbing purpose of Phillips Brooks.

George Brooks was born in 1838, and had nearly reached the age of twenty-four before his mother could rejoice in his second birth. His name recalls the founder of the Phillips family in America. He was greatly gifted, carrying himself with the consciousness of power, attractive in his personal appearance, where manly sincerity was stamped. He was good and kind in all his relationships, with a singular mixture of sweetness and strength, which made him a favorite, and more particularly at home with father and mother and brothers. If any one son was a favorite with the parents more than another, it was he. Their hearts went out to him all the more because of the discouraging failures he encountered in finding a career, — disappointments which he bore without complaint and with no diminution of courage. He did not go to college, for he had no taste for the classics, without which a college course was then impossible. Nor was he attracted by literary or professional pursuits, although not without a native capacity for literary expression. He was practical, scientific in his turn of mind, a man who wished to deal with outward nature on the closest terms. His natural inclination was towards an outdoor life. Above other callings he preferred the life of a farmer, with its simplicity and independence, its naturalness, as most befitting a man in this world. Twice he made the experiment of farming, in Vermont and in New York, but only to realize that there was no opening for him in that direction. He would have found

what he was searching for in the great ranches of the West, but this opportunity did not then exist. From agriculture he turned to chemistry, as bringing him close to the secrets of nature, entering the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, where he graduated with high distinction in 1861. But again he was doomed to disappointment before securing a permanent position. An opening had at last presented itself through the influence of his brother in connection with the chemical firm of Powers & Weightman, in Philadelphia, where he might have had ample scope for the exercise of his native gifts, when he felt the call to join himself to the service of his country. On August 12, 1862, he enlisted in Company A of the 45th Regiment, in command of Colonel Charles R. Codman. The regiment included in its ranks young men of the best blood and highest culture in Boston, raised as it was under the auspices of the Independent Company of Cadets, — the bodyguard of the Governor of Massachusetts. The chaplain was the Rev. A. L. Stone, the pastor of the Park Street Church.

Such were the few external circumstances in the life of George Brooks. It is in his spiritual history that the highest interest centred. When Bishop Eastburn announced that he would hold a special confirmation service for those about to leave for the war, George was among those who had presented themselves for the sacred rite. The long impenetrable reserve yielded at last. Why he had delayed, why he had allowed year after year to go by without taking the decisive step, he did not, perhaps could not, tell. Phillips had gone through a similar experience. When his mother had called upon him to write to George or to talk with him in those anxious years, he had made no response, for he had hardly yet reached for himself the recognition of the spiritual as the highest interpretation of life. But now when the whole family was moved by the greatest event as yet in its history as a family, he overcame the natural reluctance to intrude upon a brother's reserve, and wrote to him from the White Mountains, where he was spending the vacation, an urgent appeal to make the supreme act of self-surrender. It was

not only a great moment in the life of George Brooks, but of Phillips as well. From this time the last barriers which hindered the full flow of the feelings seem to disappear. The tone of his letters changes; they are less formal, marked by free expressions of deeper and stronger affection; his sense of the united consciousness of the family life grows more intense. The response of George Brooks to his brother's appeal was written just after his confirmation:—

CAMP MEIGS, October 2, 1862.

Since you have been gone, Phill, I have reproached myself over and over again for having allowed your Conway letter to go unanswered, and for not having met you more heartily and unreservedly when you spoke to me of the same matter. I want you to believe me when I say that it was simple reserve and not a want of interest or determination not to discuss the subject.

What you have said to me I have thought much of, and feel it has aided me greatly to see my way clearly, as I hope I now do.

I have become convinced that with my mind in its present state it is my duty to hesitate no longer, but to confess Christ at once, to place myself determinedly among His followers, and to trust in His grace for strength to continue His servant and follower. I feel that I can trust only in Him for salvation, and know that He will accept me if I do thus acknowledge and trust in Him.

And I was most thankful for the opportunity of publicly confessing Him, which the bishop gave us at Trinity Church last Sunday morning, and trust that I may be aided to maintain by word and deed the profession I made there.

The religious influences in our company are really very great, and as we now start it seems as if we should be able to withstand the contrary influences of camp life. We have a company prayer meeting Monday and Friday evenings, and Captain Sturgis has instituted morning and evening prayers, to be conducted by himself or one of the other commissioned officers.

Please excuse me for writing so long a letter. Next time I will write less and more promptly. Please answer me soon, *very* soon.

Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE.

Phillips wrote at once to his mother after receiving her letter, telling of George's confirmation:—

I can write you but a line to congratulate you on the good

news of your last letter, but I do congratulate you and rejoice with you with all my heart. I know how much you have desired and prayed for it, and I know the granting of this prayer will give you faith to trust God for all the rest as concerns George. I have just written to him. I shall think of you on Sunday.

The Sunday on which his thoughts were to be with his mother was to witness the first communion when George would kneel at his mother's side, as Phillips had done on a day ever afterwards memorable to her. When she was greatly moved she put on record her feelings. There are but few of these memoranda; they all relate to the important spiritual incidents, the spiritual victories, in her history as a wife and mother: —

September 27, 1862, Saturday evening. This has been a blessed day indeed to me, when my dear George has told me that he has decided to be confirmed. How good God has been to me! I will praise Him for it throughout Eternity. Oh, the wonderful way in which God has led him! How strange are all the steps out of darkness into light! Praised be his blessed name forever and ever.

MOTHER.

September 28, Sunday morning, six o'clock. What a happy Sunday has dawned upon me. My dear George has been confirmed. All my prayers are at length answered, — the summit of my wishes attained. How good God has been. Let my trust and faith in Him never waver again.

M. A. B.

September 28, 1862, Sunday evening. What a happy, blessed day this has been to me! My dear George, for whom I have prayed and longed and agonized for so many years, has to-day confessed his Saviour in Trinity Church, at the age of twenty-three years, before he leaves us for the war. My desires and prayers have been granted. My eyes have seen the blessed sight so ardently longed for. I want never to lose the vivid impression of that beautiful scene. . . . I will never cease throughout Eternity to praise Him for this last great mercy, and for all the wonderful works He has done in my family. Four of my dear children are now safe in His fold, and oh, may the dear remaining ones be speedily brought in! And for this, and all this goodness, I will praise his blessed name forever and ever.

October 5, 1862, Sunday morning. Blessed be God for this long-desired and blessed day, in which I hope to take the Com-



Phillips Brooks and his Mother, from Family Group, 1862

... the

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..





munion with my dear George. God has heard all my desires, and my *groanings were not hid from Him*. Oh, forever praised be His blessed name. Let me never forget this day and all God's goodness to me.

MOTHER.

October 5, 1862, Sunday evening. 'T is done, the great transaction's done. Oh, happy day! I have had the infinite joy of taking the Holy Sacrament, side by side with my dearest George. God has at last in His own good time answered my prayers and accepted the offering of my child, which I have for so long laid on His altar, and I have been able to say to-day: Here, Lord, am I and the child Thou hast given me. How great and good God is to answer my prayers so wonderfully, and to make the poor dead heart of my child to seek his blessed Saviour! This blessing shall never grow old. It shall always be fresh as on this blessed day, and I will never forget to praise Him for it. I will begin now to sing my eternal song of praise on earth that I hope to sing with all my dear children, and the heavenly choir, before the throne throughout eternity.

And now I will commit him to the care of his Covenant God, who will never forsake His child who has fled to Him in time of danger. May He ever be near him, shield him in the day of battle, surround him with His blessing, and bring him safe through every danger to his dear home and anxious friends again. And the praise shall be His forever. But if he fall in battle or die e'er my eyes behold him again, oh, may his Saviour grant him an abundant entrance into His heavenly kingdom, to dwell with Him in glory forever.

Heavenly Father, wilt Thou grant a mother's prayer for Thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

After his enlistment George had gone into camp at Readville, and it was not until November 10 that he sailed with the 45th Regiment for Newbern, N. C., where General Burnside was then in command. Before he sailed his mother took opportunity for that converse with him which had hitherto been denied her. Of this she made a memorandum, partly for her own satisfaction and partly as a record of the family life, to be preserved for the children: —

November, 1862. Georgey said a great many precious things to me on leaving me, which are a very great comfort to me.

I told him I thanked him for having always been so good and kind a son. He said, "Not a tenth part so good as I should have been."

I said to him I felt he would sometimes long for an opportunity to go to church. He said, "I have begun to long for that already." I said, "We will always pray for each other." He said, "Yes, I want you to be sure and pray for me."

I said to him I wished if ever he found he was near to dying, he would try to send me some message, telling me where his trust was. He said, "You might be just as sure about that if I could not. I want you to feel perfectly at ease about me if anything should happen to me; I should feel so myself." I said I should if I could be sure where his trust would be. He assured me it would be in Christ altogether; it could not be anywhere else.

I said to him how much he had lessened the agony of going away by his having become a Christian. He said, "I never would have gone away without religion."

These are some of the things he said, and they are everything to me. His whole manner was so beautiful and pleasant and kind and calm, it was very comforting to me.

God bless and keep the dear child, and bring him back to us in safety.

The last Sunday evening he was with us he asked for "the hymns" we are in the habit of repeating, and for "the Everlasting Memorial," which he always repeated to me, and then asked me to give it to him. What a change! God be thanked.

MOTHER.

In October Mr. Brooks went to New York in order to see for the first time the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled in General Convention. His impressions were unfavorable, for he was at this moment meditating a great purpose dawning slowly within his soul, — that it was the duty of the church and of a Christian minister to sustain, by sympathy, by act, and spoken word, the government of the country struggling in mortal throes. But on these points the sympathies of the bishops, clergy, and lay delegates of the Episcopal Church were greatly divided. The Bishop of Michigan, in his opening sermon, had declared that the introduction of politics into a religious synod would be "high treason against God."

Resolutions offered declaring the sympathy of the church with the government were tabled. The alleged reason, whether it were the dominating sentiment or not, for refusing

to act was that the church was a purely religious organization, and in that capacity knew nothing of the State or its concerns. There was also a feeling that if the Convention refrained from any action, the reconciliation would be easier with their Southern brethren when the war should be over. It may be said in explanation of this attitude of the Episcopal Church that its membership was, to a large extent, in the Democratic party, with whom the question of state rights was the chief political issue involved in the war. There were many who conscientiously held that any State had a right to secede from the Union, and that the action of the government in attempting to restrain such a step was unconstitutional. The Episcopal Church during the war, and for some years preceding, had become a house of refuge for those who disliked political preaching, such as began to be heard in the churches of Puritan descent. With this feeling was associated another tendency, inherited from the Church of England, an unwillingness to follow what seemed like doctrinaire methods, or the advocacy of abstract truths which justified extreme conclusions if they could be logically deduced from ideal principles. England had got rid of slavery within her dominions by a commercial transaction, — the payment of the slaveholders for their property. To this result she had been moved by the influence in Parliament of great reformers, like Clarkson and Wilberforce, who had denounced human slavery as a wrong to humanity. In freeing the slaves by purchasing them she seemed to admit the right to hold men in slavery, and treated them as property, but she had also in a peculiarly English way extinguished the evil and wiped out its disgrace from her domain.

But all this was impossible in America, where the question had assumed a different form. Commercial interests on a large scale were involved in the issue of human slavery. What at one time, when the Constitution was adopted, seemed like an evil which would soon disappear by peaceful means had become stronger instead of weaker. The agitation in the North for the abolition of slavery had made the South more determined in its adherence to the peculiar institution,

leading its defenders to maintain that it had the sanction of the Bible. The conflict had therefore become inevitable, and it was alike inevitable that sympathies should be divided. For a time it seemed doubtful which way the General Convention representing the Episcopal Church would move. As the days went on, the party which stood for sympathy with the government grew stronger and bolder. The politics which had been so deprecated had had their influence upon the delegates. The time was drawing near for the annual elections, and the Hon. Horatio Seymour, candidate for the governorship in New York, was a member of the lower house. It would damage the Democratic party and its candidates in New York and elsewhere if the Episcopal Church should refuse to speak, for such refusal would be interpreted as sympathy with the rebellion. Resolutions at last were passed, very moderate in tone, almost colorless, but they answered the purpose. In the House of Bishops, despite its outward decorum, there was more aggressive activity as well as a clearer conception of the situation than in the lower house. It had fallen to the lot of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, as the presiding bishop, to draft the Pastoral Letter, wherein the bishops, according to custom, address the church at large. After he had read to the bishops the letter he had prepared, in which the vital issues of the hour were studiously waived, Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio arose and presented another letter, which was offered as a substitute, and accepted by the bishops, committing the Episcopal Church to sympathy with the government in the prosecution of the war. Bishop McIlvaine deserves to be remembered in this connection. He had been one of the three commissioners sent to England for the purpose of explaining the situation, and conciliating English sentiment in high circles toward the North. The other members of the commission were the late Henry Ward Beecher, who could speak to the English nonconformists, and Archbishop Hughes of New York (Roman Catholic), who could reach his own communion. No better man could have been chosen than Bishop McIlvaine for reaching the throne, the English nobility, and the Episcopate of the Church of

England. But Bishop Hopkins was not a man to submit quietly under this condemnation of his attitude. He published a protest against the Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops, which was sent broadcast through the country. All this was at a moment when the depression throughout the country in consequence of Northern defeats was at its lowest, when to many the prospect seemed almost hopeless. Of this and other things Mr. Brooks speaks in the following letter to Rev. George A. Strong: —

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, October 15, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — By some strange mistake, I am up an hour before my time this morning. I know I saw it was almost eight by my watch, and now that I am up and dressed, behold, it is only a little after seven. You must have the benefit (?) of this unpleasant occurrence.

I reiterate the sentiment of my last letter. How hard it is to get to work again after the "Hills." Can you get up any interest in your parish when all the time you are wishing yourself so many miles away? Let's go give our parishes to the winds, and preach to Bears and Wildcats and Willises and Calhaines up at Gorham and the Glen.

I went on to New York last week. You did n't. Perhaps you're none the worse for it, for the sight of that Convention was n't calculated to increase respect for our Mother the Church. It was n't very interesting to see those old gentlemen putting their heads together to make some resolutions that would please the Union people and not hurt the feelings of the dear rebels. It is a miserable business, and they won't satisfy either side. I had a pleasant time enough, staying at Dr. Vinton's. I saw lots of old seminary faces, Tyng, and Homans, and Jones, and Marshall. . . .

Charles (Richards) and I dined yesterday, according to our Tuesday custom, at Cooper's. He (Charles) seemed well and cheerful; much more so he is for this summer's trip. He and I exchanged last Sunday. How I wish I had you within exchanging distance!

Do you know, we started the idea last night, and almost talked ourselves into it, that we four (you and Charles and Cooper and I) should all pull up stakes in the East, and go to California, and evangelize the country there. What do you think of it? Will you go? It is more than a fancy with some of us. To me it has some very great attractions.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, October 24, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I don't quite like your last letter, it's too blue. I own that we are in the darkest moment of the war and that our elections and some others do look wretchedly, but is n't our cause just as good as it ever was, and does n't it seem as if all through the war there had been a design of Providence to put off the settlement so that when it did come it might be thorough? Certainly if we had conquered at the first Bull Run, we should have been only too likely to have put things back on essentially the old basis, on some Crittenden compromise or something of that kind, and in a few years had the whole work to do over. We hope for better things than that. I agree with you perfectly about the Convention. Its shilly-shallying was disgraceful. It was ludicrous, if not so sad, to see those old gentlemen sitting there for fourteen days, trying to make out whether there was a war going on or not, and whether if there was it would be safe for them to say so. However they may represent the learning of the church, they certainly don't represent its spirit. Some few men, however, stood out well, Vinton and Goodwin and Clarkson, Randall and others, and the House of Bishops has put out a capital letter, written by Bishop McIlvaine. I am going to read it to my people to-morrow morning. . . . No, don't give up the old church yet. She's got a thick crust of old-fogyism, but she's all right at the core, and I hope will show it yet.

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — The two provocations I have had from you lately, the letter and the Catalogue, certainly deserve some acknowledgment. I am much obliged for both. I am sorry, though, to hear you write so blue about your Senior year, and the country, and the war, and everything in general. As to your Senior year, that certainly is going all right. At any rate, it is going fast enough if that is all you want. One quarter of it is gone already. Class Day will be here before you think of it. As to the country and the war, things certainly are at their blackest now, a great deal blacker than when we ran from Bull Run. Because then we all meant to be up again and do it. Now we are beginning to ask whether we shall, or not. With such a chance for work and every day now worth a million to the country, how we are halting and waiting and letting another of these terrible winters come over us! When will it end? But I am getting about as blue as you were. I feel just as you do about George. I feel the same respect for the character he is showing, the same joy in this last crowning step that he has taken.

May God bless and keep him, and bring him safe back to us again.

How about the new President at Cambridge? I hope the old place will prosper under him. How do you like him? I see that our first scholar, Barlow, has been made a brigadier-general. He is a very smart fellow. No more now. Keep up your spirits as well as you can. Let us be trustful and hopeful.

The reference in the letter to the Rev. George A. Strong about going to California as a more desirable place of work was no mere passing idea, leaving his mind as it had entered it. It shows that he was not entirely satisfied with his position. There was in him something of an heroic purpose, a desire to do the work of an apostle in laying new foundations. For many years he continued to feel that some such work was higher than the work he was doing. Further evidence of this feeling of uneasiness is given in this extract from a letter to his brother William, written November 8, 1862: "It seems almost wrong to be going on with parish work here when there is so much of a more stirring kind going on everywhere, but I have not succeeded in getting a place as chaplain, and with this parish on my hands do not think I have any right to give up the ministry and go into the ranks." His only way of contributing to the war was by committing the pulpit to its support.

Thanksgiving Day of this year was a memorable one because of his resolution to speak his mind fully on the subject of slavery, despite the conservatism of the General Convention, — to commit himself and his congregation so far as it was in his power to the support of the nation. His text was Zechariah xiv. 6, 7: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be with brightness and with gloom: but it shall be one day which is known unto the Lord; not day, and not night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time there shall be light." Of this sermon he speaks in his letters: —

PHILADELPHIA, November 21, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I believe in the removal of McClellan because, much as he has done for us, he seemed to be incapable

of doing the last great thing, putting out the rebellion by an earnest, vigorous campaign, and, much as I like him, I think no man ought to be allowed to stand between us and peace by victory, which is our great object now. There was a capital article in last week's "Independent" called "The Three Periods," which I wish you would get and read. I am just beginning to think about a Thanksgiving sermon. It is a hard thing to write this year. Not that there are not enough things to be thankful for, but they are so different from the usual, and lie so out of the usual range of observation, that it is difficult to put them in a shape that will bring them home to people. My text is going to be from Zechariah xiv. 6, 7.

Have you read Cairnes on "The Slave Power"? It seems to me a most masterly and exhaustive treatment of the subject.

Then there is another book (now I am talking of Books) which I have been intensely interested in, and which I know you would like. It is "Westcott's Introduction to The Study of the Gospels," published by Gould & Lincoln. Get it and read it.

Do you remember the Rev. —, a second advent minister who held forth from your pulpit a year or two ago? He is here now, and came to me a day or two ago with a very earnest appeal for the use of my church to preach his peculiar views. I found it hard work to refuse him, he was so terribly in earnest about the importance of what he had to say, but I did. I did n't want my congregation stirred up with a set of doctrines in whose reliability and practicalness I have no faith.

I was never so busy or so full of enjoyment in my work. My church is going nobly. Congregations good, especially Wednesday evenings, when our lecture room is crammed and we have most delightful meetings, at least to me. How the people like them I don't know, except from their coming in shoals.

Friday, December 5, 1862.

We had an anti-slavery sermon at Holy Trinity on Thanksgiving which does n't seem to have done any special harm. The church was very full, and I had the satisfaction of alluding in praise to the Bishops' letter before that old rebel, —, who was present. What do you think of the President's message? It's badly put together, but a very plain, straightforward, understandable document, it seems to me. If all our government was as true as he is, we should see different success, but with Washington full of corruption and treachery no wonder if it takes us two or three times as long, and costs us two or three times as much, as it ought to.

A greater tenderness and outflow of the affections accompanied the expansion of soul and intellect, as he was now assuming the burden of a prophet and reformer. Henceforth he was to be identified with the war for freedom and national unity as a leader of the people, to whom they would look as to a tower of strength. And yet it was a characteristic of him at this time, as throughout his life, that he did not allow himself to be carried away by any one issue to the neglect of other duties or relationships. He did not lose his self-possession or allow his individuality to be absorbed in the special advocacy of the great cause which lay close to his heart. Men are apt to lose their personal attractiveness when they become reformers, identifying themselves so completely with their burden that they cease to be interesting because they lose their interest in other things. He still maintained his interest in every phase of life, preaching from Sunday to Sunday, as if there were no mortal conflict waging; brooding over religious and theological questions, as the main staples of human existence; alive to all social duties and living for his friends, as though friendship were the only thing that made life worth the living. More particularly did his heart go forth to the members of his own family, to his brother in his distant camp in North Carolina, to his mother as she struggled bravely with the sorrows of parting with her son. The force of blood relationship took stronger hold of his imagination; there was to be found in it a depth, a sense of rest and peace and of consolation, to which he reverted with profound satisfaction.

Friday, November 7, 1862.

DEAR GEORGE, — So you are off. I have just seen in the papers an account of your departure, and though it is your week to write, will write a welcome to reach you at Newbern. I wish you could have come through here, for to think of you on the "billowy" such a day as this is n't pleasant. I can only trust that it is n't very uncomfortable, and that your voyage will not be a long one. How strange it seems for two of us to be in correspondence at such queer places. It did n't look much like it when we used to be growing up so quietly in Chauncy Street. If your experience is like mine you will find yourself wondering about

your own identity sometimes; wondering whether you are yourself or whether you are n't somebody else. The best way when you get into such a condition is to go to work and reassure yourself by writing a long letter to some member of the family (me, for instance), and so get yourself back where you ought to be as one of the Brooks Boys.

It looks now as if there were work cut out for you to do on your arrival in North Carolina. The papers this very morning tell of an expedition from Newbern of 12,000 men, probably to Goldsboro. I hope something will come of it all. McClellan seems to be pushing on slowly but certainly in Virginia, and altogether, in spite of the elections, things look better.

I have just heard from Father, but with no special news. He gives me an account of your last furlough at home, and says that although Mother feels your going terribly, yet she bears it nobly. . . . Good-by, my dear fellow. May God bless and keep you.

Your affectionate brother, PHILLIPS.

PHILADELPHIA, Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1862.

DEAR GEORGE, — You have n't forgotten that this is Thanksgiving Day, I am sure, and are idealizing your camp fare into turkey and cranberry sauce down on the banks of the Trent. How strange it is to think of you over there in the desolation of North Carolina. Dr. Kane used to say that there were three perfectly forlorn places in the world, — Greenland and Jersey and North Carolina. You have got into one of them, but I rejoice to see how bravely you are making the best of it. Father sent me on your journal, and I enjoyed every word of it, and quite envied you your voyage. I had full accounts from home of your fearful perils down in the harbor, and threw up my hat (figuratively) in sympathy when I heard you were fairly off.

Of course your eyes are all where ours are, — on Burnside. What a job he has in hand. Everybody has great faith in him, though Philadelphia is sore about the removal of her pet son, McClellan. Things certainly look more encouraging and hopeful; and next Thanksgiving Day I trust we may be all safe at home, rejoicing in victorious peace.

Things at home seem to be going on pretty much their usual course. I had a long letter from Mother the other day. They all miss you terribly there. My own impression, strengthened every day since I first left the paternal roof, is that we have one of the happiest homes the world can show. Don't you begin to think so?

I shall think ever so much of you on Sundays; glad you have

got so capital a chaplain. I hope his work will be much blessed. Remember, too, won't you, that there is work for every Christian in the Regiment to do.

Now I must stop and be off to church to preach my Thanksgiving sermon. I have made it as hopeful as I can, and surely there is enough to give thanks for in such times as these. . . .

Good-by. God bless you. PHILL.

His brother Frederick was contemplating the ministry as his profession, and writes for information on that very sensitive subject of theological seminaries. Mr. Brooks was still alive to the defects from which he had himself suffered in his theological training. But he was now interested in the new Divinity School at Philadelphia as one of its overseers, where he hoped that something more adequate for the needs of theological students would be provided. He also thought it a mistake to plant these schools in the country, where men were isolated from life. On these and other grounds he recommended his brother to come to Philadelphia.

November 24, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — . . . As to seminaries. Do you ask with reference to yourself at all? For you, if you should decide to turn your studies toward the church (and how it would delight me!), I should not hear of any plan but one — viz., to come on and chum with me and study at the Philadelphia seminary. Nothing else would I think of for a moment. It would make my very lonely life here happy, and give a new color to a great many things that are pretty desolate sometimes. So that is settled. For anybody else, I should still say, Philadelphia. First, it is a city, and Gambier is in the woods. Secondly, it is new and fresh, and though as yet very inchoate (I mean the seminary of course), yet it promises well. I will send you one of its circulars. Our present corps of professors is only temporary, and it is the firm resolve of the overseers to fill the place as soon as it is in active operation with young live active men. Gambier is a good school, I believe, but it has all the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of shutting young men engaged in theological study up to their own exclusive society. That state of things I saw on the whole at Alexandria to be narrowing and deadening in its influence. I ought to warn any young man coming from Cambridge that he must be prepared to find either seminary in its scholastic tone very inferior to his Alma Mater. I am sorry it is so. A

student will get in either place little more than a skeleton of study in his classroom, and will have to flesh it out by his own enterprise. He would find but little stimulus in the rivalry and emulations of the men with whom he would be thrown. I suppose it is so with all the seminaries of all our churches.

All this about seminaries, not a word to-day of politics or war.
Good-by. God bless you. PHILL.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, December 15, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — I am shocked to see the date of your letter is two weeks ago to-morrow. These weeks go so terribly fast that to keep pace with them is wholly out of the question. You must make me one big excuse out of the constant pressure of parish work, and let it cover all my deficiencies. Who can write about anything else except the war in these days of suspense? Things look more promising, I think, than at any moment since the war began. At any rate, we do seem at last to be upon the very brink of a decision, and in spite of croaking the country will be ready to strike the last great blow at the rebellion with the Emancipation cudgel on the first of the new year. All this if things go right at the Rappahannock. . . .

As to seminaries, I agree with you fully as to the inadequate conception of its nature with which so many of our young ministers rush into clerical life. Our ministry is full of such now, and our seminaries are getting ready to contribute lots more. The evil is partly necessary. No man can wholly estimate a work so entirely of its own kind till he has tried it. But all this only makes it the more necessary that we should have the right men as far as we can. Your place is in the church. I say it with as much confidence as any one man has a right ever to use in speaking of another's duty. And if your place of labor is in the church, I say then with perfect certainty that your place of preparation is here, living with me and studying in our school. And what a joy it will be to me to have you, how it will light up my solitary life, I cannot say.

Affectionately, PHILL.

The year 1862 closed with a deep and widespread depression among the people. The fall campaign had been unfavorable to the Union arms. The loss also of life had been enormous. At the battle of the Antietam, September 7, 1862, where the Union force was defeated, 22,000 men had perished, and of these, 12,000 belonged to the Union army.

Burnside had been defeated near Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, December 13, 1862, with a loss of 12,000, and a Confederate loss of 4000. Again, in Eastern Tennessee, at the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, where the Union army under the command of Thomas and Sheridan at least held its own and repelled the assault of the Confederates, out of 80,000 men engaged, 23,000 was the number of the killed and wounded. The situation was appalling, and as yet the beginning of the end was not visible. The fall elections, always a barometer to indicate the public feeling, had been discouraging to the Republican party. The father of Phillips Brooks wrote to him, December 13, 1862, under a sense of depression and anxiety. His words must not be taken literally; they represent the desponding, almost despairing mood of the hour:—

And now what think you of the war? That evacuation of Fredericksburg, what means it? We feel very blue here indeed, I assure you—a sad, desponding feeling. If Burnside will lay by and back down under that defeat, he is a different man from what I was led to expect. Where are we? What is to be done? Massachusetts has lost many noble men in this battle,—Willard, Dehon, Fuller, and I know not how many more. It is too bad. With all this slaughter and defeat I am *almost* in favor of intervention from abroad or compromise at home. . . .

I have just heard of the death of Samuel Phillips, as pure and conscientious a young Christian as we had among us. He was at home quite recently, from having been at Port Royal on the Educational Commission. He returned there not well, and died of a bilious fever, another victim of the war, but not of battle. His brother John has just returned from South America; he is to go into the war, and has enlisted in the cavalry regiment: two boys that have sat before us at church so many years as to be one of us.

Your Mother is anxious about George. He has endeared himself to us doubly by his absence and the character he has shown since he has been in his new position. Pray for him, my dear son.

On the last day of the year Phillips Brooks wrote to his brother George, at Newbern, N. C.:—

Wednesday afternoon, December 31, 1862.

DEAR GEORGE, — I hear of you back in Newbern again, and thank God with you for your safety and His care over you. It has been an anxious time with all of us since your expedition started. We have watched the papers anxiously and heard the reports of success with an immense relief. I have not written before because I supposed of course your address was changed, and that anything sent in the old way would fail to reach you. . . .

So another Christmas has gone over. I don't know how it went with you, but with me it was hardly Christmas. We had our service in the forenoon; then I went down to my friend Mr. Cooper's and ate a pleasant family dinner, and came home and sat before my fire in the evening, and thought of you and all the folks at home. They seem to have had a very quiet time of it. I have had a batch of letters from them, and they all seem to be under a cloud. It has n't been to any of us the merry holiday time that it was last year, and yet I wonder if we may n't all hope that we are all better for what we have been through since that last Christmas time, and more able to appreciate and understand the full meaning of what we celebrate, — the birth of Christ into this world that needs Him so much.

Since I wrote you we have had one more disappointment in Virginia with that terrible loss at Fredericksburg of so many noble men. But there are things to hope in too. Down in the Southwest there is a brighter look, and if the winter's work can be the recovery of that vast region, it will well be worth while. To-morrow we shall have the Emancipation Proclamation, and then it would seem as if every soldier in our armies could stand firmer and fight and endure with a complete trust in his cause.

I presume now that you are looking forward to a winter in Newbern. I want very much to do something to make the winter pleasanter or easier for you, but I feel so ignorant about the needs of camp life that I should probably send you just the wrong thing. Can't you think of anything which I could send you for Christmas which you could find useful? books or clothes or comforts of any kind, or money? If you possibly can, I should thank you and be happier. Won't you try?

A Happy New Year to you now, my dear fellow, and God bless and keep you.

Your brother,

PHILL.

CHAPTER XIV

1863

DEATH OF GEORGE BROOKS. PARISH WORK. CLERICAL SOCIETY. THREATENED INVASION OF PHILADELPHIA. SUMMER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. PROTEST AGAINST BISHOP HOPKINS'S BIBLE ARGUMENT FOR SLAVERY. INTEREST IN THE FREEDMEN. THANKSGIVING SERMON.

THE Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln on the first day of the New Year, 1863, was an event of the highest spiritual importance to Phillips Brooks. As he interpreted its meaning, the war had for its purpose a moral issue. God was in the struggle. In the tragic scene that was enacting, there was now to be visible evidence afforded of a progressive movement in human affairs. The doctrine of human progress, of an increasing purpose in the life of humanity, he had hitherto gathered from the records of history. Now it was to be made visible before his eyes. A deeper faith, a vaster enthusiasm, a stronger sense of the reality of spiritual things, the concentration of the will on the great issue, in the confidence that God's will was thus subserved, — such were the motives that now entered more deeply into his soul. He was taking a great step forward in his own experience. A new consecration came to him, greater power and authority marked his utterances. He had no longer any misgivings about the ultimate result of the protracted struggle. The tone of despondency disappears, to give way to an inward exultation. The failure of this or that leader, disasters and defeats, were no ground for depression. He had completely vanquished the lower mood in which he had trusted to any one man to become the saviour

of the country. Thus to his father he writes on the 15th of January: "I cannot feel as blue about the war as you do. Nor is it time to look out yet for the effects of the Emancipation Proclamation. Military success is the first thing we want. We have had it already in Tennessee, and we shall see it yet at Vicksburg." This was written nearly six months before General Grant won his victory there. When Burnside was removed he wrote, "There is this comfort at least, that the more we try and find to be the wrong ones, the nearer we must be coming to the right one all the time." He had no longer any illusions about McClellan. "What did you think of Lincoln's letter to McClellan that came out in the court martial and was published in the papers of this morning [January 17]? It looks as though Old Abe was just as good a general as the young Napoleon after all."

Wednesday morning, January 7, 1863.

Monday I had to be on hand at our "Soldiers' reading room" at a little reception to General McClellan. I saw considerable of the general, and am not a stronger McClellan man for having seen him. He does n't look like a great man. His face does n't show, either, special refinement. He is pleasant and affable, and the soldiers collected to greet him were very enthusiastic. He looks like a good, sensible, bright engineer and not much more.

He was now to be called into another experience, which hitherto had been far away from him. His father unexpectedly appeared in Philadelphia on his way to the South, summoned by tidings of the dangerous illness of George Brooks. But even before the father had started on his sad journey the end had come. The telegram that his brother had died of typhoid pneumonia on February 10 reached Phillips on the 16th, and he started at once for home. There in the darkened house they waited for a week in silence, no word reaching them from the father, who was slowly making the journey home with the body of his son. With these days of waiting was afterward associated the lines of Tennyson, the prayer for the ship bearing the loved remains:—

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;

Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love.

While they waited at home, Phillips Brooks wrote a sermon on the text (Luke xxiv. 18), "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" There came also a letter from the chaplain of the 45th Regiment, who had ministered to George Brooks in his illness, giving an account of the last days. The letter, which was addressed to his congregation and read before them, brought comfort and consolation to the bereaved family:—

NEWBERN, N. C., February 12, 1863.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,— There are few scenes on earth that reveal more visibly the glory of the Divine presence and the power of sustaining grace than the deathbed of a Christian. It has been my privilege to watch over the decline and the departure of one of God's dear ones in our regiment the past week. George Brooks, one of our own Boston boys, a member of Company A, recruited under Captain Russell Sturgis, Jr., now our major, was taken ill of typhoid fever about a week ago. From the first he expressed his entire resignation to the Divine will. He enjoyed the constant presence of Jesus at his side. When I asked him daily, "Is your Saviour near to you to-day?" the look upon his face had a radiant answer before his lips could speak. All through his sickness that faithful Presence cheered and sustained him. He was never dejected, he never murmured. He would say but little, as his lungs seemed congested, but by gasps and whispers one day he told me, holding my face down close to his, so that he could make me hear his lowest word, — he told me that he never had had full assurance of his pardon and acceptance till he became a soldier. He said that in the battle of Kingston, under that terrible fire of the enemy, his Saviour came to him as never before, declared His presence, revealed His love, and held his soul in His hands. As the hour of death drew on, he seemed to have three burdens of prayer. The first was quickly disposed of. He prayed aloud, "Oh, Lord, keep me, hold me fast, leave me not, let me not go!" and then all thoughts of himself seemed to be at an end. Shortly after, his lips moved again and audibly, and his second burden was laid down at the Divine feet: "My God, spare my country! oh, save my dear native land!" For a few moments silence succeeded, and the voice of prayer was heard once more, the last earthly articulation of that tongue, though

his consciousness continued till his last breath, some fifteen minutes later. This last burden was borne up on the old familiar petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." His own soul, his country, the Israel of God, these three interests he thus commended in his last utterances to the faithful Promiser.

How could a Christian life close more appropriately and triumphantly? He was a fine, manly fellow, his eye very dark and bright; a swarthy face, with a brilliant set of teeth and a pleasant smile; a pleasant companion and an agreeable and valued friend. He was, as you would infer, a brave soldier, and in the battlefield suffered no tremor to disturb nerve or spirit. His body is to be embalmed and sent home, but his memory is already embalmed in our hearts, and will be fragrant as long as Christian patriotism shall be honored on earth, as long as Christian friendship shall endure in heaven. If any man ever doubted the sufficiency of the gospel of Christ to transform, sustain, and elevate a human life, and help it meet its last and greatest need, let him look upon such a scene, and his skepticism must vanish like mist before the sun. One's faith becomes more settled and immovable after such an exhibition of the truth and tenderness of Jesus.

Let your prayers hover constantly over the pillows of our sick and wounded. The touch of loved fingers is far away, but your intercessions may be as the shadow of an angel's wing to faces growing white under the signature of death.

Ever and constantly yours, A. L. STONE.

These brief entries in the diary tell the remainder of the story:—

Friday, February 27, 1863. Father arrived at six A. M. with dear George's body. A sad day; making arrangements for the removal to the house. It was brought to the house and put in the front parlor in the afternoon at six o'clock.

Saturday, February 28, 1863. In the morning making arrangements for the funeral. P. M. With William and Fred at Mount Auburn to see about the grave.

Sunday, March 1, 1863. Second Sunday in Lent. Terrible storm all day. At home till afternoon. Then at Public Garden greenhouse to order flowers.

Monday, March 2, 1863. George's funeral at eleven o'clock. Services at St. Paul's. Bishop Eastburn officiated. 5.30 P. M. started by Norwich cars for New York.

On reaching Philadelphia Phillips Brooks wrote at once to his mother. In this letter we look into his soul at a moment when, touched by sorrow, the veil is withdrawn, revealing the man in his transparent simplicity and entire devotion. Extracts from other letters follow, written under the same inspiration. It was an event at this time in the spiritual history of the family when Arthur, at the age of seventeen, came forward for confirmation. It seemed like the voice of George from the open heavens.

Tuesday afternoon, March 3, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I am back here again and trying to collect myself to go to work again to-morrow morning. Ever since I left you my thoughts have been with you all at home, and I feel like a stranger here among the things that were so familiar only two weeks ago. These two weeks seem to me like a strange sort of dream, and it is hard to realize that such a change has come over our family life since the last time I was sitting here at my desk. And yet I find it hard to be sad or mournful about it. I cannot think that George himself, as he looks at us, wishes us to be sad or mournful. I have been looking over and over again, all last night and this morning, the whole life that we have lived with him. I cannot remember one moment whose memory is painful to me. I cannot recall a single quarrel that I ever had with him, and I suppose the other boys would say the same. I cannot bring back one look that was not all kindness, or one act that was not pure and good, or one word that was not bright and truthful. I envy him his life and death. I would gladly lie down and die to-night if I could look back on such a spotless life as his, and find my faith as simple and secure for the future as his was. How beautiful his religion was. He has taught me for one, as I never knew before, what Jesus meant when he told of "receiving the kingdom of God as a little child." Such a perfect trust as his I know is in the power of any of us to reach as he reached it, and yet I do not dare to expect it ever perfectly for myself, but am determined to live and pray and struggle for it, and shall rejoice if I can have a seat at last somewhere in sight of the perfect happiness and glory which he is in to-day and will be in forever. My thoughts of home will always be different now. I shall always think of George as there among you. I do not care about Mount Auburn. I don't care ever to go there again, till I am carried as he was yesterday. I want to think of him as being about the old house and always one of your

group, making it happier and holier by his memory and influence, just as he always made it beautiful and bright when he was in the body. And I want to feel him there too, helping me and making me fitter for every duty with his own courage and cheerfulness and blessed faith.

I find work enough waiting for me, and shall go about it happily, but always looking for the time when it will be all done, and we shall be with Christ and him.

God bless you all.

PHILL.

Saturday, March 7, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I have been living in a hurry since I got back here, and my sermon has been very much delayed and not finished till very late. It has come rather hard to buckle down to work again, and I am scarcely yet fully at it. The recollection of those days at home is with me always, especially that last Sunday, two weeks ago. I have been looking all over my old papers and getting together all the papers that I ever received from George. He always wrote so simply and directly that they bring back wonderfully the times in which he wrote them. In Woodstock, and at the drugstore, and at home, and later in the vessel and at Newbern. There are two or three about his hopes of getting a place with Powers & Weightman here, and the last thing he says is that as I seem not to have despaired he will keep on hoping and trust to its coming to something one of these days. Mr. Powers called to see me the other day; he was much interested in George, and told me, what I did not know before, that he was looking out for him for the charge of one of his laboratories, but finding he had gone into the war concluded to wait and say nothing about it and have a place for him when the war was over. His overseer, Dr. Aur, was very much taken with George when we visited the Laboratory together three years ago this spring. I see little chance now of my leaving after Lent. I have had my confirmation put off till the 1st of May. In June I am asked to deliver an address at the Commencement of Kenyon College in Ohio, and may go.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1863.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I mail you herewith a copy of the West Philadelphia Hospital paper which contains Mr. Stone's letter about George. I received a note from the chaplain asking my consent to its publication. It had come into his hands by some means through Dr. Vaughan. Although I would not have

put it in myself, I felt that I had no right to refuse consent, and you will find it there. It will do good, I trust. Tell Mother I have had the dear boy's picture framed, and there it stands right in front of the table where I sit and of the door by which I enter. It hangs across the southwest corner of the room; between two windows, framed in black walnut and gilt. I have been busier this week than I remember for a great while. Next week is busier still, but all the while I am thinking of my stay at home and of George and his life and death. . . .

Easter Monday, April 6, 1863.

I know how glad you all must be at Arthur's confirmation. The fruit of George's life and death, which has begun to show itself so soon, will never cease to be seen. . . .

When the time for which George Brooks had enlisted had expired, and his comrades returned from the war, there came among them one of his intimate friends, who brought to the bereaved parents a further account of his last days, and still further evidence of his high character and Christian faith. His father writes to Phillips (September 22, 1863):—

We had a long call last evening from George's particular friend and bunkmate, Thompson. He gave us a great deal about George; much that was new and much that no one else could give, all about his early sickness, which was much what we had before.

Of his strictly religious course he knew all, and said a great deal; said George always went through the Prayer Book services on Sunday, and got him to accompany him. Kept the days and read the lessons appropriate. His reliance on his Saviour and his trust was as strong as one's could be. He knew several of the hymns George was in the habit of repeating, and particularly the "Everlasting Memorial." Says he talked a great deal of his brothers and very often got out all the photographs. "Had a good deal to say of his brother Phillips." He was a precious boy, and all these things only make us more sensible of our loss.

The work outside of the parish now becomes so extensive and prominent that it might seem as if the duties and routine of the parish minister must be neglected. But the parish occupied the foremost place then as always. He not only worked hard himself, but stimulated others to work. Connected with the Church of the Holy Trinity there was a

night school, held in the chapel on week-day evenings, a mothers' meeting, and an outside Bible class, taught by ladies connected with the parish. He was not contented to know of their existence, but he gave to them his personal presence and oversight. He continued to hold a weekly Bible class of his own on Saturday evenings, he preached or lectured every Wednesday evening in the church to large congregations, and he always gave a preparatory lecture for the monthly communion. On the first Sunday of each month came children's church in the afternoon. To the anniversary of the Sunday-school he gave special attention. Most carefully did he prepare his candidates for confirmation, not only in a series of lectures, but making it an obligation to call upon each candidate for personal conversation. Each week he tried to rescue as much time as possible for reading and study. Each week as a rule he records the writing of a sermon. For this, two mornings were generally appropriated, but it sometimes happened that the sermon was begun and completed on Saturday. So great was the demand for his services that rarely a Sunday passed that he did not preach three times, very often reading the service twice in addition. If he found himself disengaged on Sunday evenings, he went to church somewhere a third time for the purpose of hearing others preach. In the spring of this year, 1863, he was busily engaged in soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a neighboring church in order to make it a chapel for Holy Trinity. It would involve an extension of his own labors, but he proposed to call an assistant minister to his aid. Of this enterprise, which was accomplished before Easter, he writes, "The people have gone into it heartily as they seem to do into every good work they get hold of." To those who looked on he appeared to carry his work with ease; there was an air of spontaneity about his preaching, as though it came without effort or anxiety. He contributed to this impression by giving himself so freely to outside calls for his services. But there was another side to the picture. He does not complain, but he admits his fatigue : —

Saturday evening, May 2, 1863.

It's late Saturday night, and I have come home tired from my communicants' meeting, but I must write my letter before I go to bed. You have no idea how fatiguing this work of speaking in public is. It does n't look like much to talk for half an hour to a room full of people, but it very often leaves one tired out mind and body, and good for nothing. Thursday we had our Fast Day service. Last night our confirmation class met for its lecture, and to-night our communicants had their meeting, so that we have had services for three successive days, and I feel but little ready for the hard work of to-morrow. Still it is a pleasant labor, and I always have strength given me somehow when the time comes, so I have given up worrying about the future and just do one thing at a time. I like the work more and more every day, never more than since I came back from my last stolen visit home, and everything about the church is so encouraging that I certainly must not complain. But I shall be glad of a little vacation this summer. I am depending on it, and now it is only two months off. No news to-night from Hooker. Oh, if he might only be successful and open the way to a victorious close to this fearful war. I do not want it to end any other way, but I long to see it reach its great result. Our churches were crowded on Fast Day, and the people seemed to be in the spirit of the day. I did not preach a sermon, but just said a few words extempore, a brief report of which you will find in the "Press" for yesterday morning.

The service in his church on Fast Day alluded to so casually was marked by unusual solemnity and impressiveness. "The congregation," said the "Press," "listened with the most profound attention, and apparently gave a sincere and hearty response to his remarks." The burden of his prophetic soul was the sin of slavery. "It was not timely or proper to preach, but would it not be a mockery before God to say that we have sinned, we have broken Thy laws, we have polluted Thy Sabbath and received in vain Thy grace, without alluding to the greatest sin of all, — the blackest stain upon our country and the cause of all the ruin and bloodshed and affliction that have been visited on our land, — the black sin of slavery? Have we not that duty to perform, to pray for the removal of that great crime, that dark spot upon our country's history? And was this all? Were there not here

among us persons whom we meet daily in social intercourse, who give not even a faltering support to the administration of the laws, who are not using the means that God has given them for the suppression of rebellion and treason; men who deprecate the extermination of the evil that has caused all our troubles? Was it not as much our duty to pray for the rebuke of those traitors in the North as for the discomfiture of the openly declared enemy in the South? It was the duty of the congregation to cultivate that firm unwavering loyalty to the government that would recognize no distinction between the open foe and the secret enemy."

It was no easy task for the preacher to make an impassioned appeal like this. In view of the situation and the public sentiment in Philadelphia at this time, even in his own congregation, it called for the same courage and inspiration which moved the soldier in the field of battle. The stress and tension of these multiplied labors, with his spirit in tumultuous excitement until his strong will should see its travail accomplished, was relieved by the delightful social environment in which his days were passed. It was a repetition of the story of the preceding year, as given in the last chapter, only the friendships were grown more intimate, richer, and stronger with time. Clerical society in Philadelphia gained additional attraction at this time by important accessions. Among these were the Rev. Treadwell Walden and the late Rev. E. A. Washburn. Mr. Walden became the rector of St. Clement's Church, where the unusual tone of his preaching, and its superior character, combined with his impressive power as a speaker, drew many interested hearers to swell his congregations. Dr. Washburn, who in his day was foremost in the ranks of American scholarship as well as an interesting and powerful preacher, was also specially welcomed by Mr. Brooks, who discerned in him at once the type of a man to be admired and followed. Thus he writes:—

I have just had a call from a capital New England man, Dr. Washburn of Hartford, Conn., who has just come here to take charge of St. Mark's Church. He is a Cambridge man, of the

best kind of our ministry. He will be a great addition to our number of interesting men here.

This was Phillips Brooks's first contact with a new school of preachers and theologians which was to become known as the Broad Church, — a name originating in England in the decade of the fifties. Those who were affiliated under this designation had at first claimed the title of Catholic in contradistinction from the Oxford and Evangelical schools. It is difficult to describe them as a class, for so far as there was agreement among them in opinion, it had been reached independently, under the influence of current tendencies in thought and scholarship. One common characteristic belonged to them: they were fearless men unterrified by the discoveries of science or the results of Biblical criticism. They had not shared in the panic caused by the famous "Essays and Reviews;" they refused to join in the cry that "the church is in danger!" Rather did they see a larger opening for true religion in the fruits of an awakened intellectual activity. They held with Hooker and Bishop Butler that the human reason was the God-given faculty for verifying the divine revelation. They aspired after a larger freedom, and were interested in all methods for bringing the influence of the church to bear more directly upon the people in the upbuilding of Christian character. In a word, they were the new generation of Christian thinkers. There had come to them alike an inspiration from Coleridge and from Maurice, from Arnold and from Stanley. They found satisfaction in Kingsley and in Robertson and Bushnell, begetting a new enthusiasm for proclaiming the gospel of Christ and the kingdom of God. With these writers Phillips Brooks was familiar and in deep sympathy. Hitherto he had walked almost alone, emerging from the school at Alexandria with a consciousness of a want of sympathy with his teachers, while yet holding with deep conviction to the sovereign Lordship of Christ over every human soul. With his new friends he took counsel, interested to know by what divine paths God had led them into the larger room. There were others of a similar spirit whom he met at this time in Philadelphia,

forming with them friendships which were as enduring as life, among them Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, and Dr. Harwood, rector of Trinity Church in New Haven. It would be a mistake to suppose that these men were united by any party shibboleth or sought to accomplish any partisan aim. But they did have a common sympathy in the open mind, in their belief in free inquiry, in their emancipation from the shackles of traditional interpretation. They had an interest in literature as well as theology; they looked upon the state as sharing in a divine life as well as the church, and they refused to narrow the church to any one ecclesiastical denomination. If they had a common motto it was this: Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

Among the phases of the larger ministry, to which Phillips Brooks was impelled by some irresistible call, was his effort to overcome the indifference, even the avowed hostility, toward the government in its prosecution of the war. That such sentiments toward Lincoln and his administration did exist in Philadelphia is evident;¹ but it should also be said, in order not to create any misimpression, that the same apathy or hostility might be found in other Northern cities, in New York and in Boston. To determine its relative proportion, or whether society in Philadelphia was more widely and deeply affected by disloyalty than elsewhere, is a question we are not here called upon to discuss. That Phillips Brooks rose up in his might to defend the war and to put disloyalty to flight does not indicate that, in his judgment, Philadelphia called for his protest more than other places. Thus he writes March 23, 1863:—

I have been away two days this week preaching in New Jersey. It was disheartening to see the state of public feeling there, the apathy or opposition to the administration that has made that little State disgraceful. But surely things are looking very much better everywhere. It seems as if the more we suffer the more we must feel ourselves committed to finish completely the great work we have undertaken.

¹ Cf. *Phillips Brooks*, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, in "The Beacon Biographies," pp. 26, 27.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA, INTERIOR



How the situation in Philadelphia appeared to an eyewitness, who was in sympathy with Mr. Brooks in his effort to overcome the apathy and disloyalty of the city, is shown in this extract from a letter by the late Rev. R. C. Matlack: —

When Mr. Brooks became rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in 1862 he found very few anti-slavery men among our clergy, and a strong secession sentiment pervading society which was well represented in his new church. A writer of the day said, "Society was in sympathy with the rebellion." Party spirit ran so high that old friends would not recognize each other in the street. The "Palmetto Flag" was published here, and openly sold on the street. The "North American" of November, 1862, declared, "The Union feeling in Baltimore is stronger at this time than it is in Philadelphia." The "Press" in November, 1862, said, "In Philadelphia we see men diligently comforting one another, consulting together, gathering strength, and quietly combining to undermine and destroy the nation. All the splendor of brilliant society and the fascinations of social intercourse are combined to accomplish this woeful purpose." A leading society man said that "unmixed society ordered matters, and that all gentlemen would soon be of their way of thinking. The President was vulgar, the administration was vulgar, and the people who urged the war were of the common sort, who would shortly receive a merited castigation from the gentlemen of the South, whom the herd was vainly endeavoring to deprive of their Biblical, heaven-derived, constitutional, natural, carnal property."

The Union League (Club) was founded to counteract this baneful influence of society. I accompanied Phillips Brooks to the opening meeting (February, 1863), and he made one of those bold, Union speeches for which he became famous, although his parish was a new organization, heavily in debt, and he was in danger of losing some of his most important members by his decided action. When most pulpits were silent and some adverse, his gave forth no uncertain sound. His manly, courageous utterances did much to turn the tide of society in favor of the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union.

To these reminiscences may be added the comment on Mr. Brooks's attitude by the Rev. C. A. L. Richards, who stood by his side in those days of trial: —

Through those tremendous years Brooks was foremost in all patriotic work. The times tried men, as in the fires, of what

stuff they were; his stood the proof. The times demanded heroes even in civil life. It needed manhood in those days to withstand the pressure of those who would fain have ignoble peace. Philadelphia was close to the border, and Southern sympathizers — there was a pithier word in common use — abounded. Faction ran high. Brooks did not defy it. He quietly disregarded it, went his ways in spite of it, took his heroism naturally, not tragically, as if men were always true and brave. In the pulpit, on the platform, he was earnestly and eloquently on the side of the nation, appealing to what was noblest and loftiest in her sons. . . . Presently both the educated and the illiterate rabble discovered that they were dealing with that unusual thing, a man; less uncommon at that crisis than at some other periods, but none too common in the ministry, certainly then; one whom they could not anger into indiscretion, nor threaten into subservience, nor tempt to unworthy surrender; a man of the fibre of an old-time prophet, with a message to be uttered whether the people heeded or refused it; whether they brought wreaths to crown, or stones to stone him; whether they would build him a pedestal, or dig him a grave. I despair of making the young men of to-day understand what it cost in those days to be lord of one's own soul. Through that weary time, what an overflowing reservoir of mortal force, of hope, of courage, of high resolve, Brooks was to all of us. Then, as ever, his presence was an inspiration. There were dark days, — days when, as we met on a street corner, after some bloody reverse of our armies, he could only wring my hand and say, "Is n't it horrible?" and pass on gloomily; days when it was easy to take counsel of one's meaner fears and cry for peace at any price, and try to patch up any miserable cabin of refuge from the storm which beat upon our hearts. But his heart never flinched or quailed. His light ever shone out clear.

One of Mr. Brooks's courageous utterances has already been referred to, in the address on the national Fast Day. It is a painful task now that these events have long gone by to recall them again to memory. But to omit them in a biography of Phillips Brooks would be an injustice to the man, for in a great measure he was roused by them to assert the heroic proportions of his nature. The war with its issues came at the moment when he was beginning his ministry, and helped to make him great. He went forth out of himself to become identified with a moral purpose, or rather the moral purpose entered into his soul, taking possession of all

his powers. He forgot self and his own interests in his devotion to the nation's life and prosperity. There was here an enlargement of his whole being, creating the sense of power and making him equal to the greatest emergency that can befall a nation. He seems to assume the burden of the war as if it were his own, and he were a leader raised up by God to speak to the people and lead them forth from bondage. He became a representative man, taking his place in the foremost ranks, and though still a youth in years, exhibiting the capacity for leadership, in wisdom and gravity, in directness and power, and with enthralling eloquence. People had become familiar with the ideas, and mode of urging them, of the older men who had long been before the country. But here was youthful enthusiasm combined with freshness of view, yet also with maturity of judgment. The struggle to which he was called might have seemed an unequal one, but when once committed to it, he threw into the balance that unique quality in his nature, which he did not understand and cannot be described, — the gift of oratory, strangely moving men even against their will, a mysterious accompaniment of his personality never failing him, but always at his call when the moment came for speech. He does not appear greatly to mind the inevitable opposition he encountered, the scorn and contempt expressing itself in bitter language. In a letter dated June 6, 1863, he refers, a rare thing with him, to the criticism he is meeting: —

I have nothing particular to tell you to-day about myself, and so I will let you see what other people say about me by enclosing a slip from our Copperhead journal which some kind friend has just sent me. Isn't it terrible to think of this fearful plot to fill the churches and schools with New England radicals, and gradually seize on all Philadelphia, and make another Boston of it. I suppose a part of our plan must be to get possession of the financial institutions; so just hold yourself in readiness to come on and take a radical cashiership as soon as things are ready for it. This sort of feeling is very strong here, and is making a pretty hard fight, but it can't stand. The world moves. Vicksburg is not ours yet, but everything looks promising, and perhaps we do not know how near we are to the end. At any rate the

conviction is stronger every day that, long or short, there's nothing to be done but fight it out, and "put down the rebellion."

A victory of General Robert E. Lee, the commander of the Confederate forces, over the Army of the Potomac in May, 1863, left the North unprotected, and General Lee decided to carry the war into Pennsylvania. At first it was hard to realize that the State was actually in danger of invasion. Men refused to believe it. The Quaker sentiment, always a large contingent in the city founded by William Penn, now met the test of its strength and value. War may be wrong and a great evil, the duty of non-resistance may have its place among the Evangelical precepts, but when a great city is in danger of invasion, it is necessary that something should be done to repel the invaders. This letter describes the situation as it appeared to Phillips Brooks:—

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

DEAR FATHER, — I suppose you must be wondering a little what is the state of mind in this poor bethreatened city. I wish you could be here and see how dead and apathetic men can be, with an enemy almost at their doors. I don't think that Lee is coming to Philadelphia, but there certainly is threatening enough of it to make us get ready if he did come. Nothing is doing here at all. Yesterday the Union League decided that it might be well to get up a regiment, but as yet, so far as I can learn, not more than 2000 men have gone from Philadelphia, and the men who are protecting the line of the Susquehanna are New Yorkers and New Englanders. I am ashamed of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and proud as usual of New England. Of course all our town talk is of the invasion. We do not think that Philadelphia is very likely to be their aim. Evidently they are trying to delude us, and will more likely strike either at Pittsburg or at Baltimore. Some timid people here are a good deal scared. I will let you know if there is any danger. I see George's Regiment is after this new raid. How much hard life and terrible work the dear boy has escaped. I think of him always. I see Mr. Stone's letter is in the "Recorder" this week. I don't know how it got there.

Good-by — one week more (unless I am kept here by danger of a capture) and I am with you. Love to Mother.

Yours affectionately,

PHILL.

Sunday P. M.

There is a little more excitement here. The rebels are at York, and the women and children are coming down from Harrisburg.

At the time when this letter was written, he notes in his diary for Saturday, June 27, 1863: "Lee's army is at Carlisle, only one hundred miles from Philadelphia, and yet the city is perfectly quiet and a terrible apathy is keeping everybody idle, just waiting to be taken." And again on the following Monday, June 29: "Meeting of the clergy of all churches to offer their services to the mayor." This last remark is illuminated by a reminiscence of Dr. Richards: —

From Cooper's study proceeded one movement that the chronicle of those crowded years should not quite lose from view. The enemy was at the gate. Lee's army had invaded Pennsylvania, was before Harrisburg, was threatening Philadelphia. The Quaker City was carrying non-resistance to its last consequence, was folding its hands and shaking in its shoes, and waiting for Providence or the general government to come to its rescue. It was a panic of stupor akin to a dumb ague. Brooks, Cooper, and the rest of us, assembled on a Monday morning in Cooper's study, waxed hot at the local inaction. If laymen would do nothing it was time for the clergy to move. We did move on the moment. We drew up a paper offering our services for the public defence. We would not take up arms, but we could shoulder shovels and dig trenches. Several clerical meetings were in session that noon, and we sent delegates to rouse them. With Brooks and the venerable Albert Barnes at the head of the procession we stormed the mayor's office, a hundred or more strong, and asked to be set at work on the defences of the city. We retired, bought our spades and haversacks, and waited for orders. The example served its purpose. The sting stung. The city bestirred itself, and the peril passed without our being called into service. But Brooks and Albert Barnes were ready, and I trust some of the rest of us.

As the situation still seemed uncertain, Mr. Brooks wrote home that he did not feel at liberty to leave his post for the annual holiday: —

July 4, 1863.

The fact is, I don't like to leave here while things are just in the present condition; not that I think there is any danger

of their coming here, but people are a good deal excited, and till the terrible battle of this week is over, and its results well confirmed, I shall not leave. It will probably be only a short delay, and I will write you next week just as soon as I see my way clear to getting off. Everything to-day looks promising; we are going to beat and bag their army, I believe, and then the war is about over. I am sorry to shorten my vacation, but I must not leave just now.

The events of these weeks culminating in the fierce and sanguinary battle of Gettysburg, Pa., where 50,000 men were slain out of 170,000 engaged, are told in the entries in his pocket diary, which, brief as they are, thrill with the excitement of the moment.

Saturday, July 4, 1863. 8.15 P. M. Services in Holy Trinity. I read and made a short address. All the forenoon down town. Great news of Lee's repulse by Meade. Dinner at Dr. Mitchell's (Weir) with Cooper and Richards. Evening at Union League. Still good news.

Sunday, July 5, 1863. Fifth Sunday after Trinity. I read, spoke, and administered the communion. During the communion service news came of Lee's rout, and I announced it to the congregation. God be praised.

Monday, July 6, 1863. Evening. Started for the battlefield under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission. Arrived at Baltimore about four o'clock the next morning.

Tuesday, July 7, 1863. Spent all day making arrangements and trying to get off to Gettysburg. Started in freight train at seven o'clock P. M., and spent the night in the cars, arriving at Hanover at seven o'clock the next morning.

Wednesday, July 8, 1863. Almost all day at Hanover. Cooper with sick headache. Left for Gettysburg at five o'clock P. M. Arrived about seven. Cooper, Kent Stone,¹ and I slept in loft of a tar-shop.

Thursday, July 9, 1863. A. M. At Sanitary Commission. Tent near the depot. Then all over the battlefield.

Friday, July 10, 1863. All day at the hospital of the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, distributing clothes and writing letters for the men. Very tired at night.

Saturday, July 11, 1863. Walked with Cooper to the hospital of the Pennsylvania Reserves. P. M. Among the rebel prisoners in the Third Corps. Terrible need and suffering.‡

¹ Rev. James Kent Stone, a son of the Rev. Dr. John S. Stone, who went to the battlefield in search of the body of his brother.

Sunday, July 12, 1863. All day among the rebel prisoners in the Third Corps Hospital. P. M. Went into Gettysburg and spent the night at Professor Stevens'.

Monday, July 13, 1863. All day travelling to Philadelphia. Arrived about 10.30 P. M.

In these brief records one is struck with his desire to be of practical service in the simplest of ways. Those who know what healing power he carried with his presence can appreciate what it meant when he went through the wards of the hospital. It is also beautiful to note that in this awful hour he knew no discrimination between Northern and Southern soldiers. His affection seems to have gone out to the latter.

While these events were transacting, Frederick Brooks was graduating from Harvard College. He had rivalled Phillips in taking the Bowdoin prize, he had surpassed him in his class-day appointment as odist, a distinction which the older brother would have valued. He had made up his mind to study for the ministry, but for some reason, which he found difficulty in explaining, he did not wish to begin at once his theological studies. Meantime he was casting about for some temporary employment until his difficulties should be overcome. Under these circumstances he came to his brother for advice. The letters written by Phillips Brooks to Frederick are full of wise caution and suggestion. He did not seek to inquire too closely into his brother's state of mind, but respected his reserve. He was afraid that if Frederick became engaged in other work, even temporarily, he might be lost to the ministry. He suggested that his unwillingness at once to enter a theological school sprang from a mood he had himself experienced, — "the temporary disgust with college which everybody feels about class day," and reminded him how different his life would be in the theological seminary from the Cambridge work: —

I do not believe you would see your way any clearer a year hence into the ministry than now. I believe the hesitations and doubts you feel belong to every inception of so great a work, and are best met by earnest investigation and prompt decision.

When Frederick still found himself unable to reach a decision, Phillips wrote to him again, urging the ministry, dissuading him from enlisting as a private in the ranks, for which he was manifestly unfitted, but reluctantly acquiescing in the plan that he should try the Sanitary Commission as a kind of missionary work:—

Every day I have more and more forced upon me the immediate need of the right sort of ministers in the church, earnest, intelligent, and loyal men, who will help to make the church something of the large, liberal, progressive (or if you please, truly conservative) power that it ought to be. Can you, have you, a right to postpone, with the chance of its never being resumed, this which you have settled on as the great duty of your life?

This correspondence is a beautiful one, disclosing the reverence and confidence of the younger brother, and on the other side the large heart, anxious to be of service, studying the situation as if it were his own. He finally writes to Frederick, suggesting that he is tired with the long strain of college years, and invites him to join his party, in the summer, in a trip through the White Mountains:—

You are just out of college; you need relaxation. Will you not accompany us to the White Mountains this summer? Richards and Strong and Henry Potter (Bishop Potter's son, a nice fellow) and I have a plan of spending three weeks in August in tramping and sightseeing among the Hills. We shall all be truly glad to have you join us. Don't say, "They're strangers," and turn off disgusted. They won't be strangers for a half day. They're not men you'll mind at all, and we'll have a tiptop time. Now, my dear boy, say you'll go, won't you? We shall start about the first of August. Make your mind and body ready for it. Of course I shall claim the privilege of paying all the expenses for us two. Write soon; send me a copy of your Ode, and say you'll go.

The formal year which begins on the 1st of January does not correspond with the reality in the life of a student or a city pastor. Nor does the ecclesiastical year correspond more closely. The year of work and of actual life begins with the fall, and ends with the coming of the following summer. This sense of the division of time stamped by the

university and the professional school upon the experience of youth continued to abide with Mr. Brooks throughout his ministry. His work for the year was done when he had gathered in harvest, or taken stock as it were in the candidates who presented themselves for confirmation. Then he turned his face homeward as from an enforced absence, to luxuriate in the sense of freedom from care and responsibility, but also in quiet to abide with himself, and, apart from the scene of his labors, to review his experience, to draw lessons of wisdom for the year that was to follow. And throughout his ministry the summer vacation meant to him not only the opportunity of recreation and escape from labor, but the period when he replenished his intellectual and spiritual store, feeding directly from the pastures of life. Any account of his work to be at all adequate must follow him in his summer wanderings from year to year.

Thus on the 16th of July in 1863 he returned to his home in Boston, where he remained with his family for a few weeks before making another tour of the White Mountains. The incidents of each day are briefly recorded. The first thing was to turn to Mount Auburn on a visit to the new-made grave. He began again to ride horseback. He was often at his old haunts in the Athenæum, looking into books, making acquaintance with ecclesiastical painting or modern art, so far as the limited opportunity afforded him in the art gallery allowed. Through the more ample income now at his disposal he was able to become the owner of the books which most interested him. He mentions the purchase of new bookcases to accommodate his increasing acquisitions. That he still retained his classical bias is shown in the entry for one of the days when he had been lounging in a bookshop: "Bought books, Livy, four volumes, \$5.00; Liddell's 'History of Rome,' \$6.00; Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' \$1.75."

Since he was last at home a change had been made by his father's family in their church relations; they had given up their pew at St. Paul's Church and migrated to Trinity Church, then situated on Summer Street. Religious life at

Trinity might be very different from what it had been, less profitable than in the palmy days at St. Paul's, when Dr. Vinton was its rector, but it was not disagreeable at least, and that was a gain. The mother of Phillips Brooks found no satisfaction in the new style of preaching then coming into vogue among the Evangelical school. It differed from the older, simpler style represented by Dr. Stone and Dr. Vinton, in the importance it attached to a minute study of the words of Scripture, in the finding of concealed or unobserved truths by the close scrutiny of tenses and cases. The Bible was becoming no longer an open book which the wayfaring man might read with ease, but a complicated network calling for concentrated effort in order to unravel the intricacy of its meaning. The preacher seemed to be engaged in an interminable argument built upon remote premises which only the initiated could follow; and if once the clue was lost, it seemed impossible to regain one's way. The doctrine of the second coming of Christ almost became the leading tenet of belief, calling for elaborate investigation to determine whether it preceded or succeeded the millennium. From these peculiarities the pulpit of Trinity Church at least was free, even if it were dull. Trinity Church had also gained for the family a sacred association in the pictures photographed upon the mother's heart of George presenting himself at its altar for confirmation.

At the invitation of Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Brooks preached at Trinity Church on the afternoon of Sunday, the 26th of July. It was midsummer, and the congregation was so small as to seem almost invisible. This was not the first occasion of his preaching at Trinity, and the meagre attendance may have been owing to the circumstance that no announcement had been made that he was to preach. But there was one present who made the occasion the subject of reminiscences in later years. He had called on Bishop Eastburn in his house on Tremont Street opposite the Common, and in the course of the conversation asked the bishop where he should go to church the following Sunday. The bishop answered: "I think you had better go to my church, for I shall have

there a young man from Philadelphia named Brooks, who is esteemed to be somebody, and I want you to hear him preach."

On Sunday morning, therefore, I went to Trinity Church, which, the reader will remember, was the old Trinity in Summer Street, then a quiet quarter, still retaining many roomy houses occupied by old Boston families. Entering its gray portals I perceived that I might sit where I liked, for there was scarce anybody in the church. . . . When the time for the sermon arrived, a person who had been sitting silent in the chancel, muffled in a black gown, emerged — or rather projected himself — in the direction of the pulpit. A tall, thin figure rushed up the pulpit steps. Before fairly reaching the top of them a voice called out the text, and instantly broke into a speech of most astonishing rapidity, quite beyond anything I had ever experienced or imagined of human utterance. . . . As soon as I recovered from my surprise, and the mind could catch its breath, so to speak, and begin to keep up with the preacher's pace, I perceived that what I was hearing was a wonderful sermon, such as would oftenest be called brilliant, perhaps, but is better described as glowing and lambent. The text was the verse of St. Paul about seeing now "through a glass, darkly; but then face to face," and the discourse contained material for a score of sermons, so rich was it in high thought and apt illustration and illuminative turns of phrase. I fancy that in those days Dr. Brooks used illustrations more profusely than in later years. . . . Possibly I myself might find that sermon too ornate for my maturer taste, but I know the impression it then made upon me was not of over-ornamentation, but of thought intrinsically and aboundingly rich, and I believe that if it shall see the light among any forthcoming collection of Bishop Brooks's literary remains, I shall gain from reading it the same impression that it produced so many years ago.

The writer of this account was impressed with the contrast between the few hearers who listened to Phillips Brooks on that midsummer day in 1863 and the thousands afterwards, in the glorified new Trinity, who dwelt on every note of his voice, — between the young Brooks who was thought to be somebody and the man who became the successor of Bishop Eastburn. But appearances are deceitful. In Mr. Brooks's diary for the following Monday, it reads, "Mr. George

Dexter [the senior warden] called to talk about my coming to Trinity Church." It took six years before this result should be accomplished, but it is interesting to note how long the parish had kept him in view.

On the second day of August he started on his trip to the White Mountains, accompanied by his brother Frederick, by Mr. Richards, and by Mr. Stillé.¹ In the course of his tour he met his friends the Coopers, the Ashhursts, the Lapsleys, and the Mitchells. The tour was interspersed with rowing and bathing, and occasional resorts to horseback riding. There was mountain climbing; from the Glen they went up Mount Washington, and came back to North Conway.

A few days were spent in Boston after his return from the mountains, during which he wrote a sermon in order to be ready for his first Sunday in Philadelphia. When he reached Philadelphia on the 5th of September he records his arrival with a sigh, "So vacation's over!!" He returned to find the city "quivering with excitement." The time for the fall elections was near. Governor Curtin, the Republican candidate for governor of the State, was opposed by Judge Woodward as the Democratic candidate. Not only did excitement run high in political circles, but in ecclesiastical also, for things were happening which roused the indignation of the Episcopal clergy. The story is now a curious one merely, relating to the action of Dr. John Henry Hopkins, the Bishop of Vermont, and referred to here because of Phillips Brooks's connection with it.

Bishop Hopkins had resisted the action of the General Convention in 1862, when it gave its approval to the war and its support to the government. This he considered introducing politics into a sacrosanct assembly, and therefore a profanation of holy things. He had written a book, the "American Citizen," wherein he presented his views of political duties and relationships. He had been wont to travel over the country, delivering lectures on these topics, for his diocese was small and poor, obliging him to resort to

¹ Professor C. J. Stillé, the accomplished teacher of history in the University of Pennsylvania, and one of his parishioners.

these and other measures to raise funds for his various undertakings. Among his distinctive views, he held that the Bible sanctioned slavery, an opinion to which he had given expression in his "American Citizen." But although slavery was a divine institution, yet he thought it should be abolished, and that this was the destiny reserved for it. His connection with Pennsylvania was a close one, for he had lived many years in Pittsburg, and was widely known throughout the State by clergy and laity. He was very acceptable as a preacher, and was often called upon to perform Episcopal duties in the State at the request of Bishop Potter. The Democratic party in Pennsylvania now proposed to make use of him in the heated canvass between Curtin and Woodward. Six gentlemen of Philadelphia had requested his permission to republish his well-known views on slavery, which he had given in a tract issued in 1861, and known as the Bible view of slavery. The original motive in writing this tract had been to cool down if possible the fiery zeal of the abolitionists. When he was thus approached, Bishop Hopkins gave his assent to the reissue of the tract, and in June, 1863, it had been reprinted by the Society of the Diffusion of Political Knowledge in New York. Soon after it was taken up and circulated by the Democratic clubs throughout the country, but chiefly in Pennsylvania as an electioneering pamphlet.

It was manifest that such a proceeding could not go unchallenged without committing the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania to a tacit approval of this extraordinary document. The clergy of Philadelphia were called together by Bishop Potter, a protest was drawn up and entrusted to a committee who should procure signatures to it. Of this committee Mr. Brooks was a member, and by no means an inactive one. Indeed, he was so prominent that he was incorrectly suspected and accused of being the author of the protest. But he did what he could to procure signatures for it, directing circulars with his own hand to be sent broadcast throughout the State. The protest was signed by one hundred and sixty of the clergy, a very large majority of those in the diocese. This prompt and decisive action may have had

its influence on the election. At any rate Governor Curtin was reëlected by a majority of 20,000; Judge Woodward was defeated, and withdrew from Holy Trinity Church. It had been he who had done more than any one else to induce Mr. Brooks to become its rector, when he was in serious doubt as to his duty.

Saturday evening, October 3, 1863.

I have just got home from our monthly communicants' meeting. It is the first lecture we have had since I've got back, and somehow it has used me up. I have been at work all day on my sermon for to-morrow night (1 Cor. ix. 26). Last Sunday afternoon I went out and preached to our colored regiment at Cheltenham. It was new sort of work, but I enjoyed it. They are splendid-looking fellows. To-day they have been parading through the city, and seem to have surprised everybody by their good soldierly looks. Nobody talks about anything now but the election. We flatter ourselves that Pennsylvania is of considerable importance this fall, and we feel quite sure that she is coming out all right. Curtin will no doubt be elected by a handsome majority. Have you seen what a stir has been raised up by Bishop Hopkins's slavery letter and by our clerical protest against it. It may look to you like something of a tempest in a teapot, but I can assure you that the letter was doing a great deal of harm, and that our remonstrance has been widely welcomed. One of the Copperhead papers the other day did me the honor to assume that I had a good deal to do with it, and read me a long lecture on the modesty becoming young clergymen. I had no connection with it beyond signing it.

The father of Mr. Brooks was anxious to get a copy of Bishop Hopkins's tract, for he was given to collecting historical documents. His son writes in reply: "Did you see that Bishop Hopkins has replied to our Protest? His answer is very angry and very silly. I am sorry that I cannot get a copy of his first pamphlet. I have not got one myself. They are hard to get hold of now." To his brother he gives further particulars regarding the recent election:—

October 17, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I have just come home from a long horse-back ride. Congratulate me. We have been gone all day, and

the parish has had to take care of itself in the meantime. Mr. Cooper and I took the cars early this morning to Norristown, seventeen miles out of town, where Yocum met us with horses, and we put off over the country, which is magnificent in its autumn fires. I wish you could have been with us. I rode a big gray mare, and though not up to Robin she certainly put me through well. What do you think of last Tuesday? Twenty thousand majority is n't to be sneered at here, and Ohio has done better still. It is worth another victory of our armies thus to have conquered disloyalty here at the North, and to have got our heel on the neck of the Copperhead.

If you had been here I think you would have been as much surprised as I have been at the *radical* character of this campaign which has just closed. And it has been not merely Republican, but anti-slavery; not merely anti-slavery, but abolition all the way through. If this war had n't done anything else so far, at any rate it has made us an anti-slavery people, and begun the end of this infernal institution. As it is, Three cheers for Pennsylvania! and may she do ever so much better next year. I spent Tuesday night at the League House, and have seldom seen such an excitement as there was when the news came in and the result gradually became certain. Judge Woodward has resigned his seat on my vestry, and advertised his pew for sale. I am sorry, for he is a very pleasant man, and has been one of my kindest friends. I presume we shall get along without him, but I wish he could have stayed among us. . . . Your rector, Dr. Huntington, preached for me yesterday morning, — a splendid sermon. In the evening a better one still before the divinity school, in my church. I recongratulate you on such a man for your minister.

A new and difficult problem in American social life had been created when the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln had produced its inevitable effect. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of negroes were now thrown adrift: free indeed, but unaccustomed to the use of freedom; hitherto cared for, with no sense of responsibility for their maintenance, and now obliged to seek their own support; ignorant, untrained, unfit for the burden placed so suddenly upon them. To have shirked this problem after his enthusiastic advocacy of the abolition of slavery would have been unworthy in the last degree. Mr. Brooks was among the very first to recognize the importance of immediate and extensive action. His interest in the colored people seems at this time the foremost

object in his mind. He became an active member of the Freedmen's Relief Association. He makes mention of frequent visits to the negro regiment in camp near Philadelphia, watching them on parade, addressing them at their Sunday services. He took special pride in a colored Sunday-school under the superintendence of Messrs. Ritter and Clay at the corner of 13th and Race streets. This entry in his diary for November 3, 1863, illustrates how deep was his interest, but the brief expression "I spoke" needs great expansion to do justice to its force: "Reading all the forenoon about Port Royal and the Freedmen's Relief work. Dined at Cooper's with the usual party. Evening meeting at Concert Hall in behalf of the freed negroes. I spoke."

These speeches in Philadelphia seemed to excite equal interest in Boston, for his father writes to him two days afterward: "I noticed by the papers to-day that you were engaged in the cause of freedom night before last, and 'made a powerful address with marked effect upon the audience.'" Much of the information which fed his enthusiasm on this subject came from his brother Frederick, who had gone to Washington in connection with the Sanitary Commission, in order to see a life of practical service in the world before entering the ministry. Mr. Brooks was anxious to see the Episcopal Church identified with this philanthropic work. He writes to his brother: "How strange this monopoly by Unitarians of all the philanthropy of our time is! It comes partly of Orthodox neglect and partly of Unitarian assertion. It will be part of your work to give it a practical refutation."

It goes without saying that this devotion to their interests by Phillips Brooks was gratefully recognized by the colored people in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Their worship of him as their champion and hero would show itself in amusing ways, as at evening parties and receptions, when it was understood that no one could expect much attention from the colored waiters if Phillips Brooks were present. Long years afterward, his acts of kindness to the colored people in 1863 were gratefully remembered. After his death a monument

to his praise was set up in these resolutions of the Bethel Literary and Historical Association of Washington, D. C., which may be introduced here as showing more distinctly the nature and value of the service he had rendered than any contemporary document:—

Resolved, That we the members of the Bethel Literary and Historical Association of Washington, D. C., spread upon our minutes the sense of the great loss that has come to them in the death of that eminent servant of God, the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts.

It will be the pride and duty of others to elaborate in stately and measured words a eulogy of this saint and scholar, humanitarian and great preacher; to portray his many high and great qualities. Be it ours to bring the sobs and lamentations of a race he loved so well and served so faithfully, and thus demonstrate that however destitute we may be of the higher possession of intellectual gifts, we are not poor in that loftiest and finest attitude of the heart, — gratitude.

We thank God for the example of a life so useful and exalted, and so thoroughly consecrated to high aims and noble purposes, which gave him that clear vision to see the right, and the great heart to sympathize with the woes of our race; making him eyes to the blind and strength to the feeble. We recall with thanksgiving his noble and brave words for freedom and enfranchisement in the dark days of the war, the prominent part he took in opening to us the door of the street cars in Philadelphia, which up to that time had been closed against us, and this at the risk both of personal violence and social ostracism.

His majestic form we shall no longer see, his kindly voice we shall no longer hear, yet his memory will be to us strength and inspiration in our march to that higher manhood and wider influence which he so nobly represented.

As Thanksgiving Day approached in 1863, Phillips Brooks was preparing himself to give expression to a nation's gratitude, interpreting the nation to itself, lifting it up to some higher mount of vision whence it could discern the way it had been led through the years of darkness, of inexpressible agony, and of untold sacrifice. This capacity for being greatest on great occasions has already been noted. It had shown itself in college when he gathered himself up for examina-

tions with the highest success. It was a natural peculiarity of his constitution now to be consecrated to the highest end. He summoned himself and examined himself as the day approached in order to be ready with the lesson of the hour. Already he foresaw the beginning of the end. The victory of General Meade at Gettysburg, and the capture of Vicksburg by General Grant, in July, followed by the advance of Grant and the significant results at Chattanooga in November, pointed to one conclusion, — the object of the war had been really gained, however long the time which must elapse before its full acknowledgment. The war should have ended here.

Again the great Church of the Holy Trinity was crowded to its utmost capacity, seats were placed in the aisles and many were standing, as the preacher announced his text: "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he had driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers" (Jeremiah xvi. 14, 15). The next day, November 27, 1863, came the request for the publication of the sermon, signed by some sixty names of the leading citizens of Philadelphia. It was immediately issued with the title "Our Mercies of Reoccupation." There are some features of this sermon which have now only an historical interest, but even in treating these the sentences glow with the splendor of the preacher's deep conviction, his exuberant vitality, his rich imagination. He could not refrain from mentioning Bishop Hopkins by name, his Bible argument for slavery, and also the clerical protest against it. He laments that the Christian church did not take the lead in the protest against slavery. "Year after year the church stood back while they who fought the battle went out from her, and the whole movement against slavery became not only unchurchly but openly infidel, disowning all interest in every presentation of that Christianity of whose spirit and operation it was nevertheless of itself the legitimate result." He rejoices that in the Episcopal Church, the

most conservative of all conservatisms, the clergy of the diocese of Pennsylvania had given utterance to their condemnation of the Bible argument for slavery in a manner which no man could mistake.

As name after name was added to that Protest, as the assent came in so unanimously from every direction, — from the mission chapels in the hills, from the cathedral churches in the city, from the seats of our schools and our seminary, and above all, thank God, from the honored dignity of the bishop's chair [Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter], made dear by our love for him, who we pray may long sit in it to do true things like this, — it seemed to me as if every new assent wiped from the vesture of the church we love some stain of her long compliance, and gave promise of the day when she shall stand up in her perfect and unsullied excellence, and, wreathing her venerable beauty with an ever fresh and verdant love for all God's truth, be such a church as there is not in the land.

There were those who rejoiced that slavery was disappearing, but "*our* rejoicing," they said, "is for the *white* man; it is not for the negro we care." To this the preacher replied: —

It *is* for the negro we care. It is our fault, and not his, that he is here. It is our fault, inherited from the fathers, that has kept in most utter bondage, and most cruel bondage too, generation after generation of men who have proved themselves the most patient, long-suffering, affectionate, docile race of servants that ever lived, and who now, in the little glimmering of a chance that is given them, are standing between us and the rebels, fighting battles, receiving wounds, dying deaths, that belong more to us than to them, fighting splendidly, working faithfully, learning eagerly, enduring endlessly, laying hold on a higher life with an eagerness that has no parallel in savage history.

He warns his congregation against the fragments of old prejudices still clinging about them: —

Let us get rid of these. If the negro is a man, and we have freed him in virtue of his manhood, what consistency or honor is it which still objects to his riding down the street in the same car with us if he is tired, or sitting in the same pew with us if he wants to worship God? Brethren, the world is not all saved yet. There are a few things still that "ought not to be."

But the great charm of the sermon, its literary power as well as its irresistible human appeal, lay in the application of its subject, the Mercies of Reoccupation. The preacher grasped the fundamental principle of life, which gives fascination and potency to the world's highest literature, that the reoccupation, after the loss and deprivation with its accompanying struggle to regain, is greater than was the first occupation. He applied this truth in various ways.

When this war began you know how heavy the air was with gloomy prophecies of the ruin that was to come upon us here at home in the derangement of labor, in the scarceness of supplies, in the stoppage of business, in the insecurity of property. The war is almost three years old, and industry was never richer, homes were never happier, trade never paid so well, harvests never crowded the bursting barns more fully than in the abundant prosperity of this battle-autumn. . . . This prosperity is not like other prosperity. . . . It has made many a man, careless and utterly thoughtless before, take his unexpected fortune with something like reverence, as if he took it directly out of the open hand of the Almighty. This is the first reoccupation. We enter this year into our barns of plenty, and so much of the solemnity of the time clings about them that we tread their floors as if we trod a church's aisle. . . . I know the exceptions as well as you do, — the sickening frivolity, it is worse than that, the foolhardy impiety, that is daring to desecrate these solemn times with the flaunting of its selfish finery and the wretched display of its new-made money. Every dollar made in these war times ought to be sacred. A man who is coining money out of his country's agony must feel like a very Gehazi. Is it a time to receive money and to receive garments and oliveyards and vineyards and sheep and oxen? . . . But there is a better side, — there is great sanctification of ordinary life and ordinary blessing by the extraordinary light that falls on them out of the supreme interests of our time. The best prosperity of our country in years to come will be that which has shared in the transfiguration of these sacred times, . . . which has roused itself, as, when God had been speaking words of blessing to him in Bethel, Jacob waked out of his sleep, and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

He turns to the reoccupation of the national territory. He thinks it strange that men should talk of the slowness or ineffectiveness of the war in view of what has been gained by the victories of the past year. "It is hard to keep up with

telegrams that tell us day by day of the progressive occupation by the power of the government. . . . The great river, which is the lordly West, flows open with the light of the Union on it from source to sea. . . . The vast domain west of the Mississippi with all its untold possibilities; those two States, Kentucky and Tennessee, constituting the keystone of our broad arch, the sweep of Union victory has reclaimed forever to freedom. . . . In our own fair State we have a tale of reoccupation too to tell. The silent graves on that hill front at Gettysburg are voiceful with the promise that, come what will, our Northern soil has felt the last footprint of the oppressor and invader. . . . This reoccupation is to be greater, to make the region which it gives us more distinctly our own, than it was by the first occupation. The nation is just coming to its inheritance. . . . Those who come after us will look back and see that the work of this year was of greater moment in the history of the world than that of any revolutionary year. They will see that those years inevitably came to be nothing without the completing process of these."

But infinitely more important than the mere reoccupation of territory is the resumption by this American people in a higher sense, the full occupation of the government of their fathers, the reëntrance into the principles and fundamental truths of the nationality which they inherited, but which up to the beginning of this war they had not begun worthily to occupy and use. . . . More than fourscore years ago this nation declared itself free and independent, — the new ground of a new experiment in national, social, and individual life. . . . How very partially that bright announcement has been fulfilled. We have never half claimed our independence. In our timid regard for foreign opinion, in our blind regard for foreign methods, . . . we have only very slightly made our own the high privilege of independent life. Believe me, it will not be the least of the blessings that God send us, if by any means, by a development of our own powers, by new exigencies leading us into the necessity of untried methods, by the individuality of suffering, . . . by the terrible disappointment which discovers the shallowness of loud-mouthed European philanthropy, by the selfishness of the old worlds that will not, or the blindness of old worlds that cannot, see how grand and holy a task a younger world is called to do, — if by any means He gives us out of the isolation of our national struggle a larger entrance into the inde-

pendent life, the separate and characteristic development of government, art, science, letters, practical religion, and social character, which is the wide domain into which He led our nation, and whose splendid size it has taken us almost a hundred years to find.

There is another reoccupation in the circumstance that party lines in the republic have been broken, and that loyalty to the country has taken the place of all other issues. But the highest of all the reoccupations which by God's grace we have been permitted to make this year is the reoccupation of the disused duties and privileges of justice, liberty, and human brotherhood.

You do not expect me, I do not think you want me, to stand here to-day without thanking God that the institution of African slavery in our beloved land is one big year nearer to its inevitable death than it was last Thanksgiving Day. On that day certain hopeful words were spoken from this pulpit which groped about in the darkness and timidly thought they saw the signs of light. To-day, will any man or woman blame us, as we stand in the anticipation of certainty, and cry above the opened grave of slavery, that only waits till its corpse be brought to it with the decency its reverend age demands, Thank God! thank God! the hateful thing is dead! I am speaking solemnly; I am speaking earnestly; I am speaking as a man whose heart is too glad for utterance, in the washing from his country's robe, even though it be in the red water of her children's blood, of such a stain as she has worn before the nations through these years of her melancholy beauty. What has done it? Not the Proclamation of last New Year's Day, though we ought to thank God, as not the least mercy of these times, that we have had a man to lead us, so honest and so true, so teachable at the lips of the Almighty, as to write those immortal words that made a race forever free. Not any public document, not any public act, has done the work; nothing but the hand of God, leading back His chosen people into the land of universal freedom, into which he led the fathers, and out of which the children went so woefully astray. Which God is greater, — He who led the fathers in, or He who leads the children back? At any rate, the Lord grant us to be truer to the new charter of emancipation than (we own it with shamefacedness and contrition) we have been to the declaration of freedom and human equality which the fathers wrote.

This analysis, these extracts, do scant justice to a sermon

which was a masterpiece of inspired oratory. The mighty torrent of the feelings, the impassioned will lashing itself against its barriers in order to bring up the congregation to its own high vantage ground, the clear intellect which discerned the issues of life, all these conspired, working at their best and fullest, to make the utterance great. The soul of the preacher expands beyond itself to become the mouthpiece of the national life. He goes outside his own personality, or rather identifies it with the soul of the nation. In the ambition, in the capacity thus to identify himself with a life that was larger than his own, lay the foundations of the greatness of Phillips Brooks.

The sermon was at once recognized as something more than a sermon, an event in the history of the times. The knowledge of it spread widely and rapidly, forging another link in the chain which bound the country to the man in love and reverence. But from this public recognition of the sermon one may turn aside for a moment to follow its effect in the home circle, where its echo resounded in quick succession. "*I want,*" wrote his father, "*a dozen copies of that sermon. Don't let your modesty stand in the way; I want them and at least that number.*" Happy and proud in the consciousness that he had now evidence indisputable of the greatness of his son as a citizen as well as a preacher, the father sent the sermon to his kinsfolk and acquaintances. He had only heard of it when he asked that copies should be sent him, and had not read it. After he had read it, he wrote, "I should have two years ago repudiated much of its doctrine, but now go almost the whole of it." Those to whom he sent it were not all of one mind about its doctrine. He collected their testimony and sent it to his son: —

Dr. Reynolds says he has read it aloud twice, and admired it. He says it has converted his wife, as she has always thought the war was unnecessary and had not viewed it so much in regard to the sin of slavery. But she is convinced by your argument. Wendell Phillips says it is "first-rate." He has read it once, and was to take it again to-day as his Christmas sermon. "Capital," he says, and he was glad to see the names of Phillips and Brooks so well connected in, a good cause. Edward Everett says —

what? A friend had previously said he liked it for its manly and independent tone and its argument, although it went further than he could go in some respects. He spoke very handsomely about it. When I went home I found a note from him, of which I will give you a copy. . . .

SUMMER STREET, December 24, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg you to accept my best thanks for the copy of your son's sermon on Thanksgiving Day, which you have kindly sent me. I heard much of it while in Philadelphia from some members of his church, and the perusal of it has more than confirmed the expectations of it raised by them. With sincere congratulations to you and Mrs. Brooks on his rapidly growing usefulness and fame, I remain, dear sir,

Your kinsman and friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

I sent one to my friend Robert C. Winthrop, also. So much for the sermon; not quite yet, however; Dr. Dalton [a classmate of Phillips Brooks at Harvard] is extravagantly well pleased with it, and says he shall buy a lot to send to his friends.

It was announced in the last "Witness" that you were to preach at Tremont Temple next Sunday morning. I wish it were so, and so do many others, if I was to judge from the inquiries made. Yesterday the bishop sent his warden (Mr. Dexter) to me, to say he wanted you to preach all day at Trinity. I had to dis-appoint them all.

Christmas afternoon, 1863.

Among other letters acknowledging the sermon was one from the Rev. N. L. Frothingham, pastor of the First Church in Boston, then situated on Chauncy Street. He and Mr. Everett were kinsmen in the same degree to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, both having married sisters, who were daughters of Peter Chardon Brooks. For a year or two after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had continued to attend his church.

January 7, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. BROOKS, — I have just been listening to the "Mercies of Reoccupation," a rich and noble discourse that justifies all the high praise everywhere accorded to the preacher.

I had long been desirous of having a "taste of his quality," and here is a full and great draught.

I cannot help writing this line to congratulate you and your good wife in having such a son to rejoice in.

Yours very truly, N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Another kinsman, Dr. Nathaniel Hall, pastor of a church in Dorchester, also writes a letter of congratulation:—

DORCHESTER, December 24, 1863.

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I thank you for allowing me the privilege and pleasure of reading your son's sermon. I have just finished the reading of it, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you something of the high gratification, I may say the admiration which have followed from it. My heart is in fullest sympathy with it all: that you can believe. And it is truly a noble utterance, full of truth, full of beauty, full of true eloquence and a holier than patriotic fire. I cannot tell you how much I like it, how much I feel like thanking and honoring in my heart him who thus feels and speaks. Heaven's blessing be upon him more and more, and may his dear life be spared to be more and more the blessing which I am sure it must be to others. It is the first taste of him (so to speak) I have had, though I have heard through others of his gifts and graces. I can well believe, from this word you have kindly caused to reach me, all that I have heard. It has the savor of true life, and of a holy, consecrated power. . . . Give my love to your good wife, and please accept, both of you, the congratulations and good wishes which belong to this holy season from,

Your affectionate cousin,

NATHANIEL HALL.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop acknowledges the sermon, but to him as to Mr. Everett it was hardly the utterance with which he could sympathize. His letter expresses the hope that it will not be long before Phillips Brooks comes to Boston as the rector of one of its churches. At a later time they were to stand in the intimate relations of a sacred friendship when this hope should be realized. "Oh, that we had him at St. Paul's!" was the exclamation of another reader of the sermon.

The notices of the sermon in the newspapers outside of Philadelphia, in New York and Boston, while giving an abstract of it and expressing admiration, agree in commenting upon the fact that such a sermon should have been deliv-

ered by an Episcopal clergyman, and in the wealthiest, most fashionable church in Philadelphia. One attentive observer who was studying the effect of the sermon mentions, as a circumstance to be noted, that the congregation left the church in subdued silence. If it had been any one else but Phillips Brooks it might have been called an heroic, courageous act. But he seems to have been under no such impression. It was not he who had offered himself for voluntary martyrdom, with the possibility of being driven from his post. The honors of martyrdom belonged to others, ministers in country parishes or in weaker city churches where tenure of position was not strong, who spoke out their minds and then saw their congregations depleted or were called upon to resign. That was not to be his fate.

The sermon had a large circulation, being placed for sale in the principal bookstores of the large cities. In a letter to his brother he gives the reasons which led him to print it: first, because of the list of men who asked for it. But "besides this, I found myself so misrepresented, represented to have said such horrid, radical things, that I thought I had better print in self-defence to show how very moderate I was. Of course, as we all say, the sermon was written 'wholly without view to publication.'"

Saturday, November 28, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — So you think my letters are not as jolly as they used to be, — not so jolly as Fred's are now? I presume you're right. I used to have the spirit to go at a letter as a literary performance and try to write a good one. Now you have just to take what there is left of me after my work is over and the sermon done. Still I don't think I am any less jolly than I used to be; you don't find me so in summer, do you? I am perfectly happy, and everything goes with such lovely smoothness that I should be a rascal to be anything but happy.

Hurrah for Grant! What a magnificent victory we have had at Chattanooga. It lighted up our Thanksgiving Day gloriously. Now if Meade only does n't get into mischief, and if Bragg is really scattered, then the fight is over; a little more fighting perhaps, but we see daylight, and God be praised! Thanksgiving was a lovely day and everybody in good spirits. Everybody went to church. Ours was crowded, pews and aisles. I dined at Mr.

Cooper's, and went in the evening to a party given to General Wild, a Massachusetts man, and a splendid fellow. Before next Thanksgiving the thing will be over, and Uncle Abe will have been elected for another term.

The fall of 1863 was a productive one in sermon-writing, despite the growing multiplicity of engagements and the exhaustion waiting upon public speeches, which, while they created with apparent ease such boundless enthusiasm, were yet accompanied by inevitable reaction. Only rarely do we get hints of his reading, but these are important. He mentions without comment Renan's "Vie de Jesus," and he is studying the writings of Pascal. That he was not quite satisfied with himself, or was inwardly groaning under the burden, may be inferred from a letter where he gives a full account of a week's work in order to show how his time was occupied:—

1533 LOCUST STREET, October 31, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — If there is any cheerfulness in my letter to-day, it will have to come from inside, and not outside the house. It is raining as hard as Philadelphia only knows how to rain, and all the curtains up hardly give me light enough to write by. Fortunately my sermon is done, or it would be hard to keep it from turning into a very gloomy homily on such a day as this. What shall I write about? Suppose I give you my biography for a week, so that you can know pretty much what all my weeks are. Well, Monday morning I got up pretty tired with Sunday's work, and went down town after breakfast, as I generally do nowadays, to do up my limited business, paying bills, shopping, etc. At one o'clock I went to one of our hospitals to see some Boston men who had found me out, and sent to me to help get their discharges; sick and wounded they needed help and sympathy bad enough. Then all the afternoon I went about making calls in my parish, and spent the evening studying in my room. Tuesday I had a funeral to attend, which took me almost all the morning; then I went, as I always do on Tuesdays, and dined at Mr. Cooper's with Strong and Richards, and spent the evening at Dr. Mitchell's. Wednesday was my morning to receive visitors at my study in the church on all sorts of business, religious and secular, from men begging money to men joining the church. Then I went out and made some more calls, and in the evening made an address to a Christian Work Association in St. Philip's (Mr. Cooper's) Church. Thursday I went to work on a sermon which

I am to preach to-morrow night before the Bishop White Prayer Book Society. It did n't go very well, and I labored over it all the forenoon. I went and dined at Mr. Ashhurst's, and in the evening, after making one call, settled down before my fire and read and studied till twelve o'clock. Friday I went at the sermon again, and, with lots of interruptions which kept taking me away, worked till dinner time. After dinner made a few calls, and went and took tea with a new parishioner, whose wife, by the way, is a sister of Mr. Whitney, the superintendent of St. Paul's Sunday-school in your city, a Mrs. Lewis. Home by nine o'clock, and at the sermon again for an hour. This morning, being sick and tired of the poor old sermon, I got up and finished it off before breakfast, and since breakfast have got ready my lecture for to-night, and my sermon for the children to-morrow afternoon. Pepper that over with lots of people coming to see me on important business, and you have my week's work. It is about a type of all, a quiet, humdrum, and not unpleasant life, with an extra sensation now and then. All this letter about myself! You must excuse it, but you told me once to write about myself, and so it is your own fault.

Among the other demands upon his time, not here alluded to, was the attendance upon frequent meetings of a committee appointed to prepare a Sunday-school service book. The interest which he felt in children and in his various Sunday-schools led him to appreciate the importance of such a task. In the singing of children he took great delight. It was part of his duty as a member of this committee to pass judgment not only upon the hymns to be selected for the new service book, but also on the tunes, and to the importance of both these requirements he was alive. However limited may have been his knowledge of music, he knew what he liked, and was not slow in expressing his opinion. Mr. Lewis H. Redner of Philadelphia, who was the organist of Holy Trinity Church as well as a personal friend of its rector, writes of Mr. Brooks in this connection:—

I don't think that Brooks had any theoretical knowledge of music, neither was he much of a singer; but when a strain of music pleased him it impressed him so that he was constantly singing it. He was a member of the committee appointed by Bishop Alonzo Potter in compiling the first Sunday-school Chant

and Tune Book. The committee met regularly at my house for two winters, selecting hymns, tunes, chants, etc. Brooks used to loll in a big chair in my library, reading some storybook, and every now and then he would rouse himself up at a certain tune, and say, "I like that," and the tune that Brooks liked was generally a good one. When the little book was published he was over the water. I mailed him a copy of the book, and he wrote me afterwards that he walked around the walls of Jerusalem, singing from it Miss Mulock's Christmas carol "God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen" to the tune I had composed.

I differ with those who think that Brooks was insensible to the charm of music. A man of his heart and genius could not be, but he was fond of simple music. I remember meeting him in London in the summer of 1866, and he was wild with delight over the two new hymns and tunes just published and being sung, "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

However fully his time might be occupied, or his mind absorbed, and his imagination fascinated by the rich suggestiveness of his life there was no diminution of interest in his Boston home. He writes still as if a boy in the family with all the others, as though neither death nor absence made any change in the dear familiar circle. Great changes were gradually taking place there. George would no longer return. Frederick had left, and the mother had been called again to her loving but painful task of packing the boxes in preparation for his departure. Arthur was now in his first year at Harvard. Only John, the youngest son, was left at home. It was consolation indeed that all the children were doing well and sustaining the honor of the family. "We are a small figure indeed," so writes his father to Phillips, "since Fred left; only Will and Mr. John at the table. It is lonesome indeed after our long table we have enjoyed so many years. We look forward now to Sundays when Arthur comes home. By the way, I will not tell you what Professor Peabody says of him for fear you and Fred would be jealous."

Saturday evening, December 5, 1863.

DEAR FATHER, — I feel moved to write you a little letter tonight, not because I have anything very particular to say, but because I was so glad to get yours the other day, and would like

just as soon as you please to get another. Fred seems to have completely cut me out of any epistolary reputation that I used to have, and I suppose I must submit. I should like to see some of those wonderful letters of his. Do keep them and have them bound. I am rejoiced to hear such good accounts of Fred. Mr. Lewis, the manager of our branch of the Sanitary Commission, was in Washington the other day, and told me on his return that he had seen Fred, and that he was hard at work. He said his work was the most troublesome and vexatious that fell in the way of the Commission, and that he was doing it with a great faithfulness and acceptance, in other words, I suppose, just as a Brooks Boy ought. Good for him. I came pretty near going down there this week on the Freedmen's Committee, but was kept at home to attend to a wedding, and some one else took my place.

Henry Ward Beecher has been here this week, and spoke to a tremendous crowd at the Academy of Music. I went of course. It was very curious to hear him applauded and see him petted by all the old fogies of Philadelphia. Mr. Everett has been here too, dividing his time between the loyalists and the Copperheads with beautiful impartiality. I was invited to meet him on Thursday evening at tea at Mr. Hazlehurst's.

All is going on at this church as usual. One pew offered for sale immediately after Thanksgiving Day, and four applicants to buy it at once. We are weeding out fast, and I have now an almost entirely loyal church with not an inch of room to rent.

The month of December brought to Phillips Brooks more than its share of anniversaries to be kept. After Thanksgiving came his own birthday on December 13, and the birthday of George followed on the 18th. Christmas was the great day of the year. But as if all this did not suffice, he added the night of December 31, keeping it by a vigil in the church. For some reasons it would have been well if he had not counted so closely the revolving years. To one who hoarded life as the richest of treasures, there was danger of too intense and ever present consciousness of its flight. There was a mixture of mirth with the memory of old associations as he came up to the festivals. But the mirth predominated while the sadness lurked in the rear. Yet he noted too curiously whether the celebration of the feast was adequate, whether he had risen to or fallen short of its demands. There is a touch of depression in these following letters as in

others which have preceded them, on which his brother had commented. They said at home that Frederick was writing the more interesting letters. For some reason he was not at ease in his mind.

Monday morning, December 14, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I am twenty-eight years old. The melancholy day is over! I stood it as well as I could, but it depressed me of course, and I feel a little exhausted after it this morning. Still I had a very nice day yesterday. Dr. Vinton spent the day with me and preached twice, and did his very best both times. I never saw him in better case or heard him preach better. He is spending a few days here. . . . I had my salary raised the other day. It is to be \$4000, commencing with the 1st of January. The parish has been gradually getting stronger and stronger, and I am glad they feel able to do their duty by their beloved rector, at a time when living is so high.

On the 18th of December he wrote to his father: "The approach of Christmas is making me homesick. Oh, that I could be with you. Let us remember our last Christmas together two years ago. . . . To-day is George's birthday. Not a day passes that I do not think of George. Oh, to be as good as he was and some day to be what he is."

Saturday, December 26, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — How did your Christmas go off? Ours was splendid. I gave Mother the account of it yesterday down to dinner time. I dined and spent the evening quietly at Mr. Cooper's, with Richards and Strong. To-night I have a Christmas tree for the children of a little negro Sunday-school which I started a few squares from my church. We have got about a hundred of the funniest little darkies there that you ever saw. I wish you could be with us. They sing like larks. Speaking of birds, I had a cuckoo clock sent me for a Christmas present. Do you know what they are? It has two doors just over the clock face, and whenever the hour strikes, two little cuckoos appear and tune up. It's very pretty. Next week we have a big festival in church for all our Sunday-school, and are expecting a great time. I am glad you liked my sermon. I send you with this the criticism on it of —, one of our great Copperheads, which appeared in the "Age" a day or two ago. I have just been reading over Dudley Tyng's famous sermon of seven years ago. What a brave thing it was to do! Thank God anybody can do it now.

So Christmas passed, and then came watch meeting on the last day of the year, which was kept at Mr. Cooper's church, where he was present and made an address. The deeper seriousness in the tone of his correspondence, of which his brother William had complained, becomes more intelligible when we learn that he had made up his mind to resign his charge of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in order to accept the professorship of church history in the Philadelphia Divinity School. He must have had the change in contemplation for several months, although no allusions are made to it in his diary or in his letters. While Dr. Vinton was in Philadelphia, he may have discussed the subject with him. The first allusion occurs in a letter to his brother Frederick, dated December 20, and on the 26th he mentioned his resolution as formed to Mr. Coffin his senior warden:—

I have decided [he writes to Frederick], although the decision is not mentioned yet to any one, and you are to accept it in perfect confidence and not mention it to any one, *not even in writing home*, to give up my parish, and take the professorship of ecclesiastical history in the Divinity School. . . . I shall make the change in a month or two. Remember, you are not to mention it to anybody. Let me hear what you think of it.

CHAPTER XV

1864

CALL TO THE PHILADELPHIA DIVINITY SCHOOL. EXTRACTS
FROM NOTE-BOOK. SPEECHES IN BEHALF OF NEGRO
SUFFRAGE

THE election to the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Philadelphia Divinity School would not have been made, it is safe to say so, without the knowledge of Mr. Brooks, or if the trustees of the school had not been encouraged by his tacit approval. Indeed, it is not impossible that he should have made the suggestion. As one of the overseers of the school, interested in its work, his desire in the matter could hardly fail to be apparent. The subject had been in his mind for some time before he mentioned it, or before the call was formally extended to him. A certain unusual soberness or even tone of depression in his home letters indicates that he was absorbed with the gravity of some great decision. Upon this point, therefore, as revealing the character of Phillips Brooks, it is necessary for a moment to dwell.

It must be assumed that he knew his own mind when he decided to accept the call. At this moment he was at the height of his popularity and success in Philadelphia; his church was thronged with eager hearers; no cloud so big as a man's hand was visible on his horizon. If some prominent citizens had left his church because of his anti-slavery teaching, yet many others were waiting, anxious to become purchasers of any vacant pews. His power as a preacher, or as a platform speaker on special religious or philanthropic occasions, was widely recognized, his services were in constant demand, and whenever he spoke he never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of his audience to the highest pitch. It had become almost a commonplace in the newspaper reports to

say that *the* speech of the occasion was by Phillips Brooks. Everywhere he went, there was a strange curiosity to see, as well as to hear him. Even at this early moment he seems to have taken the lustre off from other guests or speakers who might be associated with him. There was something strange in it all, and difficult to be accounted for, but it was very real and genuine.

When we ask, then, why he should have been willing to abandon such a position for the comparative insignificance of a chair in a theological seminary, just starting into existence, with only a handful of students and where a meagre salary was offered, hardly more than a third of what he was receiving, we have asked the leading question, whose answer must give us the man as he really was in himself, and not as he appeared to the world. The strongest tendency of his nature was at this time an intellectual one, could he have been free to give full play to his choice. It had been his ambition when he left college to fit himself for a chair in some higher institution of learning. This purpose appears in his college course, giving unity and solidity to his college career, even though he does not seem to have been a hard student, or so spoke of himself in his after years. In reality he was laboring directly, as by a true instinct, for the mastery of the implements of learned investigation. Greek, Latin, and German had been the studies on which he concentrated his strength. His enthusiasm mounted to the highest point when he began to discover the world of humanity, by coming at first hand, and not through the imperfect medium of translations, to the thought and life of the ancient writers. Great as were his later triumphs through the gift of speech, they never eclipsed the memory of that earlier triumph. Then he had become conscious of his power. Scholarship he saw was a means to some greater end, opening the way into a deeper knowledge of life. He saw that each man must come for himself direct to the sources of knowledge, gaining the conviction which comes from the immediate contact of mind with mind, if he would add to the world's possessions. For the sciolist who pre-

tends to knowledge, or makes a display at second hand, he had a feeling of contempt. It also became more and more apparent to him that history was the one study on which all other learning was based. It gave him a deeper interest in theology that it was connected with the world's history and the experience of man. To find out what that connection was, to enter into the thoughts and experiences of man as man, reading it in dogmas or in institutions, was to study the history of the church. Thus far his preaching had been in that line, the fresh interpretation of formulas that seemed outgrown, or commonplace, or had become so familiar as to lose their meaning. But at every step he took he felt the need of a more extensive and thorough learning; and for that learning which was insight and power and profound self-satisfaction, which brought him also close to the heart and mind of God, he thirsted, as a traveller in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.

But it was not only the satisfaction of his own mind he sought. He never would have been content to have rested there. What he gained he must impart. To be a teacher re-appeared before him as the highest, most desirable, the most natural, calling of a man in this life. He did not wholly like the publicity of the life he was now leading. To do some great work, but to do it quietly without ostentation, to come in contact with other minds in the intimate relations of teacher and pupil, to act quietly as a leavening influence till the whole should be leavened, — this if he had any ambition was his. It could be done in the teacher's chair better than in the pulpit. Other men might be found who could guide the activities of large churches, but the men with a divine calling to become teachers were rare. He dared to believe or to hope that he was one of these. It was in his blood, too, the mysterious appeal of an inherited ancestral force which had wrought great things for the cause of education, — the Phillipses, who had formed the academies at Andover and Exeter; who had combined to impoverish the family in order to establish a theological seminary. His heart rejoiced at the thought of a school, a college, above

all a theological seminary. And here the opportunity was at his hand, the opportunity of a lifetime, the one department of study he most coveted in a higher institution of learning, in his own church and under auspices most favorable. He could not have had any doubt in his own mind what his decision should be. These letters to his father and brother tell briefly but clearly the situation:—

Thursday morning, January 7, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — I want to write to you about a very important matter (to me), probably one of the most important I shall ever have to meet. It has been vaguely in prospect for some time, but not in such a state that I could speak about it until now. You know we have a new Divinity School just starting here, with great promise of success. A gentleman in New York has just endowed a Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, and I have received the appointment to the chair, and have decided to leave the Holy Trinity and accept it. You may be sure I have not settled this in a hurry. I want you and Mother to understand just exactly what are my reasons for such a decision.

In the first place the great need of the church (you surely know it) is for ministers. And any one who can go to the root of that difficulty, and help to train the right sort of men, is doing a better and more fundamental work than any mere parish minister could do. Then the great need of our seminaries is young men for professors. We have always had old men. We want younger ones, and I have got youth and energy, if nothing else, to give. Again, the parish is much more easily provided for than the chair. Any man they choose to call will take the Church of the Holy Trinity, with its splendid congregation and its \$4000 a year. There are not a great many, certainly none with families, who can afford to come to the obscure professorship at \$1800 a year.

Then a more personal reason. I need it for myself. In the whirl of this life which I am living now I get no time for study. Everything is going out, nothing is coming in, and I find myself needing a quieter and more studious life. I shall both do more and get more good in my professor's chair.

These are the reasons why I have decided on the change. I hope you will approve of them and of my step. I hate to leave the parish. It never was more perfectly prosperous or more dear to me than it is to-day, but I don't see how to help it. I *ought to go*. It will involve a great change in my way of life. The

endowment is only \$30,000, yielding \$1800 a year. I must get along on that. I shall go to West Philadelphia to live, and settle into a much quieter and less conspicuous existence than I have been living. I shan't mind that.

Bishop Potter approves the step. Nobody knows it in the parish yet but Mr. Coffin, who is very sorry, but perfectly friendly. Let me hear what you all think.

Yours lovingly, PHILL.

Saturday morning, January 9, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I have not been able to write a sermon this week. The matter of which I wrote Father and Mother the other day, my leaving the church for the Divinity School, has kept me very anxious and unsettled, and put steady writing out of the question. I am more and more decided to go. My parish is very dear to me, — I did not know at all how dear until I began to think of leaving it; but this other work is so important, so immensely needs aid and can find so few to undertake it, that I seem very much inclined to think it is my duty to accept the call. What do you think of it? I am delighted at your thoughts of coming on. If I change my position, I may not be able to offer you as sumptuous a reception as I otherwise should, but you shall have the warmest welcome that ever brother had. Don't come just yet, for the city and country are miserable in their winter's dress, but come towards spring, when horseback is possible and the country is glorious. But come whenever you can. You can never miss a welcome. You are certainly right about "Jean Ingelow." It is a great book. I wonder who she is.

There was consternation in the Church of the Holy Trinity when it became known that the inclination of Phillips Brooks was to abandon the pulpit and become a professor in a theological seminary. It may be different in the Episcopal Church in this respect from what it is in other churches. Among Presbyterians and Congregationalists it has sometimes been regarded as an honor to be called from high places, from large and wealthy churches, to such positions. A call to Andover or to Princeton is a call to go up higher, no matter how great or rare may be a man's success in the pulpit or in parish ministrations. But if a Phillips Brooks had appeared among them, it may be doubtful what would have been the verdict in regard to his duty. At any rate, in the Episcopal Church the traditions were not in favor of

such a translation. Mr. Brooks had said that a parish is much more easily provided for than a teacher's chair. The congregation of the Holy Trinity were unanimous in their conviction that the reverse was true, that many could be found to fill the teacher's chair, while few, indeed, if any, could be found to succeed him as their rector. Among the many letters that now poured in upon him there was not one that sustained him, or encouraged him to maintain his decision. In some of the letters there is manifested almost a feeling of indignation against him that he could be so oblivious to the divine will and the manifest tokens of divine approval. Again, as in the earlier years of his life, the world spirit rose before him, and seemed to bar the way with its flaming sword to the tree of life. It took the shape of earnest protests and pathetic appeals from his congregation as a whole and from its individual members. And Phillips Brooks was so constituted as to find it impossible to resist these appeals. When it came to a moral principle to be advocated or any truth enforced, he had no difficulty. But when it was a question of other things, or of how he should act when there was a choice of paths to be followed, each of which promised the highest spiritual vantage, then he was very much at the mercy of his friends, and followed what seemed the loudest call.

It is strange, however, to find that he does not value, or seem to be aware of, the gift of speech with which he had been endowed. In none of his letters or in private records does he give any sign that he values the possession of this power which the world seems to value beyond all other gifts. He must have known it, but he held it low in comparison with the reality he was aspiring after. To be a scholar, to penetrate to the very core of human learning and throw new light upon the march of humanity through the ways of life, that was the thing he coveted and prized; for that, too, he dared believe that he was fitted. But this is not the world's estimate. It has not greatly cared for its scholars, who by laborious efforts of a long life have contributed some slight accretion to the store of real knowledge. It has not heaped its

highest honors upon an Origen or a Jerome. But those who have enthralled it by the charm of the spoken word, these are remembered and commemorated down through the ages, as though the voice of their eloquence was still resounding, as though they were types of the divine voice appealing to men, evidence that God was speaking to the world and man had been compelled to listen and obey. Chrysostom and St. Bernard, Savonarola and a few others, take rank with inspired singers, with great artists, with the masters of literature. Into this small circle of the great world's favorites he was entitled now to enter, and yet for the privilege of doing so he does not greatly care. But at least he was compelled to listen to the world's judgment and finally acquiesce in its decisions. Here is the protest which came from the vestry of the Church of the Holy Trinity: —

January 12, 1864.

Resolved, That the vestry of the Church of the Holy Trinity do hereby present their warm, affectionate, and earnest remonstrance to the Rev. Mr. Brooks against any action which would terminate their close and endearing connection with him, and deprive the people of this church and this city of such an element of power as he now possesses; and they add their own warm desire that both with reference to his own usefulness and to their spiritual welfare and that of others, the rector will see fit to decline the position which it is proposed to offer him.

JAMES S. BIDDLE,
Secretary of the Vestry.

It is impossible to do more than refer to the many personal appeals he received from individual members of his congregation, — pathetic, affectionate appeals not to desert them, resolutions adopted by the numerous societies in the parish, which owed their origin to his impulse, declaring that they could not go on without him. It would have been very difficult to resist this pressure had there been no other argument against the proposed change in his life. But there were also other ways of shaking his confidence in his new purpose before it should have ripened into a final decision. His friend, Mr. Stillé, then provost of the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania, offered suggestions tending to undermine his faith in the relative greatness of the opportunity open to the professor's chair as compared with the pulpit:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 13, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I hope you will not think that I have gone in very strange quarters for arguments against your "translation," but I was so struck with the sensible, judicious, and wise views of Dr. Bellows on this subject that I begged him to write to you. . . . I wish you could hear Dr. Bellows talk about it; he does not hesitate to say that he would consider your withdrawal now a public calamity, although he cannot say how far the calamity may be compensated for by activity in the proposed sphere. He tells me in general terms that he considers a theological professorship a complete extinguisher of that sort of influence which you wield so wonderfully, and which you expect to extend by going into the new sphere. He tells me that Mr. —, who both before and after he held the appointment of — professor at — exercised great influence, wilted away during his incumbency. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, who is here, . . . authorizes me to say that in his opinion the proposed change would be most unfortunate in every way. Professor Bache will write you on the matter. . . .

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

C. J. STILLÉ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 13, 1864

REV. MR. BROOKS:

DEAR SIR, — My friend Mr. Stillé has conversed very freely with me in regard to the danger of his church in losing the valued services of its rector, by his transference to a professorship in a new theological seminary about to be opened in Philadelphia. Having watched with interest and admiration the successful pulpit career of said rector, I take the liberty of saying, as a friend to the Christian pulpit, that it would in my judgment be a great error if any man of high pulpit gifts should imagine that he could serve the Christian pulpit in any way half as effectually as by illustrating the power and graces of Christian eloquence in the pulpit itself. Every earnest and attractive minister does more to make his profession attractive to young men by exhibiting the work itself before their eyes than the best teacher or professor could do by unfolding the learning or the rules by which the neophytes are fashioned. The truth is that preachers, like poets, are born, not made, and that a true-born preacher is one of the rarest of Heaven's gifts, and can least of all be spared from his

peculiar vocation. . . . Let me, an older, not a better soldier of the cross, beg you to consider very seriously how you can forsake a career you have shown yourself fully competent to continue with usefulness and success for the untried field proposed to you; where I should fear that the loss of freedom, incitement, and direct contact with practical life might stop some of your sources of intellectual and spiritual supply and freeze over the general current of your soul. It is only as a preacher addressing a preacher in the common interest in the highest of all professions that I venture to intrude these lines upon you. ❧

Very truly yours, H. W. BELLOWS.

Professor A. D. Bache also wrote to him from Washington, moved by the appeal of Mr. Stillé:—

I know that the general argument of a geometrical progression in the professor's action is a specious one, but if the intensity of the action upon a congregation is compared with that possible upon the general run of pupils, I do not think the direct usefulness is in such a ratio. I have no doubt you will succeed as a teacher from the chair and give that its full value, but as a wanderer over many points of the United States I must bear testimony to more remarkable deficiencies rather than successes among preachers, and intend no flattery by the expression that in classes of minds such as you have to deal with, there cannot be greater success in giving good and full impressions than under Providence has been allotted to you. It is a class of ministerial effort so rare that it cannot be too highly appreciated and cannot be replaced. I feel most earnestly desirous that such ministrations should not be lost to our communion, and would beg a most earnest consideration by you before changing your position.

Inquiry was made into actual cases, whose history was known, and whose circumstances were parallel, where successful preachers with large congregations had abandoned the pulpit in order to teach in theological seminaries. Here was a precedent of a most discouraging character which was sent to Mr. Brooks by a leading member of his parish:—

Dr. — some thirty years ago left one of the most active and influential churches in this city for a professorship in — Seminary under a great pressure from his co-presbyters. Within two years he told me that, though at the time he thought he was doing right, it had been the mistake of his life. The — Presbyterian Church was destroyed and sold in consequence.

Arguments like these must have carried weight. Perhaps also the old, never forgotten failure in the Latin School did not tend to increase his confidence. Meanwhile during these critical days no further pressure came from the Divinity School, or those who represented it. They had perpetrated a daring act and then seem to have timidly withdrawn from the conflict, leaving their nominee to struggle alone. His fellow clergy did not encourage him. The following letter was from an Episcopal clergyman much older than himself, whose opinion carried weight in the community. Its plain speech and matter-of-fact manner were at least calculated to dampen one's ardor : —

PHILADELPHIA, January 11, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Don't accept the professorship. Pardon my freedom in talking with you; it is my way. I say, don't accept it. It seems to me that your peculiar talent as a preacher makes it a real call of God to you to be in a position in which you can exercise that talent to His glory. Do not the crowds who attend your ministry and who would not attend other men show that your mission is to them? What right have you to leave those whom God sends after you? Did the Saviour do so when the five thousand came to Him in the wilderness? Did He not feed them by such power as he had? Your case is peculiar enough to make it quite evident that you have a call in this direction. Whenever any man has extraordinary success in any given line of Christian duty, it is a mark that God intends him for it. How do you know that you will be so favored in any other place? Are there not a great many men who can take the history chair — is there one who can stand in your shoes? There can be no doubt that there is not one.

If you cannot *visit, don't visit*. Let the congregation understand that you will make no more visits, except to the sick, the troubled, or the dying. Let these be the terms upon which you will preach. If after a year you find it will not do, *then* give up preaching for a professorship. . . . I am sure you ought not to take this professorship. Moreover, to be as plain as truth, I don't think you the man for it, although I believe you could fit yourself for anything. I know I ought not to write in this way to you, for I have not been thrown with you enough to take the privilege of intimacy. But I seem to be speaking for the Lord, who, I think, says, "Keep to Holy Trinity Church."

But this was not all; a step yet greater was taken, when the congregation of the Holy Trinity was summoned as a synod to consider the question, — their first meeting in such a capacity. They came to the place of assembly prepared to make great sacrifices if only they could retain their minister. Already it had become widely known in the parish that there was one thing they could do, — they could refrain from calling upon him during certain hours of the day, thus leaving him leisure for study, and they could excuse him from the necessity of making calls in the parish beyond what necessity demanded. These concessions they gladly made. It is also interesting to note that Phillips Brooks's great friend, Dr. Vinton, had become entangled in dark suspicions, and took the opportunity to clear himself of any complicity with the transaction. This was the letter sent by the congregation to their rector: —

The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity, having learned with deep emotion and regret that the rector, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, has entertained a proposition that he should become Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Divinity School in West Philadelphia, have assembled in general meeting to express the painful surprise with which they have received this announcement, and to take such action as may be deemed advisable, with a view to avert from the parish so great a calamity as the dissolution of the happy relations at present existing between themselves and their beloved rector.

The congregation are perfectly aware that the only mode in which they can hope to succeed in retaining the services of Mr. Brooks, and avoiding the evils likely to arise from a second change of rectorship in so short a period of its existence, is to produce the conviction on his mind that the usefulness of Mr. Brooks to the Episcopal Church in this diocese, viewed in any true and comprehensive light, requires that he should remain in his present position rather than accept the vacant professorship. The congregation do not for a moment doubt the imperative necessity of the increase of the number of earnest, cultivated, and active men in the ministry of the Christian church, nor the great importance of sustaining the Philadelphia Divinity School, as an agency for supplying the acknowledged need, and confidently hope that this church may prove a valuable aid to this institution in future years, nor are they insensible to the high appreciation of charac-

ter and services of our rector which has led to his nomination. We are none the less convinced, however, from an experience extending through the last two years, that the true sphere of usefulness for our pastor is at the head of this parish. During his occupancy of this position, every day's experience has confirmed our belief in the peculiar fitness of Mr. Brooks for preaching the gospel. His talents seem to us to qualify him in an unusual degree for success, not merely as a preacher, but for the development of those great schemes of church work without which no parish can live or prosper in any sense. His efforts during his incumbency to establish Trinity Chapel and extend the missionary work, and to undertake all those varied labors by which a true Christian life manifests itself in a parish, have met with wonderful success; due in a great measure, it seemed to us, to the sympathetic ardor and enthusiasm of his character, combined in a wonderful and most unusual degree with the wisdom and judgment which has marked all his plans.

His great popularity and success as a preacher, particularly in the case of those persons of culture and position who have seldom heretofore attended the public services of our church, lead us to the belief and conviction that his influence in extending the power of the Christian church, and in bringing into its fold many who may hereafter become through his agency active and earnest ministers of the church, cannot be overrated. We do not hesitate to avow, as our deliberate opinion, that in this way he will exert a far greater influence in increasing the power of the church, and filling the pulpit with ministers of the highest qualifications, than he could possibly do by efforts within the very limited circle of any theological school.

Finally we conceive that Mr. Brooks's present position enables him to exercise an immense influence for good as a citizen, which we should be blind and ungrateful not fully to recognize. In view of all these considerations, and of many others equally obvious, which we cannot here enumerate, it is impossible that we should consent to sever the tie which his ability, devotion, and earnest interest have formed between us, and thereby entail a sorrow which we cannot contemplate without the deepest emotion.

In considering this subject, it seems proper for us respectfully to request that our rector shall set apart certain hours daily, say from ten A. M. until three P. M., or such other hours as he may select, exclusively for his own study, during which he shall be free from any interruption by the congregation, who shall be properly notified of this arrangement.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute as an expression of the

earnest and unanimous wish of the congregation of Holy Trinity Church be furnished to the Rev. Mr. Phillips Brooks, by a committee to be appointed by the chairman.

By January 16 the question was decided, and the congregation was again summoned in formal conclave. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. John Bohlen. The following is part of the minutes:—

Mr. L. Coffin read to the congregation a letter from Dr. A. H. Vinton, contradicting a report that he had been instrumental in the nomination of the Rev. Mr. Brooks to the professorship at West Philadelphia.

Mr. Coffin then announced to the congregation that Mr. Brooks had declined the nomination, which information was received with great demonstrations of gratification.

Mr. Bohlen offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

The congregational meeting of the Church of the Holy Trinity, the first ever convened, assembled for consultation in view of the apprehended danger to the congregation which the resignation of the rector would cause, are now called upon, instead of the action proposed before they assembled, to render devout thanks to Almighty God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, that He has been pleased to avert from us this threatened danger, and to renew our assurance of confidence in, and thanks to, our beloved rector, whose ministrations are now to be continued, we trust for many years, to the congregation.

We humbly and devoutly render thanks to the Giver of all good, for His continued favor to us, and we desire to assure our rector of the sincere joy which his determination has caused us; to give him our thanks for the fidelity, earnestness, ability, and purity with which he has preached to us the precious gospel of our Redeemer; and to pledge to him the coöperation of the congregation in all good works for the spread of the gospel within and without our limits, and our trust that we will by our own faithfulness to our God and Saviour, His gospel, and our own duties give him to see the fruits of his labors, and the good which by the Holy Spirit he has been, and may yet be, enabled to do to the cause of religion at large.

On motion of Mr. C. J. Stillé it was resolved that a copy of the above resolution shall be transmitted to the rector, and also to the vestry for record in the minutes.

Mr. Whelen stated to the congregation that during the discus-

sion of this subject by the committee, it had been determined to recommend that the rector be requested to set apart certain hours daily, say from ten A. M. until three P. M., or such other hours as he may select, exclusively for his own study, during which he should be free from any interference by the congregation.

On motion the meeting was then adjourned.

JOHN M. READ, *Chairman*,
EDWARD S. WHELEN, *Secretary*.

PHILADELPHIA, January 16, 1864.

So it was decided that Phillips Brooks should remain in the pulpit and not be lost in a professor's chair. The whole event is full of significance. Those familiar with his history will look forward to another crisis in his life, when seventeen years later he was called to the professorship of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University. Then he went through the same severe struggle for the second and the last time. In each case his own natural preference was against the decision that was rendered. So late as 1881 he had not finally abandoned the ideal of his youth to be a teacher. It was a great sacrifice which the world was demanding when it asked that he should give up the instincts and high ambition of the scholar, for no less than this was involved in the essential limitations of the pulpit. No one knew better than he what those limitations were, or mourned more deeply that he must submit to them, when the last and final decision was accomplished. But meanwhile he was not fully convinced that the demands of the pulpit, or of his own personality as a preacher, required so complete and absolute a sacrifice. In this there was an element of hope and of greater power. He still kept the two ideals before him as not radically incompatible. Opinion will differ as to whether he took the right course of action, in this critical moment, when his life was still before him. When the call to Harvard came it was different, for many years had then passed over him, and what he might have done with ease at first was then more difficult. The wider consensus of opinion will acknowledge with gratitude the action of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, by which the unexampled preacher was saved to the church, to the country, and to the world. But there may be

some who will lament that the teacher's chair lost not only an ornament, but that scientific theology and the scientific interpretation of ecclesiastical history then suffered a loss which can never be repaired. Few men with such gifts of insight and sympathy, natural endowments, and acquired training in scholarship, ever went to the work of a teacher with better prospects of success. His decision to remain with his church is thus alluded to in a letter to his brother:—

1533 LOCUST STREET, Saturday, January 22, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I am settled down after my little promise of disturbance, and parish work is going on pretty much as usual, except that by an understanding with my people I expect to get more time for my own study, and to get rid of what I hold to be very unnecessary work, the spending the best part of the day in running about making calls.

It was while the question of his call to the Divinity School was still pending that he was induced to consent to the publication of a volume of his sermons. Dr. Vinton had given his approval to the scheme. Arrangements had been made with the firm of Lippincott & Company, the making of the book had begun, and half of its pages were stereotyped, when he concluded to withdraw it. The subject is alluded to in the family letters, but vaguely. His father was strongly opposed to the project. Mr. Brooks explained that in view of his narrow income in the Divinity School, he should find it necessary to depend upon his pen, and for this reason he had made the venture. Whether it was the urgency of the publishers, or the wishes of his congregation that he should offer to the public a volume of his sermons, is uncertain. Perhaps it was wiser that the book was withdrawn. A few copies were bound up, to give to intimate friends, and at some expense to himself the venture terminated. This subject and other points of interest are mentioned in the following letter to his father. He speaks of a visit to him by the boys, the two youngest brothers, Arthur and John, in which he took great delight. He has a large project on hand to raise an endowment for the new Divinity School.

1533 LOCUST STREET, Saturday, March 12, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — I write in haste, knowing that I ought to have written before, but then I am always in haste now. Yours was received, and was very welcome. About the book you must say no more. Of course I pay the cost. It won't be much, I don't know just how much yet; Lippincott has not made his calculations yet, but I can stand it. I have n't got boys in school and in college, and though I am not doing a smashing hardware business, I am getting a salary quite sufficient for my wants, and can afford it very well; so no more on that subject.

The boys' visit still lingers like the odor of an old pipe or an old Andover MS., just which you please. I like the first better than the second. You like the second better than the first. At any rate it was very pleasant, and I like to think of it. I hope it did them as much good as it did me. We are in the midst of Lent, and hard at work. My church goes on beautifully, was never so harmonious and so active. I am making it my winter's work to endow a "Holy Trinity Professorship" in the new Divinity School. It will take \$30,000. I have \$15,000 already subscribed, and see my way clear to at least \$5000 more. Money was never so easy to beg as when men are pouring it out in all directions very freely.

Dr. Butler has just been nominated to the chair in the school which I declined.

Affectionately, PHILLIPS.

As to the endowment of a chair in the Divinity School, there was no difficulty. The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity quickly and gladly responded to the appeal, felicitating themselves as they did so, it may be, on having escaped the danger of losing their rector. He was calling for their gifts, who would have preferred to give himself, to the cause of theological education, and there was no alternative but to respond. When the fund had been raised it was to be presented on the condition that the rector of Holy Trinity should have the right of presentation to the new professorship. This was no slight contribution to a cause so near to his heart, though a pale negation compared with his defeated purpose.

Mr. Brooks was now at liberty to improve the time at his disposal, when his mornings were left free for study, and he no longer was expected to make the rounds of his large par-

ish in annual visitations. Whether he was quite contented with the new situation is another question. The trouble had its origin, not merely in the invasion of his working hours by those who were anxious to see him, but quite as much in the reverse attitude, — an invasion by those whom he was anxious to see. Even thus early in his ministerial life, it was almost an axiom with him that the man who wanted to see him was the man whom he wanted to see. He had to struggle against himself when he shut himself up to work. There was a contradiction in his nature, this insatiate desire for knowledge and determination to get at its deeper sources, and on the other hand this strong attraction to be with people, to enter into the present life of humanity by reading the revelation which every human soul presented to him. It was an unsettled question which was the most important study, as bearing upon the mission of the preacher. He wanted both, and without both he felt he could not live. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the gift of observation. He noticed everything that came under his gaze; he was reading and studying while meeting people, or walking the streets, or at an evening party, or in the unbounded pleasure he felt in the society of intimate friends. Nothing escaped him; a casual remark might have for him the hint of a sermon; from a conversation he could extract what others would require a book to teach. If he were to be a master of human learning, the authoritative expounder of theological science that he wished to be and was capable of becoming, it would have been easier if his life had been ordered for him in the cloisters of a theological school. But then he would have missed also something vital, — the living book of human life, in which he became an expert, so as to have no superior. There was here an unavoidable conflict. Meantime he has undertaken the double task, and will do the best he can to give to each an impartial hearing.

He now laid out for himself a course of reading and study. The subject which he chose was Mohammedanism. He made himself familiar with the literature of the subject, buying the available books in English, French, and German, and for

a year or more pursued his inquiry. He also returned to his practice of keeping a note-book, wherein he recorded reflections on his reading, and disclosed also the process of his mind as the subject opened before him. It is important to dwell on this point for a moment, not only as giving a glimpse of the student, but still more because of the significance at this particular moment of his life of the topic on which he had fastened. Why should he have selected Mohammedanism? In many respects it was a wise choice, for one may learn as much of Christianity in its essential meaning by studying the workings of a religion which denied its fundamental postulates, as by poring over the letter and text of General Councils against which Mohammed was protesting. How has a religion worked in practice which is based upon a denial of Christian convictions such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement? Wherein lay the secret of Mohammed's unquestioned power? What motive did he supply when invoking the human will? What light does the Koran throw upon the method of the Christian revelation? Such were some of the questions he kept before him.

But the choice of topic is significant for other reasons, which may be partly suggested here, but can only be fully seen in his later development. He was studying the working of the will, as the vital element in man, in relation to life and religion. That inquiry which he had raised in his own mind when beginning his theological studies in Virginia, how to turn truth into motive power for the will, again stood out before his imagination as he sought to understand the power of the preacher. Where lay the secret of what we call power? This power he must have been conscious that he possessed, as he was not aware in those bewildering days of his humiliation when he had turned to the ministry uncertain whether he were fit for its exercise.

There was in Phillips Brooks an inborn admiration for power when exercised on a vast scale, that power which moves others simply by its natural quality, — the greater manifestations of physical force, the gift by which the orator

sways the wills of his audience, the subtle quality constituting the hold of art or literature on the imagination. Into the secret of power he sought to penetrate. But above all he loved to feel it, to experience the answering sensation it awakened, to stand, for example, as close as he could to the engine of an express train passing him at its highest speed, as though that were the index of the power within him. He rejoiced in the exercise of power whenever he witnessed it. Once, many years later, when he was asked what he would rather have been if he had not become a clergyman, he answered, in a jocular mood, that he would like to have been the captain of a great ocean steamer, or, better than that, a young girl in her teens, awakening to the consciousness of her beauty, and without effort subjecting to her sway those who came into her presence.

It was this feature in the constitution of Phillips Brooks that drew him under the spell of Carlyle. He was a close student of other literary teachers in his own age, Ruskin and Tennyson, Browning and Coleridge, but Carlyle spoke to what was deepest in his nature, — that ingrained admiration for the application of power. Like Carlyle he rejoiced in the appearance of the strong man in history. "Heroes and Hero Worship" was one of his manuals. Among the heroes whom he most admired was Cromwell. To Martin Luther he was drawn by the same deep instinct, as the one man who by the power that was in him had overthrown the papacy and the domination of the mediæval church. He had struck then an interesting vein of history when proposing to inquire into the rise of Mohammedanism, the source of its power, its manifestations, and the causes of its decline.

His note-book indicates that his research was governed by this inquiry. Now that he was studying history with a special object in view the task was simplified, so that many books were read and assimilated. He took large books, and was not content till he had gone through them. He called it a study of Mohammedanism; in reality it was a study of Christian history, in the strangeness of its development. He was penetrating beneath the surface of familiar traditional

interpretations, Protestant, Anglican, or Roman; he was judging of men and events and institutions for himself, and drawing his own conclusions. Clearness of insight, sanity, and common sense, comprehensive views, the capacity for large generalizations, with the ability to detect the weakness of false generalizations, mark his steps as he proceeds. He sits in judgment on the teachers whom he had revered. He finds that Carlyle overstates and colors his facts, while others labor under rancor and prejudice. These mark the two extremes in the method of studying the Arabian prophet. He is not satisfied wholly with Savary's "Abrégé de la Vie." Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" he read faithfully, alternating in his condemnation and his praise: "How strangely bitter without a bitter word, how malignant with its seeming courtesy to Christianity, is that fiftieth chapter of Gibbon!" He appreciates Renan's subtle and ingenious comments, but thinks him guilty of overstatement. Foster's "Mohammedanism Unveiled" he read with curious interest because of its point of view, drawing much from it despite his repugnance to its methods. He went through Milman's "Latin Christianity" with admiration; it was then a fresh book which all were reading. Many hints he gained from Neander, Gieseler and Hase, and other German church historians, from Stanley also in his "Eastern Church," from Maurice's "Religions of the World;" and he did not neglect studies in reviews. He browsed over Weil's "The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud," and his "Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre." Of Sprenger's "Life of Mohammed" he remarks that "for careful, thoughtful fact-telling it is worth all the rest together." He would give a good deal if he could get hold of another promised work of Sprenger's, a chronological history of the Koran which will trace the religion philosophically in its growth, for it would give what he can nowhere find. Sale's "Koran with Notes and Preliminary Discourse," Gagnier's "La Vie de Mahomet," Washington Irving's "Mahomet and his Successors," Boulanvillier's "Life of Mohammed," these also were put under contribution to the total picture in his mind. The list of

books he consulted was not of course exhaustive; there were many to which he had not access, but it is sufficient to show how widely he studied his subject.

In this course of study, which continued through the year 1864 and the first half of 1865, his mind and whole nature was expanding. It became the foundation of later historical studies. He realized his valuable gift of the historical imagination, which enabled him to see things as they were, to live in them and reproduce them. The same power by which he read the men of his own time helped him to know the personages whom he encountered in history, till he thought of them as personal acquaintances and friends. He recognized the romantic interest in history, quickly detecting the picturesque possibilities which make it live to the imagination. He was haunted by the strange, mysterious personages that flitted over the scene, whose motives he could not fathom. He was tempted to indulge in reconstructions, — how things would have gone if there had been the slight change in their antecedents so easily conceivable.

It is curious to ask if the Jews had accepted Mohammed and Jerusalem had continued the Kebla, how far Islamism and Judaism could have coalesced.

The deficiency in the theistic idea of the Mohammedans, says Neander, was a lack of intimate power of connecting between the human and the divine, robbing Islam on its Hebrew side of any power such as came from a Messiah, and on its Christian side making it impossible to acknowledge a Trinity.

It made the doctrine of the infinite sublimity of God its basis, as Gieseler says, but in a way so one-sided that an absolute dependence of man on God resulted from it, and ideas of a likeness and an inward union between God and man, and consequently the fundamental principles of all the higher morality, found no place in the system.

Nothing could convince us like the extreme accuracy of Sprenger's "Life," etc., how human Mohammed was, and how divine his descendants thought him.

Among the picturesque scenes which strike the imagination are the conversation of Mohammed with the Nestorian monk at Boshia; Heraclius, the Roman emperor, receiving Mohammed's letter, and putting it under his pillow; Chosroes, the Persian king,

receiving his and tearing it up; Mohammed in the first violent attack of his last illness addressing the tenants of the graves.

The fine picture of the idols, questioned at the last day whether they or the idolaters were to blame, and the fault cast on the idolaters.

The Arabs when charged with stealing give for an excuse the hard treatment of Ishmael; they are only getting their rights. Subjective character of sin; its influence by habit.

Converted slaves become freedmen.

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception is borrowed from the Koran.

When Mohammed expelled the images from the holy house, among the banished gods was a Byzantine virgin painted on a column, holding her child in her arms.

The whole story of the sacrifice of Isaac is told of Ishmael with very great particularity.

Take these figures, the "Sun" of Christianity and the "Moon" of Mohammedanism, and do not their relations in many ways sustain the metaphor?

The nobleness of Mohammed's last days.

Why may we not say this about Mohammed? What was true in his faith he believed truly, but it was not his; he found it in the spirit of his people and his time. What was untrue was his, but he never believed it wholly and truly. There was always a mixture of imposture in it. Thus in him, as ever, the eternal difference of truth and a lie is vindicated.

The state of the Christian church, with its infinite sects and heresies, when Mohammed appeared would seem to explain much of his perplexity in reducing its doctrine to shape. His epitome of it is in many points certainly remarkable.

It is a striking fact that the two great powers of the Papacy and Islam should have arisen together, reached their meridian grandeur together, and together have declined, with the rise of Protestantism.

Look at the Neoplatonism of Ghazzaly, the Plotinus of Islam — how it repeats Alexandria at Mecca, and shows us the eternal sameness of error.

Ever this new faith touches with the old. It is not a new faith; it is the old. It is another Judaism, more human, less divine. It is the neo-Judaism of decay; and Mohammed is to Moses what Plotinus is to Plato.

Why should a prophet with miraculous powers have suffered hardship? Jamaly, a mystical poet, gets over this difficulty by representing his life as an allegory. It was a play acted in reality,

and expressive of the nature of God and the laws of the universe. Not so untrue, O Jamaly, of this man's or any man's life.

The affinities of Islam with modern Unitarianism, their attempted reunion, and especially that strange story of the visit of Servetus to Africa.

See Leslie's Works, i. 207, for the celebrated address of the English Unitarians, in the reign of Charles II., to Ameth Ben Ameth, ambassador from the Emperor of Morocco. "Ce qui distingue le Socinianisme de la religion Mahometane est si imperceptible qu'il n'y a que des intérêts humains qui puissent retenir dans sa secte un Socinien bien instruit."

This too is striking. "The heretical sects of Christianity uniformly incline towards Mohammedanism; the heretical sects of Mohammedanism generally found to incline toward Christianity."

I gather from his story this, — that he was at first a religious enthusiast of the practical order, truly, humbly, earnestly attempting the work of reforming the national faith; that his enthusiasm was strong enough to overbear personal difficulties and disgraces and make him unselfish in the consciousness of a mission; that he deduced at that time from the Christianity and Judaism with which he came in contact a scheme of faith wonderfully simple and true when compared with many of the Christian heresies of his time. The change comes with the Hejrah. He loses with the unexpected access of power, first, his intentness, second, his simplicity and singleness of action, third, his unselfishness. Passion of power and self-indulgence sweep him unstably into their control, but the better spirit is underneath all the time and will occasionally burst out. The Koran comprises the record of both spirits, and its personal aspects must be judged by his history. All his powers were made weak with unsystematicness and instability.

What shall we make of the opposite accounts (cf., for instance, Renan and Carlyle) of the amount of belief of Moslems in Islam. What but this, — that although the amount of special faith in Mohammed and his teaching was but slight and confined to a few, the truth of Islam, its central and more general truth, was needed and seized in a more personal faith by the people who were by God's training ready for it. Mohammed has done vast harm. I should dishonor God if I did not believe that Islam had done good.

Where did this sublimity come from into the Koran?

"The East became too strait for them, notwithstanding its spaciousness,

And their souls became straitened within them;
And they considered that there was no refuge from God,
Otherwise than by having recourse to Him."

This is Christianity, come it whence it will.

These extracts from his note-book, while they have an intrinsic value, are given here chiefly because of their significance as hints in his theological development. The effect upon him of these studies was more important than he could have known at the time, continuing to manifest itself long after he had dropped the subject. To know any line of investigation thoroughly is to have put one's self in relation with other branches of inquiry, so that one is able to adjust his position in reference to other issues. He was now sounding the depths of theology for himself, its problems were before him, — the relation of the will of God to the nature of God, the definition of humanity and its affinity with God, the mode of the divine revelation when God is speaking with man, the place of the book in the history of revelation, the spirit of a true worship of God, the significance of character as the medium of divine communication, the value of the special doctrines or the creeds of the church, above all the person of Christ in the accomplishment of human salvation. As we cannot appreciate our own things without knowledge of the things of others, so we cannot understand our own religion without the knowledge of other religions. To get the differentia between Mohammedanism and Christianity is to enter more deeply the Christian sphere. In these inquiries he also kept in view one distinct purpose of his own, which was to become the unifying principle of his method, — the nature and source of power, how it was to be fed, how ideas and truths and beliefs were to be transmuted into power.

That he was already on the right road for the solution of his problem was shown by an address which he delivered in the spring of this year before the Evangelical Education Society, then recently organized. At a moment when the feeling was rife that the Christian ministry could no longer

compete with other agencies for the amelioration of society, he maintained that the pulpit possessed a vast advantage in that it could bring to bear the power of personality, the mightiest force conceivable, in coöperation with the moral appeal. Behind this utterance, which left an impression on those who listened of an unwonted message for the hour, there was an increased inward preparation of which he did not speak, the secret of which he could not yet reveal. He was to wait for years before he was ready to give the message in all its fulness.

In many ways this year 1864 was most prolific in the spiritual history of Phillips Brooks, when all the conditions of life, of theology, and of religion were coming together in a focus. In some respects they were greater than what followed, because he was now in the glow and beauty of what seemed immortal youth, the freshness of the morning of divine revelation. At this time, also, he was outgrowing what had seemed like physical weakness, springing from the susceptibility and delicacy of his nervous constitution. His portrait reveals the inward happiness and satisfaction of his whole being, a face whose beauty shone with the light of a growing holiness, — that quality which is the “absolute harmony of inward desire with outward obligation.” The inward consecration to a perfect obedience brought him into loving relationship with God and man. This inner life of his manhood hid with Christ in God he carefully shielded from observation, but it was revealed unreservedly in the pulpit. He took the world of humanity into his confidence, however reserved in his private conversation.

If there had been traces of depression in his home correspondence in the previous year, they have now disappeared. There is, to be sure, the same sensitiveness to the weather, the invariable comment on the day or the season as bright or dark; he even dreads a long railway journey. But for the rest, there is the freedom and light-heartedness of a buoyant, happy youth. Life was constantly growing richer and fuller, bringing new friendships and expanding in every direction. Among those whom he met for the first time were Bishop

Mellvaine of Ohio, and his family, with some of the members of which he maintained afterward a close friendship. He met the late Elisha Mulford, rector of a quiet parish in New Jersey, deeply interested in following the war, and already maturing in his mind his work entitled "The Nation," and the Rev. William R. Huntington, rector of All Saints' Church in Worcester.

The year was rendered richer and happier in other ways. He was reading Greek with his young friend James P. Franks, afterwards the rector of Grace Church, Salem, and between the two there was an intimate friendship. Then his brother Frederick came at last to the Divinity School, bringing with him, as it were, part of the old home in Chauncy Street, Boston. Through Frederick he entered into closer relationships with the theological students, making them his friends, eager to know how their minds were turning in that day of changes in religious thought.

His interest in humanity and in human personality shines out more and more distinctly. He liked to meet people. It was an event with him to know Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was then visiting Philadelphia. He had another peculiarity in that he liked to listen to public speakers and lecturers. Earlier in his life he recorded his conviction that the lecturer has a great opportunity. When a man of ability and reputation gathers himself up for a public utterance, he seems to have felt it not only a duty, but a privilege to be there to listen. In this respect he resembled his father, whose way it was to learn from living men; for the man and his message were intertwined as if in organic relation. Thus he listened to many lecturers, to his kinsmen, Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips, to Richard H. Dana, and to Henry Ward Beecher. All through his life he kept this practice, sitting as a pupil at the feet of the living personal oracle. It seemed to stimulate his mind and all his powers as no book could do. But he was engaged in an inward process while he listened, putting things together which others separated, making studies in every failure as well as in every success.

The chief event in the history of the war was the appointment of General U. S. Grant, in the spring of 1864, to the command of all the forces of the United States, with the title of lieutenant-general. With the approval of General Grant, the movement of an army of 60,000 men was accomplished under General W. T. Sherman, through the Confederate States from the mountains to the sea, from Atlanta, which was captured, to Savannah; then northward to Charleston in South Carolina, and thence further northward to Goldsboro, in North Carolina, thus isolating Richmond from the South. General Grant himself now initiated the last stage of the war, but a year was yet to elapse before the final surrender of the Southern capital. In the months of May and June came the terrible battles of the Wilderness, of Spottsylvania, and of Cold Harbor, in which perished 70,000 men. Activities on a vast scale were projected in the Northern cities, under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, for the purpose of assisting the government in the care of sick and wounded soldiers. The great fairs in Philadelphia and New York, Boston and elsewhere, were gigantic undertakings, rousing popular enthusiasm, and tending to unify and solidify the Northern sentiment. These things and others of a similar character were prominent in the mind of Mr. Brooks as the home letters testify. He continued to write home every week; but at this time the letters from his mother were rare.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1864.

Among other sensations comes our great fair. Immense preparations are making, and people are talking about \$500,000. Dr. Bellows and Bishop Clark spoke at a sensation meeting on the subject the other evening at the Academy of Music. All the girls are making afghans and all the men are begging money, and the whole thing promises splendidly. Come and see it. What do you think of the Richmond atrocities, — “The Barbarism of Slavery” as your worthy senator called it, — of whom, by the way, I think more than you do. What an accursed system it is with all its fruits in crops and character, both black. Are n’t you glad of Chase’s noble letter of withdrawal? Of course Wendell Phillips and the Commonwealth will blaze away, but I believe in Old Abe still, just as I did that night at the Academy. By the way, I am

to appear on their boards again next week at a meeting in behalf of the poor wretched Cherokees. How well Boston is doing for the loyal Tennesseans. I am glad you have got Edward Everett at your good work. It is pleasant to see people working up their old waste material. We are getting ready for confirmation, which is to come about the middle of May. Don't forget the Holy Trinity.

Easter Sunday, A. M., March 27, 1864.

You were very considerate in thinking that I should be pretty busy this past week. So I was, but it is over now, and I don't know how I can keep this half hour of Easter Sunday before it is time to go to church better than by a few words with you. What a glorious Easter Day it is! Yesterday up to midnight all rain and mud. This morning bright and fresh and glorious. Truly, the world itself keeps Easter Day. I have enjoyed Lent very much indeed. Have had my regular two services a week, and this last week services every day. Thursday evening we had the communion service. To-day I am going to preach on Acts xxv. 19.

I am going on to New York next week if I am not kept here by an impending wedding. At any rate I am to exchange with Ewer of Christ Church, Sunday after next. In May I am going to Pittsburg and perhaps further West; and between now and then I am going on to Washington to preach in the Hall of Representatives by the invitation of Mr. Channing, their chaplain. So you see I am pretty well used up this spring. Besides this I have got a sermon to write for the Anniversary of the Sunday-school Union in May. Now you certainly can't complain that I have n't told you enough about myself in this letter. Every paragraph has begun with "I."

Tuesday evening, April 12, 1864.

I am just back from New York, called home rather sooner than I had expected, to attend a funeral. You must forgive my neglect of last Saturday. Dr. Vinton's is no place to write letters from; in fact, it is not a nice place for anything but just to talk and talk and talk. Very nice for that. I enjoyed my visit ever so much, but still am rather glad to get back again to work. The New York fair is fine, particularly the collection of pictures, which is the finest I ever saw. That is the great object of attraction. What a great place New York is.

Saturday afternoon, April 23, 1864.

Oh, if I were only in Boston. Three months yet to wait. But if you'll always write as good letters as your last one was, they'll go off pretty fast, and I shan't mind them much. It

was one of your very best. And then I have got Father's and Mother's visit of week after next to look forward to, — that is my great sensation now. If I can make them enjoy themselves they certainly shall. They will be here right in the glory of our spring weather. Tell them to let me know as soon as they can just what day they'll be here, so that I can secure them a good room. We are busy in the church now. Last Sunday afternoon we had our Sunday-school Anniversary. The church was loaded with flowers and children, and everything went off very happily.

I am sorry Fred could not stop. I should like to have seen the boy. I am very glad he has made up his mind to come here. Dr. Butler has accepted the professorship which I did n't take, and will be just the man for it.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

The visit is in progress! The Folks are here! Philadelphia rejoices and swelters as if it were July. Another of my seasons of haunting the Continental has begun. I dine there every day and get on familiar terms with the man at the office. They arrived yesterday afternoon in very good condition, and after dinner I brought them up and carried them all over the church and brought them to my rooms.

We are almost listening to-day for the cannon on the Rapidan. The greatest fight of the war is going on, and God only knows its issue. Before you get this we shall be either close on peace, or way back with half the work to do over again. But we'll do it, either now or ten years hence, whenever God wills. . . .

Great expectations had been raised when General Grant took command of the army in front of Richmond. The month of May, however, proved to be one of the most fearful months of the long struggle. Even Grant did not meet with success. It began to look as if Richmond were never to be taken. In his diary Mr. Brooks records the fleeting impressions of those days of suspense and horror:—

May 7. Grant moving against Richmond. Great suspense and anxiety for him.

May 8. Good news from Grant.

May 11. Great excitement all day in receiving news from the army in Virginia.

May 12. Good news from Virginia. Grant is driving Lee.

May 16. All day doubtful whether to go to the Army. Had to give it up at last.

Saturday, May 21, 1864.

I suppose the good Pa and Ma are safe home by this time, and have told you of our meeting in Broadway. I came back here on Thursday, and settled down to work. Next Monday I am off again to Pittsburg, where I shall spend the week of Convention. Fred, I suppose, is still at Fredericksburg. I am so glad he has gone. It will be a great pleasure and a good thing for him. I have heard nothing from him. I am writing my sermon for the Sunday-school Union. It will be preached tomorrow night. I do not know how it will go. I have told them plainly that it is their bounden duty to teach the children of the country the duty of loyalty and the sin of slavery, that if they shirk that duty they will be in part responsible for some future generations having to go through this fearful education some day again. It will be printed unless they think it is too radical. I will send you a copy.

Our hopes are all in front of Richmond, and there has been nothing yet to dampen them. God grant there may not be. I am sicker and sicker at heart every day for this fearful loss of precious life. It must bring something. We have not got Richmond yet, nor shall we have immediately. We must be patient. It will come in time, we must believe. Meanwhile we can do nothing but wait and pray.

Our winter's work here is pretty much over. The people are beginning to go out of town, and the church work is finished. I sent Mother our report yesterday. Last Sunday was our confirmation at the church and the chapel. We had large classes at both.

While he was in Pittsburg, attending the Episcopal Diocesan Convention, he delivered his sermon on the Prayer Book. It had been written as one of a series, first given in St. Mark's Church in New York, and again delivered in Grace Church, Providence. The movement known as Ritualism was then in its early stages, seeking for its sanction in the Book of Common Prayer. The plea urged in its behalf was the need of some strong, tangible protest against the unbelief, the skepticism, the prevailing materialism of the age. Mr. Brooks called attention to another and a better way. His text was from Exodus xxv. 22: "And I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." He maintained that what the skepticism of the day needed is not new proof of

abstract truths, but new demonstrations of their personal power; not more study, but more prayer. The Prayer Book furnished an antidote to secularism in the thought of the Fatherhood of God, making an atmosphere so pure that in it secularism cannot thrive. The Prayer Book made truth evident, not so much by the clearness with which it defines it, as by the light with which it fills it. It turns the stories of the Bible into the parables of common life. The only way to make men orthodox as to special beliefs was to make the great Christian truths self-demonstrated by the vigor with which they shape themselves into Christian duty and Christian life. The Prayer Book is full of doctrines, and yet fills them through and through with the interest of human life. It never tells men what to believe without telling them what blessing will come from such a belief. He urged a more intellectual study of the Prayer Book, and a higher intellectual estimate of its value. It had in it the eternal power of the Bible to meet all ages, and to suit the newest circumstances of the newest age the best.

But the convention at Pittsburg was a grievous disappointment to Mr. Brooks in its failure to adopt a strong anti-slavery position. "The anti-slavery resolutions presented by Dr. Goodwin were supplanted by Dr. Van Deusen's substitute. Shameful!" So reads his diary. In a letter to his brother he recurs to the subject. Pittsburg would not perhaps have looked to him so dark, if it had not corresponded with some inner mood of shame for the defeat of his cherished ideal.

June 4, 1864.

I have been to Pittsburg and am home again. Congratulate me. I had so many things to do at home that I was obliged to give up my plan of going further West. Pittsburg is a horrible place, black and muddy, the filthiest hole on earth. I am scarcely clean yet after it. The ride there was magnificent. We went the first day to Altona, where we spent the night, and early the next morning crossed the Alleghanies. Cooper and I were fortunate enough to make interest with the railroad agent and rode on the engine over the mountains. It was very grand indeed. Our Convention was a shameful failure. We asked that

body of Christian ministers and laymen to say that treason was wicked and slavery a sin. They declined, and substituted some feeble platitudes done up in wretched rhetoric which meant nothing and said it. I was ashamed of my church. Never mind; the salvation of the country does not depend on the Episcopal Church, and glad as I should have been to see her as a body on the right side now, she will have to come there by and by when it will be no honor to herself. Oh, how I hate this miserable conservatism. I almost cried for the church at Pittsburg.

I have been very hard at work since my return upon my sermon. Everybody is crazy about our fair. It opens next Tuesday. It will be very fine and make a million dollars.

Neither at this time, nor at any time in his life, did Mr. Brooks take an interest in ecclesiastical conventions. He attended them, but it was a burden to his soul. To escape for a moment from their dreary sessions in the glad converse with a friend, sitting down on the doorstep of the building where the ecclesiastical process went on, seems to have been almost essential to enable him to endure them at all. In later years he strove to overcome this repugnance, submitting patiently, keeping his place without intermissions, and occasionally taking part in the discussions. But even so, it was all a thing apart from the spirit within him.

As the summer approached, he was looking forward eagerly to the return to his home, as though he had been an impatient exile.

Saturday, June 18, 1864.

You must engage *three* horses, not two. Two weeks from next Tuesday afternoon at five is the time. Where shall we go? You are expected to be our guide. Before that time, perhaps, we shall have hurraed for Richmond, and thanked God for Grant. Everything certainly looks full of promise, and 't is hard to see how we can fail.

I had a letter from Fred this morning at White House, expecting to start off for James River. He is a good specimen of a Brooks Boy. I am going to spend Sunday, a week from tomorrow, in Elizabeth, N. J., then come back here for a week, and be off the Fourth. I hope it is n't wrong to travel on the glorious anniversary, but I feel so anxious to get home that I feel it would n't be very wrong to travel on Sunday to get there. We have had Old Abe with us this week at the Fair. He was look-

ing well and seemed to enjoy himself. I heard him speak, and shook hands with him. Is n't it good to think that we are going to have him for our next President?

Our Fair is a great success. It is incessantly crowded, and is making an immense amount of money. The whole city is alive with it, and I think it is going to do good in more ways than one. It keeps people's loyalty alive and their sympathies active. We are having a glorious summer so far, scarcely any warm weather yet, good weather for fighting and for sermon-writing. I hope also for bank-lettering.

This is my last regular letter to you before I come home. Do you realize it, old fellow? Hurrah!

Before leaving Philadelphia he preached an ordination sermon, June 30, at Grace Church, from Revelation xxii. 13: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." A writer for the "Press," commenting at this time on his preaching, says: "There is something so genuine in Mr. Brooks's sermons that we no more feel that we are praising *him* when we are admiring *them* than we do when we admire ripe fruit, and pluck and eat it with relish and feel refreshed by it, that we are praising the soil out of which it grows. His sermons remain in the mind, not as pictures of plants in a parlor or conservatory, but as the plants themselves, with all their life and greenery and fragrance."

The first month of his vacation was spent with his family in Boston, and the routine of happy days went on as in previous years. He rode horseback through the suburbs; he indulged in fishing and in bathing at the beaches in the vicinity of Boston. He went out to Cambridge to see his brother Arthur in college, and attended the Commencement of the Harvard Divinity School, listening to an address by the late Dr. Hedge. He visited the old homestead in Andover, with his mother; he gave a few days to Dr. Vinton at Pomfret in Connecticut. All the time he could command was given to the Athenæum, where he sat a voracious reader of all the new books on its tables, and renewed his familiarity with its theological alcoves, lest anything in its shelves should escape his notice. Again, he was at the

bookshops, recording purchases for his library in his diary. One new incident was important to him, as to so many others at that time in Boston and elsewhere, — the Great Organ, as it was called, which had been recently placed in Music Hall. He was fond of the organ as a revelation of the power of musical sound. The month of August was spent camping out in the lakes of Maine, where he was accompanied by his friends Cooper and Strong. He speaks with enthusiasm of the glorious campfires in the evening. But, as on previous occasions, he did not linger in the scene of enjoyment until the last day of his vacation should expire. He returned to Boston on August 25, with five days remaining before he must return to work, and in those days again he wrote his sermon to be preached on the first Sunday after his arrival in Philadelphia. He could not have done this if already in spirit he were not present in his parish.

The routine of parish life began on the first Sunday in September: the writing of sermons, and his studies in comparative religion of which he began to see the scope when he looked into the meaning of Islam. He resumed his reading in Greek with Mr. Franks, his place on the musical committee with Mr. Redner and the Rev. Mr. Walden. Although he had been excused from making calls on his parishioners, yet he did not abuse his freedom, but rather was stimulated by it to greater diligence in parochial duties. He gives a backward glance as he nerves himself to a greater year of work, to the achievements of a greater success than he had yet realized. Among minor incidents was the change of his rooms from Locust Street to 1333 Spruce Street.

1333 SPRUCE STREET, Saturday evening, September 3, 1864.

The church is all ready to open, and a variety of little alterations have resulted in a very decided total of improvement. The people are largely out of town still and we shall have thin houses to-morrow. It rains to-night.

Here I am talking away about myself as if I did n't care anything about the splendid news from Sherman to-day. Is n't it glorious? A few more steps like this, and we shall have peace earlier than the Copperheads could bring it, and a better one than they want to see.

I've had a splendid vacation. The best part of it what I spent at home.

To his father, who had been guilty of some lapse from his own strict rules regarding the necessity of observing the conditions of time and space, he sends a reprimand:—

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — Once there was a gentleman in Boston, and he had a son who was a minister in Philadelphia, and he used to upbraid his son and tell him he was an unpractical, unbusinesslike fellow whenever he got a letter from him which did n't have the date in full, and all about the place it was written in, and all that. But one day the minister in Philadelphia got a letter from the hardware merchant in Boston, enclosed in the envelope with the queer direction which you will find with this. And after that the minister did just as he pleased about the dates, and all that, of his letters, for he thought he had got the practical, systematic, businesslike merchant pretty fairly. Don't you think he had?

I was glad to get your letter anyway, unlikely as I was to receive it with that direction. William's has just been brought in. I judge from both that things are going on in the old smooth, nice way at home. I wish I were there very often.

People are slowly getting back. The church is filling up, yesterday it was quite full. People were evidently expecting a political sermon, but they did n't get it. I read the Proclamation and all the Thanksgivings I could find. Mr. Coffin is still away, so that the church does n't really seem like itself.

As to the seminary [his father had asked him what his expenses were while at the Virginia seminary]: board there was \$100 per annum. It cost me that for two years. The last year the board was covered by my teaching in the preparatory department. My expenses outside of the board I think were \$100 a year. I lived cheap there.

The new rooms are first-rate. Everything goes smoothly and I am very happy. Love to all.

Your affectionate son, PHILL.

The Thanksgiving Day above referred to was a special occasion appointed by President Lincoln on September 11, to commemorate the victories of Sherman and Hood, — the capture of the important city of Atlanta, which closed the campaign in the West, and the beginning of Sherman's

march to the sea. The entire Union army of some million of men was now at liberty to concentrate its strength on the reduction of Richmond. The chief political event in the fall of 1864 was the reëlection to the presidency of Abraham Lincoln. McClellan was the rival candidate, and in Philadelphia had a large following. There was a small party in the country, composed of extremists, who were dissatisfied with Lincoln because he had not assumed a more definite attitude in regard to slavery. These cast their votes for Fremont. Mr. Brooks, although inclined to extreme views in regard to slavery, and recognizing the object of the war to be its extinction, yet also kept in view the maintenance of national unity as a high spiritual aim, and on this ground was an ardent supporter of Lincoln. These events found mention in his weekly letters to his brother.

PHILADELPHIA, September 19, 1864.

I had a full but very pleasant day yesterday. Read and preached in the Holy Trinity in the morning. In the afternoon went out to Camp William Penn, and addressed two regiments of colored troops who leave for the front this week, and in the evening preached at Cheltenham, near the camp, where I spent the night with some parishioners of mine at their summer place. I had a splendid audience of negroes. They are a noble-looking set of fellows. What do you think of politics and the election? People here seem very confident that Lincoln will carry Pennsylvania by a very large majority, — 50,000, I have heard cool, well-informed people say. May it be so. We shall see next month. The McClellan men had a great demonstration on Saturday night; they were out in immense numbers and looked formidable. I believe it is going to be a hard fight. I had an application the other day to speak at some church anniversaries which are to come off in Boston next month. I would like to come on of course, but don't want to speak, so I declined.

Saturday evening, October 1, 1864.

Again before Richmond. Let us hope and pray on still that more may come of this new move than of any before. At any rate we have a great deal to rejoice and be thankful about in Sheridan's splendid campaign. I dined the other day with an English clergyman, and saw in perfection the superciliousness and self-conceit which has characterized the most chivalrous and

philanthropic of people all through our war. I don't want to see another Englishman till we can hold up the argument of a free, united country, and point to it and just say, "There!" Everybody here who ought to know seems very certain of a triumphant reelection for Mr. Lincoln.

Saturday evening, October 29, 1864.

While I write the city is all alight and noisy with the great Copperhead procession; the streets are blocked up with it. I have been ever so long getting home from an errand uptown, through endless crowds of the unwashed who were cheering for the rebels M. and P. most vociferously. Well, wait till after the election, and then let us see. Our men are working hard and are very confident, and say there is no chance except of one result. Last night Fred and I went to hear your townsman, Mr. Dana. He made a capital speech, and was followed by Governor Brough of Ohio, who is a brick of the biggest size. I see you have been enjoying Philadelphia eloquence in Boston. Mr. — is a Copperhead, who sold his pew out in my church last year, because he said he was n't black enough to go there. He is a pompous old humbug, and his orations are great fun here. Dan Dougherty is a "broth of a boy," a great favorite with the crowd, and a very effective speaker.

The State of Pennsylvania went Republican by about 15,000 majority, instead of 50,000 as was expected. This was in the state election. Then came the national election on November 8, to which there is this allusion in the diary: —

Tuesday, November 8, 1864.

Election Day. Nine A. M. Voted for *Lincoln and Johnson*. Cooper called, and I went with him and Yocum to see how the election was progressing. Dined at his house with Strong and Yocum, and in the evening we all went to the League to hear the news, and to National Hall, where George Francis Train was speaking.

The Union candidates are triumphantly elected. *Thank God!*

Saturday evening, November 12, 1864.

What a great week this has been; we shall not forget it soon. I feel too much impressed with its grandeur to go off into raptures about it. Enough that it has saved our country, and you and I will have to thank God for it all our lives. Old Massa-

chusetts did splendidly. I am prouder of her than ever. Oh, if all the country were as true. And yet no part deserves reproach. All have done well. Surely Pennsylvania has shown that she is all right. Now we can look ahead and hope. We have thought and talked of little else than the election all this week. Sermons for to-morrow have been crowded into corners. It seemed as if all we could do was to sit still and be thankful. I am going down to Washington on Monday on Freedmen's work, principally to see our schools there, preparatory to another meeting in their behalf week after next. I wish you and Arthur could be with us again to give *éclat* to the occasion.

Nothing new in church matters, except that our organist has resigned and we are fast getting into a muddle about music. Does that interest you?

The relation between minister and organist had hitherto been of the happiest kind, and Mr. Brooks was most unwilling that it should be severed. When Mr. Redner, tired with his onerous labors during the week, and with his Sunday work of superintending a Sunday-school and teaching a class of young men, proposed to resign his position as organist, Mr. Brooks wrote to him in urgent protest:—

Sunday evening, November 5, 1864.

MY DEAR REDNER, — I cannot go to bed without speaking to you again about the organ. I believe the wardens have seen you, but I do not know whether you have given them an answer. Whether you have or not, I beg you before it is too late to think of it again. The vestry does not meet until to-morrow evening. The more I think of it the more certain I feel that we are plunged into a sea of troubles by your leaving. I do not plead the pleasantness of our personal connections. You know all that I feel about that so well that I rejoice to know that I need not speak more about it; but I plead for the good of the church and so for our Master's cause. I felt to-night that your music was just what we wanted. Is not your call to the organ as evident and divine as any minister's can be to the pulpit? Can you abandon it and do right?

Let me speak plainly. I fear you have some idea of a dissatisfaction in the church and that it is influencing you. I tell you honestly that I believe that there is no chance, not the slightest, of securing music which will be to our people what yours has been. I think it is just what we want.

I know the pressure of your Sunday work. But even if you give up your morning class, I think you ought not to let go the ministry of the organ.

If you go, I owe you for the past a debt too large to tell you. But you *must not go*. My dear friend, do look at it solemnly in God's sight and decide for Him and us to stay. May He direct you.

Your sincere and anxious friend,

P. B.

Mr. Brooks was still a young man under thirty, but he stood before the community and the nation as a responsible, influential leader. He was the champion of national unity, and as such took to his heart the army and its leaders, and especially Lincoln, its commander in chief, revering them as the servants of a divine cause. It is impossible to describe the activity he displayed in the service of the soldiers in and near Philadelphia. He made himself their pastor, or was constituted such by them, visiting constantly their camp and their hospitals, preaching to them as opportunities were given, baptizing them and preparing them for confirmation, giving himself as freely in their service as though no other duty was incumbent on him. But particularly was he interested in the negro soldiers, and above all in the cause of the freedmen. He felt the burden and the gravity of the situation. He was studying in advance the problem of reconstruction, which would become the issue when the war was over. His eloquence was due in some measure to the fact that his soul was expanding with the hour, so that he poured forth his convictions with all the power and freshness of new truth. In his sermon before the American Sunday-School Union, in June, 1864, he had urged that the children be taught the sacredness of national life, and the hatred of slavery as wrong in itself, as well as an evil which hindered the development and consolidation of the nationality. In his sermon on Thanksgiving Day, 1864, he took what was then regarded as most extreme ground in advocating that emancipated slaves should be put in possession of the ballot. This sermon was one of his great utterances. He was speaking to the whole country, as no one

else was speaking, when he stood on that day in the pulpit of the Church of the Holy Trinity. The air was full of excitement. Representatives of the newspapers were present, who would send his words broadcast over the country. Again the observers watching the scene were struck with the contrast between the richly appointed church, with its soft cushions, the dim religious light from the stained-glass windows, the unintrusive tones of the organ soothing the worshippers to reverie, the cultivated, fashionable congregation, and the church filled with the vast crowd long before the service began, waiting in eager expectancy, and on the other hand the thrilling uncompromising words of the preacher. It seemed all out of place in an Episcopal Church. He began by giving a history of the war in a brief summary. "The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents sprung from her defiling lips were preying upon her life. It was agony to tear them off, but it was death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we had taken courage to rid us of the abomination." Such were some of the sentences which made the hearers shudder as they listened. Then the speaker came to the social position of the negro, attacking the prejudice against color, rebuking with righteous indignation the Street Car Directory of Philadelphia, pleading with pathos mixed with satire, and most solemnly, for negro suffrage. "We ought to make, not to be made by, the spirit of the times," he said, when alluding finally to the opposition, in church and state, to the cause of the fullest freedom for man.

In a letter to his father he speaks of this sermon, and of other similar efforts he was making to create a sentiment in behalf of the full emancipation of the negro, which could only be accomplished by giving him the right of suffrage:—

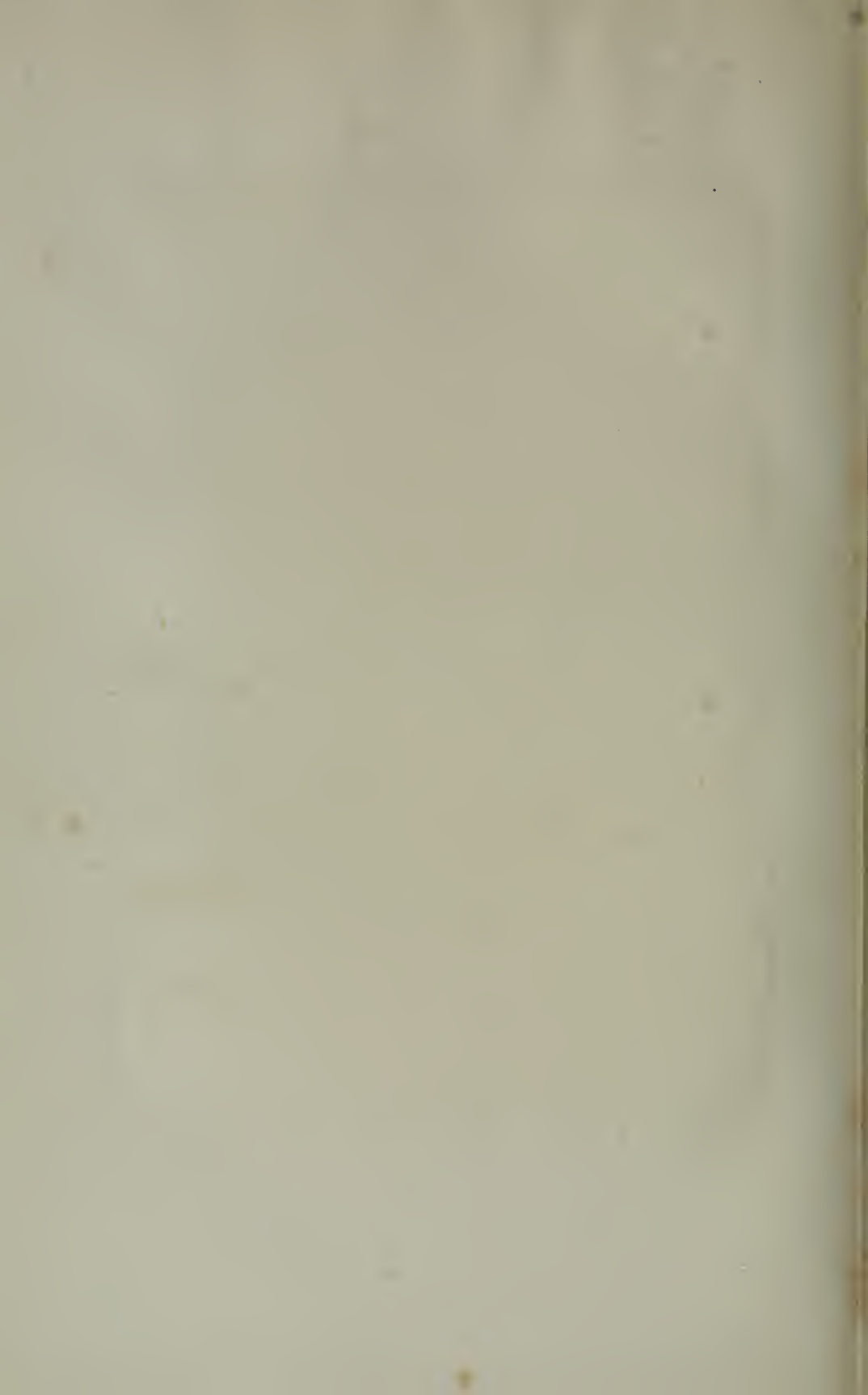
Wednesday, November 23, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — . . . To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. I have been busy all day on my sermon. It is from Ps. cxviii. 27: "God is the Lord, which hath showed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." It is what some people call Politics; what I call National Morals. . . . We had



William Gray Brooks





a great Freedmen's meeting at Concert Hall on Monday evening. It rained torrents, but the hall was full. I sent William a "Press" with the report, but beg you most earnestly not to believe that I said all the foolish and contradictory things which the reporter there puts in my mouth. Next Monday I am going to Pittsburg to speak before a meeting of the same character. The western part of our State has done nothing, and we want to wake it up if we can. I had a most interesting visit in Washington, though it was very short; but I saw at once the magnitude and the feasibility of the great work we have undertaken. . . . Lots of love to all.

Your affectionate son, PHILL.

In the midst of this excitement, when the tension of his being was at the strongest, he comments to his brother on the inevitable birthday, — the 13th of December. Although it could have been only a mere casual suggestion entering his mind lightly and then forgotten, yet the coincidence may be noted that he puts the limit of his years at fifty-eight.

PHILADELPHIA, December 12, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I am twenty-nine years old to-morrow, just think of it! How we are getting along. Well, there are very few fellows who get to be as old as we are and have such a good time generally all the way along. We had a nice time before we went to school, a nice time at school, and a nice time since we left. Let us hope the rest of our time, till we are fifty-eight and sixty, will go as smoothly as the past, and then we can say Good-by to the world as to a very kind old friend. What splendid cold weather! Philadelphia actually feels like Boston this morning. Yesterday was a horrible day. Rain and sleet overhead, slosh and mire under foot. I preached at the chapel in the morning and at the church in the afternoon, and at the evening was at a meeting for a Colored Sunday-school, — a good full day, you will see. Fred was with me, in good spirits, taking the world easily and apparently having a good time. I was out at his room last week. It looked comfortable and he seemed very much at home there. He seems to like the fellows at the seminary, and he is making himself a good name there. Why don't we hear from Sherman? Is he stuck there in the depths of Georgia, or thundering at the gates of Savannah? We must wait and see, but let us hope for the greatest and the best.

His father also remembers the birthday, and writes to him

that he was not forgotten at home, and that his mother was full of thoughts about him. His father was becoming anxious lest his son should carry his "radicalism," as he calls it, too far. At this time, also, his mother had her misgivings, but they sprang from another cause, and will be alluded to hereafter. An extract from his father's letter gives the attitude of sober conservative men, in Boston and elsewhere, in regard to negro suffrage:—

BOSTON, December 13, 1864.

MY DEAR SON, — . . . We have seen the notices of your Thanksgiving sermon in the "Independent" and the "Anti-Slavery Standard." You seem to be in favor with the radicals of that stamp. Don't go too far. It will require all your best judgment and caution to know just how far to go. Remember you occupy a prominent position and your course will be watched. Don't make it too much "one idea," or you will split on the rock so many ministers have before you, of making your situation as a minister of the gospel a secondary matter. How thoroughly has Ward Beecher done this! Do you suppose his congregation go to hear him as a Christian minister? No, it is all for his allusions and quaint expressions upon his one idea, and they are followed up by *applause*. It is sad to see the house of God and the pulpit so debased. Cheever is another instance; how essentially has he lost his character as a Christian minister. Are you not going too fast to advocate the entire freedom and equality of the negro, even to the right of suffrage, as I understand from those notices that you do? I cannot believe that it is best or advisable to introduce another foreign element into our elections; it certainly cannot raise the standards of our right of suffrage or the character of our candidates. Let us keep the ballot box as pure as we can. However you may argue the point of the races being intellectually equal, yet politically to my mind there is no question. I hope I shall never live to see it, and for the sake of my children I hope it will never be done. *Don't go too far*. How many good causes have been injured, nay ruined, by that. Go on in aid of the Freedmen as much as you please, but such a measure as that is not to their aid in the present stage of affairs. . . .

Yours affectionately,

FATHER.

To this letter Phillips replied soon after. The allusion to "Miss Susan" (Phillips), his aunt, is interesting, for it

throws light on the characteristics of the Phillips family. When the call came for help she went forth where she was needed. It was part of the humor among the children to imitate their elders in speaking of her, now as "Susan" and then as "Miss Susan."

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, December 19, 1864.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Thanks for your note. You seem quite troubled about my radicalism. Don't let it disturb you. There is no danger. I certainly think the negro ought to be free, and I am sure he is going to be. And I think he ought to vote, and am sure he will in time; but neither of these things is the subject of my preaching, except on rare occasions. I trust I know my work too well for that. I preach what I was ordained to preach, — the gospel, nothing else; but as a part of the gospel I accept the rebuking of sins, and public sins as well as private. One of these days Utah will try to come in with all her shameful customs and institutions, and then I shall preach against Polygamy. I know not how to work on any other system. My Thanksgiving sermon is not going to be published. It is radical, but quiet, calm, and I think Christian. I did not see the notice in the "Anti-Slavery Standard."

I wish you had been with me the other night. I went out to preside at a Sanitary Commission meeting at Germantown. One of the speakers was a Rev. Mr. Whittaker, just from Annapolis, and before I knew it he was in the midst of a glowing tribute to "Miss Susan." He laid it on thick. Painted her as an angel, as she is almost, and closed up by saying that she was *sister* to the venerated founder of the great Phillips Academy at Andover. That would make her out about how old? You can tell. . . .

Affectionately, PHILL.

Saturday, December 24, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — A Merry Christmas to you. I hope you will get this in time for Monday's turkey, so that you will be able to tell Everybody in the family Circle how much the Exiles think about them and wish that they could be at home among you.

I am surprised at the way in which both you and Father pitch into me for over Radicalism. I thought nobody could outgo you two now. Do you know that our conservative brother Frederick endorses my position? I tell you we must come to it. Republican government does not know such a thing as an unvoting subject. It has no place for Obeyers and Supporters who are not

Governors and Directors too. We have got either to eradicate the Negroes or to integrate them. The first we can't do, the second we must. Next week I go to Pittsburg again.

I have had an application from the Church Home in Boston, but it will be impossible for me to spend a Sunday there.

In his speech at Pittsburg on the 29th of December he gave himself loose rein, speaking out his full conviction with glowing earnestness. What he said briefly in his Thanksgiving sermon, he now enlarged upon, and urged with all his power, — the necessity of giving the negro the ballot in order to the completion of his freedom; the responsibility resting upon the North to provide the possibilities of the amplest education; the crisis at hand when, untrained and unaccustomed to care for himself, in his ignorance and laziness, he might become a menace to the country unless the people should give him the conditions of essential manhood; the faith in the negro, as ready to respond with gratitude and devotion, and as having already shown the capacity and the promise for a great future. The address was extempore, and no record of it has been kept beyond the report in the newspapers. We may believe that it did the true work of a speech, and that the deep impression on the large audience resulted in creating a new conviction and purpose.

On the last day of the year he kept the watch meeting at Mr. Cooper's church, where he made an address. And so was ushered in the great year in the divine grace of 1865.

CHAPTER XVI

1865

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. THE DEATH OF LINCOLN. THE PRAYER AT HARVARD. DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE

THE year 1865 was memorable in the history of the republic, memorable also in the experience of Phillips Brooks. In connection with the closing scenes of the war, its victories and its tragedies alike, his personal power reached the climax of its influence and eloquent expression. He had become so identified with the national life that other interests, his family, his parish, might seem to be in the background of his consciousness. But the home correspondence went on undiminished in frequency and interest. Incidents also were occurring of no slight importance in his successful career as a parish minister. First among these was the completion of his scheme for endowing a professorship in the Divinity School. The contributors to the fund had met, and given to Mr. Brooks the power to nominate the incumbent of the position. On Epiphany Day, he sent to the trustees the name of Rev. D. L. Goodwin, then provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and a few days later he waited on Dr. Goodwin in company with Mr. John Bohlen and the Rev. Dr. Howe, to inform him of his election. On that piece of work he felicitated himself, then and afterwards, as something good to have done.

Early in the year there came to him two urgent calls from parishes in San Francisco, — one to a church with fine prospects, but still in its beginnings, and another from Grace Church, whose rectorship, made vacant by the resignation of Bishop Kip, was offered to him, with the inducements of the finest church building on the Pacific coast or west of the

Alleghanies, and a salary of \$7000 in gold. These invitations were at once declined, but they left their effect in his soul, the vague longing to be connected with a new country in its new life, free from the trammels, as they seemed, of an older civilization.

As he passed into the season of Lent, he remarks that he never had more enjoyed its peculiar work and privileges. He seems, however, to have been annoyed with a circular which he had received, giving a list of daily services in Emmanuel Church, Boston, under the rectorship of Rev. F. D. Huntington. It was a sign of coming changes in the Episcopal Church, which he did not wholly welcome. "We don't undertake anything like that," he says in reply; "only a Wednesday evening and a Friday afternoon service."

Early in the year he had paid a short visit to Boston, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by being in its vicinity at Providence, where he had gone to deliver his sermon on the Prayer Book. His father had looked forward to this visit with pleasure, and his mother with great joy. But his father had complained that he did not preach in Boston. He was constantly being asked by his friends and others why Phillips did not come oftener to Boston, that they might have the pleasure of hearing him. It was an old question, and Phillips shows some sensitiveness in his reply. He disclaims with some vehemence the inference, which he fears his father draws, that he does not care to preach in Boston. Thus were the intimations on the increase which foretold the final transfer. But at this time his attachment to Philadelphia was at its strongest. To his brother he writes, defending it in a comparative estimate of cities: —

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1865.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Hurrah for Columbia! Is n't Sherman a gem? I ought perhaps to be shouting for Charleston. But that shall be yours for next Saturday. It certainly does look as if we were seeing the way safely through, and by the time I see you again, after the great battle has been fought (for that I believe has got to come), we may shake hands over peace. Everything here quiet and calm. Philadelphia does n't easily get stirred up.

We sit still and look at constitutional amendments, great cities taken, and all that, and are just as glad as anybody if we don't have jubilation meetings or fire a great many cannons. Northern people are apt to sneer at us, but there is no city which has done more for the war, been readier with its regiments, done more for the Freedmen, or kept up the Sanitary and Christian Commissions more splendidly. Don't sneer at Philadelphia. She's a splendid city.

He writes home, in answer to his father's inquiries, encouraging reports about his brother Frederick in the Divinity School. His father was wondering what kind of a preacher Frederick would make, and how he would appear in the pulpit. Phillips replies that "Fred held a service in Mr. Cooper's Mission Chapel last Sunday evening, and made an address. I hear that he did very well indeed." And his father rejoins: "Your notice of Fred was very gratifying. I have great hopes of Frederick because I think he is conscientious in his profession. . . . I don't know that I can just fix in my mind's eye what Fred's address and style before an audience would be, except generally it would be an interesting one." In this forecast his father was not mistaken.

The interest of Mr. Brooks in the freedmen and his activity in their cause continued unabated. He was proud of his aunt Susan for the work she was doing for them in Washington. "What a great character," he writes to his father, "Miss Susan is becoming. I hope her fame won't turn her head." He was very determined about the matter of the street cars, from which in Philadelphia the negroes were still excluded. "A week from to-night (January 13) we are going to have a great meeting here to try to get rid of our special Philadelphia iniquity of excluding the negroes from the cars. I think it will do the work. The meeting will be held either in Concert Hall or the Academy of Music. There are to be a number of speeches, and I have promised to make one." When he hears that the Episcopal Church in Boston is becoming interested in the same cause, he expresses his pleasure, and thinks it will do the church as much good as the

freedmen. But on reflection he changes his mind, and deprecates the effort to take the great movement into denominational channels.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

I hoped before to-day we should have heard from Sherman definitely. It has been a very anxious week. I cannot feel he is in any great danger, but it will certainly be a great relief when we get certain news. A letter from Father to-day with an account of the new Episcopal Freedmen's Society. It won't do much with —— to engineer it, although there is a clear ground on which even a pro-slavery man may go in for helping these people. I have yet to see the man who is not an abolitionist who is really bravely and strongly in favor of giving them the rights and the education of freedom. And then besides I doubt the expediency of special church action at present. It cannot certainly take the work of the larger organizations. I would rather see it carried on as a great national religious movement, such as it has been under our Freedmen's Aid Societies. Still, if the Episcopal Church in Boston wants to help the negro let it try. It won't do the negro any harm, and it will do itself great good. If you get a chance to talk to any of them put the thing on its own ground as a part of the work of Emancipation. I am going to Harrisburg for a Freedmen's meeting next week.

Willie Huntington preaches for the Church Home in my church to-morrow evening.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18, 1865.

I have had three letters this last week, one from you and one from John and one from Mother. It is first-rate. I like the sensation, and wish you would all keep it up. Tell Mother I shall answer hers just as soon as I can get a moment. I cannot thank her enough for it. Fred was in this evening (indeed he has just left my big chair, where his sluggish length has been stretched out for two hours while I have been finishing my sermon). He's got a new hat!! and he is in the same state of exhilaration about the letters he has been getting. So you see we are both of us pretty happy.

These are my busiest weeks. I am hard at work in many ways, but never enjoyed a Lent more than I do this. The people seem to enjoy it too. Our church is always full, and our Confirmation class which I have just opened — Confirmation comes the 14th of May — is already filling up.

Last Monday evening I spent at Harrisburg. We held a meeting in the Court House and had a pretty good audience. The

cause seems to be growing there. My next work in this line is to be at a big meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York about the first of May. It is to be the beginning of more united action among various societies. Beecher is to speak for the New York Society, Governor Andrew for the Boston, and I am to bear the responsibility of Ours. A great time is expected. For Particulars see small bills.

Good news this week again. Sherman and Sheridan are doing nobly. It is only a question of time now, and I begin to be quite interested in wondering which of us will have it his turn to write hurrah for Richmond. Gold is down, but I haven't got any, have you?

Saturday, April, 1865.

This is All Fools' Day. I have run no risks yet, for I have been sitting still by my table all the morning writing. Perhaps I have made a fool of myself there however. Out of the window I have seen many small boys fastening pieces of paper on to people's backs, and watching mysterious-looking paper bundles that are lying on the sidewalk. I think I remember that we used to be up to some tricks of the same sort ourselves.

Many thanks for the Report of the Episcopal Freedmen's Meeting. It is all very well as far as it goes, and I hope it will do good, but I don't think very much of a society with that list of officers.

Grant is moving again, and just as he moves, there comes this long rainstorm. I hope it has not reached and hindered him. If Sheridan can only succeed in Berkesville it does seem as if the last chance were up with them. We may have peace by Easter yet. Fred is going to leave me for you next week. Be sure you take good care of him and return him safe and sound. I had some hope of getting home myself at Easter, but I have n't been able to. I can't get away, there are so many irons in the fire. We are going to have a fine time at Easter with our Sunday-schools. I hope Father will come back with Fred. We want to see him very much.

Business men here seem to be getting anxious and troubled, but look as if they would take peace if it cost them all they had.

In the spring of 1865 all other things were subordinate to the one great event, the close of the civil war. What that meant to those who for four long weary years had followed, in its varying fortunes, the fratricidal struggle, it is impossible to describe. It was something personal and close to every

heart. But to Phillips Brooks it was even more than it was to others. In his career it was a momentous epoch. He was carried away by a bewildering enthusiasm, to which ordinary rules are inapplicable. His greatness is seen most distinctly in this, that he could be taken out of himself by the fire and sensibility of his genius, till he lived in the life of the nation and became the spokesman of a whole people. To his imagination the war had appeared as a Titanic conflict between two great forces, as though heaven had entered into a contest with earth, when Freedom and Slavery became the contestants for the possession of American nationality. What he had watched in its incipient stages, as a student in the Virginia seminary, he was now to behold in its final act, when the awful tragedy of the drama should close in a manner to justify and consecrate anew every principle which he held most sacred. It was God directly appearing on the stage of human affairs, an overpowering revelation of the divine will.

When the end came at last, it seemed to come suddenly and by divine intervention. Yet events had been moving fast in this direction. On February 20 had come the news of the taking of Columbia, S. C. This had been followed, on February 21, by the news of the evacuation of Charleston. On the 22d of February, Washington's Birthday, Fort Sumter had been retaken. Then there was a pause, while General Grant, with an army larger than ever before had been marshalled in human history, confronted the stronghold of the Southern Confederacy. It was on Monday, April 3, that the Union troops entered the city of Richmond. On the night of the fall of Richmond, his young friend Franks, who was staying with Mr. Brooks, remembers how he said before retiring, "Let us kneel down and pray." It was the impromptu thanksgiving of one who was surprised in his joy. On the next day, Tuesday, April 4, there was a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia in front of Independence Hall, where Phillips Brooks made the prayer. Among his papers is found a rough draft, which may correspond in some measure with the actual utterance.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hands is power and might which none is able to withstand: we bless and praise, we laud and magnify, Thy glorious name.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

We thank Thee, O God, for the power of Thy right arm which has broken for us a way, and set the banner of our Union in the central city of treason and rebellion. We thank Thee for the triumph of right over wrong. We thank Thee for the feet of loyal soldiers planted in the streets of wickedness. We thank Thee for the wisdom and bravery and devotion which thou hast anointed for Thy work and crowned to-day with glorious victory.

Thou hast led us, O our God, by wondrous ways. Thou hast opened the deep sea before us to pass through. Thou hast made the walls of our enemies to fall before us. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise for Thy loving mercy and Thy truth's sake.

O God our Father, teach us the true spirit of thankfulness and praise. Not in mere exaltation, not in bitter and revengeful malice, not in mere pride and selfishness, but in a solemn reverence, in a profound humility, in an absorbing and controlling sense of Thee, may we bow down our glad heads and thank Thee for the triumph which Thou hast given to Thine own dear cause of Law and Truth, of Human Progress and Human Liberty. Glory! Glory to Thy name. May we stand still and hold in our breath and know that Thou hast done it.

And now, O God, we pray Thee to complete Thy work. Whatever yet remains to do, oh, do it for us. Thou who hast triumphed gloriously desert us not, complete Thy triumph. Pour yet more constancy and long-suffering into the hearts of Thy people. Clothe with new might the arms of our brave soldiers. Turn back rebellious hearts to their allegiance. And if new conflict must yet come, give, we beseech Thee, victory to our armies till the great work is done, and there is no longer a rebel or a slave in all our Land; till, in the perfect triumph of the right, peace shall come down, Thy peace, and rest upon us.

We intercede before Thee for the wounded and the suffering, for brave men bleeding in Thy cause, for captives in the hands of the enemy. Give them Thy strength and comfort. Stir up our hearts to help them. Be their God and friend. Come with Thy tenderest consolations to all the hearts that Thou hast wounded, into the homes that Thou hast broken. Lift all Thy people up, not only to noble action, but to patient suffering. Be the God of mercy as Thou art the God of strength.

We stand in the presence of this Victory, O Lord, and anew, deliberately and solemnly and to the end, we pledge ourselves to Thee. Take us, our strength, our means, our all, Us and our Land, for Thine. We dedicate the country Thou hast saved to a purer life, a more religious, unselfish patriotism, a deeper loyalty to the great kingship of Thy Son. Work out in her, by her, what purposes Thou wilt. She is not ours, but Thine, henceforth. We are Thy servants. Give us willing and patient hearts and hands till Thou shalt create in our country Thy chosen pattern of Christian Government and Christian Liberty, before the nations of the earth.

Father, we stand before Thee, and know not how to speak. Read Thou our hearts and see our thankfulness. Thou art our God, and we will praise Thee. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We look up into Thy face, O Thou who hast done great things for us, and beg Thee to hear our thanksgiving and to answer all our prayers for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Lord.

On Thursday, April 6, there was a flag-raising at the Divinity School, when "the beautiful flag," says the report, "was flung to the breeze by Mr. Frederick Brooks," and "the Rev. Phillips Brooks made a very eloquent speech." The following Sunday had been appointed as a day of thanksgiving by Governor Curtin. To the preparation of his sermon he now devoted himself.

Friday, April 7, 1865. Began sermon on Luke xix. 40 ["And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out"]. . . . Sheridan still pursuing Lee and has routed him terribly.

Saturday, April 8, 1865. A. M. Finished sermon for tomorrow.

Sunday, April 9, 1865. Next before Easter. Thanksgiving for victories. A. M., at Holy Trinity I read, and preached, Luke xix. 40. . . . Ten P. M., news arrived of surrender of Lee with his whole army to General Grant.

He referred in his sermon [says the newspaper report] to the recurrence of Palm Sunday in the Christian year, and of the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, of the strewing of palms in his way, of the Pharisees asking that the disciples be restrained in their jubulations, and of Christ answering in the words of the text. . . . He hoped that all had come with hearts

of gratitude to God, and were ready to say, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown us his marvellous kindness in a great city." . . . Men sang praises because they could not help it. Did you ever see anything so unprecedented as the joy that began in the morning (April 3) and continued long into nightfall? If on that day any Pharisee had asked that the joy should be stopped, we could have said, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And if the people here had failed to give utterance to their joyful feelings, there are hearts in the furthest corners of the earth which would rise up for joy at the great Christian triumph.

Thus he passed into Passion Week with its daily services. On Monday he records that he was "down town. Great excitement about the news." On Maundy Thursday, in the evening, there was the administration of the holy communion at the Church of the Holy Trinity. On Good Friday he preached from Matt. xxviii. 6,¹ and began the writing of his Easter sermon on the text John xii. 24.² Early in the morning of Saturday came the news of the great sorrow, which turned the jubilation into weeping.

Saturday, April 15, 1865. This morning we woke up to hear that Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, was murdered last night in Washington. The whole land is deep in sorrow, and there is nothing to do but to pray for help.

Saturday, April 15, 1865.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I cannot write to you to-day. I had hoped to write a jubilant letter for Victory and Easter, but though neither of these things is taken from us they are shadowed out of sight by this fearful news. May God help us to bear it.

Sunday, April 16, 1865. Easter Day. A sad Easter Day. A. M. I spoke to the Sunday-school of Mr. Lincoln. Then at church I read and spoke again of the President.

On this Easter Day the churches were draped in mourning. The Church of the Holy Trinity was the centre of attraction and was crowded to its utmost capacity, for there

¹ "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

² "He is not here: for he is risen as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

was a general expectation that something would be said to meet the want of the people. The people were not mistaken, for in the heart of Phillips Brooks there had grown up unbounded admiration for the martyred President. He had not intended to speak, but his soul was full, and when he saw the waiting congregation and felt the expectation, he poured forth his thought and emotion in an address, of which there was the following report in the newspapers:—

My Friends, Easter Day is not what we expected it to be. We have not met this morning with that jubilant rejoicing of hearts for which there was no language but singing praises to God, such as we expected to bring here to-day; and yet I would not think, and I would not for one moment have you think, that any part of our Easter service, or any thought appropriate to Easter Day, is unfit for the solemn and sad associations which we bring into our church this morning. If ever we ought to thank God for Easter Day, it is to-day. If ever our whole hearts and souls ought to be in the spirit of Easter Day, it is this Easter Day above all others; for Easter celebrates the glorious victory through Christ of humanity over the grave. . . . Even when sadness is upon us heavy as it is to-day; when death in its most terrible personal form has come upon us; when death has dealt to us a most tremendous blow, do we not need the Easter Day of all days, — the story of how Christ, the martyr, conquered death and rose above it, and out of His resurrection hope came to all the world He had redeemed?

I confess that there is one thing which surprised me yesterday when I read in some of our papers that natural allusion which occurred to all men, to the correspondence between the day of the death of our martyred President and the day on which our Lord was crucified in our behalf, and I saw that the papers, almost with a tone of apology, spoke as if it were a lack of reverence to associate the two, as if there were some degradation to the dignity of Christ's nature when we took the day of his death and called it a fit day for one to lay down his life for a noble cause. I feel that if there were any day in all the year fit for martyrdom; if there were any day when one was to be a martyr for the cause he loved, might choose above all others, it would be that Friday which, with all the solemnity and sadness which hung about it to those who love their Lord and Master, the whole Christian world has risen up in its gratitude and called Good Friday. . . . For remember what Christ is. Christ was not

merely a God who stood above us; the very meaning of Christ's coming into this world is that He was a divinely human being in whom every high quality of man was shown forth in its perfection, so that all goodness thenceforth was to be but the copy of the life of Jesus Christ, the perfect man. If there has been any high heroism in the world, any triumph over evil and iniquity, it has been only a faint repetition of that great work which the Perfect Man did when He triumphed once for all over sin, in behalf of His redeemed world. If there has been any man setting himself earnestly against iniquity as he found it at his especial time and place, it has been only a rebound from that courage with which Christ set himself against the wickedness that was in the world at his time. And if so be that another Pontius Pilate, as weak as he, is made the agent of an iniquity as deep as that which brought the suffering Saviour to His death, and comes up and strikes at another man pure and good and true to some high object, shall we not say that the day is fit? Do we not know that God has done all things, even the least things that concern Him, well? And then when we pass from Good Friday into Easter Day, shall we say that there is no association when we see that same Christ, martyred for the sins of man, laying down his life meekly and humbly for a great and noble cause, after patiently suffering for it during his three years, rising gloriously from the grave and shedding thenceforth an influence which his mere personal presence would not have attained? And may we not derive example and inspiration from this new martyrdom and look forward to the resurrection that is promised out of it? Thus take, my dear friends, everything out of the parable of those old times, and without a fear of irreverence (feeling that it is the most reverent thing that we can do) apply it to this trial in the midst of which we live, and make it a lesson which shall be the solemnizing strength of all our lives, that henceforth we may be worthy of having lived in the time, and seen the life and death of Abraham Lincoln.

Of that man it is not time now to speak. We are met to-day not to eulogize the dead, but simply to pour out our tears before the Living God in company with the living. We are met not as those who meet in an assemblage to praise some great man of the world. We are met like children who gather round the hearthstone the night their father dies, to tell one another how they loved him, and how they mourn his loss. We are met with a distinctive personal feeling that every one of us has suffered in the loss, not merely of a President who ruled in the interests of our State, but of a man who was to us a friend. If anything struck us as we walked the streets yesterday, it was not the mere solemnity which

realized an awful national loss; we also felt how near home that loss had come.

When the character of Abraham Lincoln comes to be gathered up, it seems to me that this is what shall be said of him, that of all the men who have ever lived in these United States, and come forth into prominence before the world, he was the man most distinctly and in the best and truest sense an American; and he is to stand so before the nations in coming time. . . . In him was represented the majesty of those simplest virtues which all mankind honor and admire, and which so few men are inclined to cultivate and praise by the personal practice of their own lives. . . . His moral character, too, as distinguished above the intellectual, is beginning to be appreciated. . . . If there were anything in this man which shone forth conspicuously to his honor, it was the instinctive love of truth which was in him. Here was a man who had stood before the world, a most searching world, at a singularly eventful period, and up to the day when he laid down his life for the truth . . . he spoke the words which his nature urged him to speak. Bravely and boldly he told it, no matter how men might differ with him or seek to dissuade him. . . . The sublime independence of this man . . . led him to go forward as fast as his conscience drove him and not faster because others would drag him forward. . . . We knew that we had a true man to rely upon. Where shall we find another that shall take his place? The earnestness with which he rebuked the old conservatism and the vast radicalism of our time at once — the noble independence with which he came forward, and in the face of all men stooped down and took up the quivering slave . . . and said, "My brother, my poor brother, I and my people will protect you." . . .

Shall I say more? Yes, there is more to say, for when we speak of the truth and independence of such a man, they are only vestibules to that higher quality, his reverent fear of God. I believe from my heart that if there be a man who has left on record that he was a Christian man, a servant and follower of Jesus Christ, it is he who lies dead in the coffin to-day. What are the evidences of the service of Christ? If they be a constant submission to His will, an habitual reverence to His authority, an eye that always looks up in danger for deliverance, and looks up in success for thankfulness, an eye that always seeks out a guidance which is not of man but of God, which is always ready to be led and is always afraid of going beyond the commands of a Higher Voice — if this constitutes a Christian character, all this there was in him. We rejoice in the hope not merely of a noble

influence for our country, but of a glorious resurrection and an eternal life for him whom we have revered as a father and loved more than we could love any human friend. . . .

Dear Friends, I would that I might speak one word to that class in this congregation with whom my sympathies are always deepest, — the young men of this people. Abraham Lincoln has been the noblest type of American character. Abraham Lincoln must be your example and mine, and something of his character must be reproduced in us, or we shall be unworthy of our times. I go about our city and I shudder (when I think of such a man as he) at the frivolous, weak, and inefficient lives our young men lead. I see them mere dawdlers in society. I see them spending their time like mere babies, when there is a man's work to be done. I see them trifling, when God has imposed a responsibility that reaches every man. Dear friends, young men of this congregation, of Holy Trinity, of this city, of this land, we need to be girded up, every one of us, to a more earnest fulfilment of whatever special work God has given us to do. . . . Shall we not pledge ourselves, by the side of this earnest man's grave, to a new earnestness and a more reverent cultivation of the love of man in the fear of God until we die? . . .

On Easter Monday, the day after this address was delivered, there was a meeting of the Union League, which Mr. Brooks opened with prayer. Again he gave expression to a full heart in a burst of thanksgiving to God for the life and character of Lincoln: —

We thank Thee that thou didst put into the hearts of this people to choose such a man, so full of goodness and truth and faithfulness, of patience, serenity, and composure, of such wisdom to perceive the truth and such steadfastness to do it; for the earnestness with which he laid hold upon the great purpose before him, and the calm and wise perseverance with which he followed it. . . . We pledge ourselves anew to Thy service. Hold us up until the great end of Thy Providence be fulfilled, until all the wrong that has cursed our land be righted and the iniquity of our fathers be done away.

This service at the Union League was at twelve o'clock. At one o'clock there was a meeting of the women of Philadelphia in Concert Hall, to grieve over the national loss. "It was perhaps," says the report of its proceedings, "the

most extraordinary meeting ever held in this city. The audience was composed entirely of ladies, and the subdued sound of a kid-gloved applause had a peculiar effect." To this meeting came also Phillips Brooks, and this was the substance of his remarks: "God allowed Abraham Lincoln to stay until he stood at the grave of slavery. God allowed him to stand and look on the land and not see a black face which was not radiant with freedom. Slavery had been blotted out before God called him to his rest. It is for this that we have cause to thank God for Abraham Lincoln. Now the women of America have a duty to perform. They can by their influence shut out from social intercourse those who palliate the great crime of the century. Another thing can be done by women. Never before had we witnessed such frivolities and extravagances as during the last winter. If from this day forth they do not resolve to stop this, it had been better we had not met, and the great loss we have suffered will be in vain."

Wednesday, April 19, 1865. The whole city in mourning for President Lincoln's funeral. Service in church at the hour of the Funeral, twelve m.

Friday, April 21, 1865. Began sermon on Ps. lxxviii. 71-73: "He chose David also his servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds: . . . that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

Saturday, April 22, 1865. A. M. Finished sermon on the Character, Life, and Death of Mr. Lincoln. P. M. President Lincoln's remains arrived from Washington, and will lie in Independence Hall all day to-morrow. I went down with the Union League when the body was received, and saw it.

The sermon which was preached on the first Sunday after Easter, April 23, on the character of Mr. Lincoln, was at once published by request, and must rank among his great sermons. The same unbounded enthusiasm which had inspired his address on Lincoln the Sunday before is also apparent here; but things hinted at then in broken sentences are here developed. The sermon is now chiefly important in this connection as forming a chapter in the biography of

Phillips Brooks himself. It is full of self-revelation. No man can study the life of another, as he was studying the life of Lincoln, and especially no man can admire as he admired, in gratitude and reverence and love, without being influenced by the model he had chosen. Among the forces which combined to mould the life of Phillips Brooks, a prominent place must be assigned to the character and the career of the great martyr of the civil war. In the formative moment when one is receiving deep and lasting impressions, Lincoln became to him the typical ideal of a man and of an American. His faith in humanity was quickened and deepened by the conviction that he had seen and known in his own age a man who would stand on the heights of human greatness.

The sermon also indicates a change, a forward step in the development of Phillips Brooks. He was now beginning to pass out of the youthful worship of the intellect as the highest quality in man. That worship had attended his way through college, through seminary, through the earlier years of his ministry. It would still require many years before it would cease to control his character. Yet even when he was making his preparatory studies at Alexandria, he had been confronted with the question of the hidden relationship between the intellect and the will, or how ideas could be made effective in the development of moral character. When Lincoln died, the question was on the lips of many, who were forecasting the estimate to be made of him by posterity, whether or not he were an intellectual man, or whether his greatness were not exclusively in the moral sphere. There was a certain tone of resentment in Phillips Brooks's soul that such an issue should be raised. Already he had begun to see the solution of what was his own life problem. The following passage deserves to be quoted, for it has an autobiographic quality:—

As to the moral and mental powers which distinguish him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely

whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces with this man in another. The fact is that in all the simplest characters the line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combination you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether, in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life, there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They coöperate and help each other less. They come more to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see, and do see, a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and what man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction, with such loving and implicit trust, can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a wise head or a sound heart. If you ask them they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things; there are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. The union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children, but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into a manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and revered simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when He needs a ruler for His people of faithful and true heart such as he had who was our President.

There is in these words a description of Phillips Brooks

himself, — his own answer to the question raised concerning him after he, too, had passed away, how far his greatness was intellectual. His description of Mr. Lincoln was the forecasting of the ideal he himself was to fulfil. It should therefore be borne in mind; it will recur again in the course of his biography and in even more impressive relations. For the rest as concerns his estimate of Lincoln, the sermon is in print and has been widely disseminated. It calls therefore for no summary or analysis. He touched the subject of the origin of the civil war, asking whether the Northern abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good. He replies that the issue was an inevitable one, the conflict between two different types of civilization, two divergent natures, long advancing to an encounter, meeting at last, and a whole country yet trembling with the shock to bear witness how terrible the meeting was. But he separates himself from the ranks of extreme reformers, known as abolitionists, placing himself with Mr. Lincoln among the great mass of the people who caught the spirit of opposition to slavery and asserted it firmly, though in more moderate degree and method.

The funeral procession of Mr. Lincoln reached New York on the 24th of April, and Phillips Brooks was there the whole of the next day to witness the repetition on a still larger scale of what he had seen in Philadelphia. He could not have stayed away; he was bent on reading the message of the hour; an immense concourse of people moved by one common impulse such as this was an irresistible fascination. From his father came an account of the occasion in Boston. He, too, had been so deeply moved that he could only call out to his son, "Oh, my dear son, where are we now! I am too heartsick to write." Writing of the recognition of the sad event in Boston, he says: —

A solemn day. I have never seen one here more so. I went into the Exchange in the morning; the room was full, but all was hushed and still, where generally we find noise and bustle. So it was everywhere; the streets were full all day, but all quiet

and subdued. The attendance at the churches was good. The Bishop gave us a very good address with other services, minute guns were fired, bells were tolled, and with a meeting for prayer and addresses on the Common the day closed. A more general closing of stores I have never seen, even more so than on Sunday.

Saturday, April 29, 1865.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I know how neglectful I have seemed to you all in having written so little through these last weeks when we have all been feeling so much, — the most intense weeks probably that we shall ever be called to live. The fact is I have not been fit to write. The excitement has made me good for nothing for work, and yet I have had more work to do than at almost any other time that I remember. I wish you would say to Father that I am really not ungrateful for the letters he has written me, and will write to him just as soon as I can. So Johnston has surrendered to Sherman, and the Government wants no more soldiers or forts, and the war is over. It is a splendid thing to be sure of that, but how different our feeling is from what we expected it to be. There is just as much thankfulness and gladness, I believe, but how much less of exhilaration and jubilation. The frightful Death has taught the whole country to rejoice soberly and solemnly. I am glad Booth was overtaken, though his life or death was of no very great consequence in the future, and I think the death he died was about as fit as any that could have been devised. I think we shall learn very strange things from some of his accomplices before we get through. As to Mr. Lincoln, who would ask for himself a nobler life or a nobler death? We surely can rejoice and thank God for him. I have thought so constantly about him for the last two weeks that I feel as if he were an old and close friend, and can hardly realize that I never fairly saw him satisfactorily. His procession here a week ago to-day was very fine, — fine in the genuine and general feeling which it showed of personal sorrow for his loss. When it is printed I will send you the sermon that was preached in our church on the Sunday while he was lying in Independence Hall. Last Monday I went on to New York, partly to see the great funeral procession, partly to get a day's respite from parish work. I came back again on Tuesday. It was a splendid sight. I wish I could have met you there. Fred has come back, and we are glad to see him. He is in good clothes and in good spirits, and seems hard at work again. He is doing first-rate, and seems to be at the head of the seminary. In a little more than a year now he will be preaching. Our Confirmation comes two weeks

from to-morrow, and I am very busy getting ready for it. I have a very interesting class, and except that I have a lot of other things to worry and bother me all the time I should enjoy it very much. I am beginning to look forward with a good deal of longing to my summer holiday. I had a letter the other day from Mr. Patrick Grant, asking me to preach at Nahant, which I have declined.

With the sermon on Lincoln, his father was greatly pleased, sending on five dollars with the request that the money's worth in copies of it be sent to him. These were distributed to influential centres in Boston. His mother during these eventful days was silent. She sent on word to Phillips that she could not write. What she thought we know, — it was to her a manifestation of God, His will and not man's throughout. But everything that happened sent her back upon the great irreparable loss of her son, whom God had demanded in sacrifice. She thought of him as having gone up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. She did not write, but she pondered these things in her heart. Once she broke the silence because Phillips had written, asking why he had no letters from her: —

BOSTON, March 15, 1865.

MY DEAREST PHILLY, — I was delighted to get your letter, and will gladly comply with your request to answer it. I am fully aware of my long silence, but, my dear boy, it is *not neglect*; that is the last sin I shall ever commit towards *you* or any of my children.

And I know, too, how I used to write to you at the Seminary, but, Philly, things are all changed now. I cannot write letters now that are worth answering, and therefore I hate to tax any one to answer them. My thoughts are *all dead*. Sometimes I really feel that nothing but the Mother's love remains in me. That will never cease, for the dead or the living. And, Philly, often now, truly I don't feel *equal* to writing to you. You have got *before* me now, and this is the course in all nature. The old stalk is good for nothing after it has yielded its fruit. Just so it is with you and me. My work is done, and I am perfectly willing to have it so when the fruit so far excels the parent stock. Now, Philly, I feel all this, and this is one reason, I suppose, I do not write often.

At the same time I allow no position nor powers nor learning

can alter the relation of parent and child. That shall remain dear, precious, holy, invaluable, forever to both of us. And I thank you and love you, dear Philly, for placing such a value on the old stock when it has become such a useless thing. . . .

Don't you think you may give us another flying visit after Lent? Your last did us good and was a bright spot in our winter life. I am very glad you think Fred may come on. We miss all our absent ones sadly; it changes the good old-fashioned home, though the three remaining act their part well to the old folks at home. I always think a great deal of you in Lent; it is pleasant to think we are enjoying it together. It rejoices my heart, Philly, that you are so interested and faithful in your work. You well deserve to feel the satisfaction that you have fully gratified the highest wishes and honest pride of your humble and grateful

MOTHER.

There must have been some reaction in Mr. Brooks after the high tension and exaltation of spirit connected with his part in the death of Lincoln. He shows the signs of weariness. Thus he began his sermon as usual on April 27 (Friday), but on the next day he says, "Tried to finish sermon, but with no success." He was holding meetings for the preparation of his class for Confirmation. Other things of an exceedingly trying character were annoying him to the last degree. But he kept to his work as usual, the sermon-writing and the visiting, and to the studies, which he still continued. On the fourth Sunday after Easter, May 14, came the Confirmation, when eighty-one candidates were presented, to whom he made the address, as the bishop was ill. On May 23 he was in Washington with Cooper and Strong, where he spent the whole day in seeing the great review of the Army of the Potomac, before it finally disbanded and the soldiers returned to their homes. Then came the annual Diocesan Convention. He preached the Baccalaureate Sermon before the University of Pennsylvania on Sunday, the 28th of May. He writes to his brother:—

May 29, 1865.

. . . I was very busy all day Saturday, preparing a sermon which I preached last night as the Baccalaureate of the graduating class of the University of Pennsylvania.

By the way, I had a letter the other day from Professor Child

at Cambridge, inviting me to make a prayer at the Commemoration of the Harvard Soldiers at Harvard on the 21st of July. I wrote accepting. It will be a great time, I expect. There is to be a Freedmen's meeting at Music Hall on Thursday evening, at which I hoped to be present, but it comes on Fast Day and I must be at home. I hope you'll go and be sufficiently interested. I went to Washington last week for one day of the Review. It was a splendid and most touching sight. Fred went down for the second day, and seemed to enjoy it very much. I did n't meet him there, for I had to hurry home for the Diocesan Convention which met on Wednesday. We had a very good Convention; appointed Loyal Delegates to General Convention (which I see Massachusetts did n't) and divided our big Diocese into two.

I want to see the house in its new dress. You must be very fine. I hope to get among you about the middle of July. I mean to leave here a little later, and so get back a little later than usual.

So Kirby Smith has surrendered, and the war is finally over. How hard it is to feel it. These four years are drifting back into History, and we are understanding them better than ever before. Surely none of those who have given their lives could have asked a more complete consummation than we have reached.

It was one of the strange vicissitudes of the war that when the long agony was over, instead of keeping festival of thanksgiving, the nation was called by the proclamation of Mr. Johnson, Lincoln's successor, to a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. The sense of loss in the death of Lincoln was uppermost in the national consciousness, and the national mourning on the first day of June was wide and deep. Mr. Brooks came once more to the study of Lincoln's life and character. He preached no sermon, but read to his congregation selections from Lincoln's immortal speeches, interspersed with remarks of his own, — the whole constituting an epitome of the war, with Lincoln's words as the commentary on its meaning. Throughout the service Lincoln was speaking, — in his farewell address to the people of Springfield when he invoked the people's prayers, in the Emancipation Proclamation, the address at Gettysburg, and finally the pathetic second inaugural. Mr. Brooks connected each of these great utterances with a few preparatory words

of his own, concluding the services with the reading of Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" — a poem of no very high order of merit in itself, but from its associations with the great martyr, and as expressing the inward sadness which was his predominant mood as he looked out on the world of human life, it became "the accompaniment of the Dead March wailing in the people's ears."

The year of parish work which had begun with September, 1864, was now drawing to its close. The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity were beginning to disperse for the summer. To Mr. Brooks the approach of the summer brought with it a determination which must have been long maturing in his mind, although no mention is made of it in his letters, — the plan of spending a year in foreign travel. There was no sign of physical exhaustion, but he needed some marked and prolonged change after what he had been through, before he could resume the ordinary tenor of his ministry. Without some such break in his life, with the opportunity for reflection and of calm subsidence into his real and deeper self, there may have been the possibility of his being diverted from the work of the preacher into the rôle of a social or political reformer. His request for a year's absence from his parish was granted at once by his devoted vestry, together with the generous gift of the continuance of his salary while he was away. With this expectation in view, of seeing and knowing his world with his own eyes, of realizing in actual vision the scenes on which he had lived in imagination since his boyhood, his spirit revived, and the great healthy process of restoration to the normal order of life began. To his family his plan of going abroad was an important incident.

I cannot resist telling you [writes his father] how much pleased we are with your determination. I rejoice that you feel you are in situation to do it, and I know it will be time well spent; but how we shall miss you! — a whole year! You don't say the church has granted it, but I suppose you know about that. How I shall envy you, as I do every one that goes; but that cherished

wish of my heart must now be given up. You do right to go when you are young and unencumbered. Let us see as much of you as you can before you go. It is a good time to go and you will enjoy it. Can't you find some good friend to go with you?

Mother is much gratified that you can go, but she fears the danger. She will write you in a day or two. We shall think of you in your preparations, and if we can assist you in any way let us know. Our blessing will go with you. We will talk it over when we meet.

One function remained to be performed before leaving Philadelphia. On June 22 he preached the sermon at the annual Commencement of the Divinity School. His text was from 2 Corinthians v. 18: "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." The sermon left a deep, unusual impression on all who heard it, evinced by the many reports of it furnished to the newspapers. The subject was much in his mind at the time, — the reconciliation of humanity to God which had been wrought by Christ. It was also very much in the air, as we say, in circles where theological issues are discussed. Bushnell's work on the Vicarious Atonement had appeared not long before, giving rise to much discussion. The subject will be alluded to again, but here it may be said that the sermon of Mr. Brooks satisfied the leaders and representatives of the Evangelical school, who were gathered together on what was a representative occasion. The burden of his sermon was that all the power came from God in the work of reconciliation and conversion, not from man or by man. The preacher's part was to announce the message, to point out the way to God, but the work itself was of God alone — through Christ. After the sermon, as he records in his diary, he dined with Dr. Vinton and Dr. Dyer, at Mr. Cooper's. During the few remaining days he was engaged in packing up his books and moving his furniture. He went to a reception given to General Grant. On Sunday, the 9th of July, he gave a farewell sermon to his congregation.

Allusion has already been made to an invitation given him

by Harvard College to make the prayer at the coming Commemoration Day, when the sons of Harvard who had died in the war were to be remembered. The invitation had been pressed upon him by his former teacher at Harvard, the late Professor Francis J. Child, who among all his teachers must have discerned most clearly in him the signs of coming greatness while he was yet an undergraduate. Professor Child had also followed the work of Mr. Brooks in the cause of the freedmen, in which he himself also was greatly interested. He had been disappointed in not hearing him once in New York, when there had been a vast assemblage with distinguished speakers, and Mr. Brooks had been unable to go. He had urged him to make up for this disappointment by giving a speech in Boston on the 1st of June at Music Hall in conjunction with Governor Andrew and others, when Mr. Brooks had again been compelled to decline. Now he urged him to let nothing prevent his attendance in Cambridge at the Commemoration of the Harvard soldiers.

The day fixed for the ceremony was Friday, the 21st of July, and it was intended that it should be a great day in Harvard annals. All the glory and strength of New England should be represented there, the sons of Harvard from far and near, and her most distinguished representatives. Those who had won fame in literature were to contribute of their best to glorify the hour. Original poems were to be read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by James Russell Lowell. A great company of returned Union soldiers were to be there to receive a greeting, and in the remembrance of those who had gone forth to return no more, the deep emotions would be stirred which the living feel when contemplating the valor and the sacrifice of the patriotic dead.

The day was fine, although exceedingly warm, and a very large number of people assembled in and around the college grounds to witness the formation and march of the procession. Massachusetts, Harvard, and University halls were handsomely decorated in front with flags, bunting, and shields, and flags were displayed from several other university buildings.

At ten o'clock the graduates and undergraduates and invited guests assembled at Gore Hall, and formed in procession which moved at eleven o'clock in the following order: —

Gilmore's Band.

Chief Marshal of the day, Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., and Aids.
His Excellency the Governor, and the President of Harvard
College.

The Chaplains of the day.

Invited Guests.

Vice-President of the day.

Committee of Arrangements.

Students of Harvard who served during the war in the Army
or Navy, in the order of their classes.

Students of the College who have not served during the war.

On passing out of the hall the first portion of the procession passed through the opened ranks of the civil alumni amid great cheering.

The procession, after making a tour of the college grounds, marched to the Unitarian Church, the galleries and side pews of which were densely crowded with ladies and gentlemen. As the long array of heroes passed up the central aisle, the audience showered upon them repeated applause. Brigadier-General Bartlett, particularly, was greeted with tumultuous cheering as he ascended the platform.

Hon. Charles G. Loring presided, and the services began with the singing of Luther's psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God," by a select choir under the direction of Mr. J. K. Paine. Rev. Dr. Walker, ex-President of the College, then read selections from Scripture, after which a portion of the requiem by Cherubini was sung by the choir.

After prayer had been offered by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the hymn written by Robert Lowell, Esq., was sung by the congregation to the tune of Old Hundred. Rev. Dr. George Putnam of Roxbury was then introduced, and delivered the address.

A pavilion was erected on the lawn in the rear of Harvard Hall, where dinner was served at three o'clock, thirteen hundred guests taking their seats. Among the distinguished guests were Generals Meade and Barlow. Among the guests who were alumni, or had been connected with the College, were Major-Generals Barlow, Force, Devens, Paine, Hayes, and Loring; Brigadier-Generals Bartlett, Eustis, Sargent, Ames, Walcott, Stevens; Colonels Higginson, Savage, Palfrey, Crowninshield, Russell, Huidehoper, and many others. Remarks were made by

General Barlow, General Devens, Governor Andrew, and President Hill. "Fair Harvard" was played. Poems were read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. W. Emerson, Dr. O. W. Holmes; and James Russell Lowell read his famous Commemoration Ode.¹

It is a most rare event when a man appears who can utter the word which a great moment demands. Such an event it had been when Lincoln made his address at Gettysburg. Processions, a rich ceremonial, high dignitaries, the badges of office and distinction, elaborate and fitting music, the vast crowds in waiting attendance, great orations, great poems, these contribute, but these all may fail to come up to the expectation of the human soul. We do not know that they have been inadequate until the one word is spoken. And such a word it was given to Phillips Brooks to speak. When the prayer was over, the people turned and looked at one another.

"That prayer! O that prayer!" These were the words I heard as I reëntered the college grounds [says one who was present]. It was given by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, a graduate of Harvard, ten years previous, now an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia. As he stood in all the majestic beauty with which he is endowed by favoring nature, he stood, to mortal eye, confessed of hosts the leader and of princes the king. . . . One would rather have been able to pray that prayer than to lead an army or conduct a state. . . . It is not too much to say that that prayer was the crowning grace of the Commemoration.

Colonel T. W. Higginson told me [says the Rev. C. A. L. Richards] that when he saw the name of Mr. Brooks on the programme, he wondered why a young man of whom he had never heard should be so chosen. He put himself in a mood of endurance through what he regarded as a dull formality. But with the first sentence from those burning lips, his attitude changed. He found himself listening breathless. He felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart, of God. When the "Amen" came, it seemed to him that the occasion was over, that the harmonies of the music had been anticipated, that the poem had been read and the oration already uttered, that after such a prayer every other exercise might well be dispensed with.

¹ Extract from the *Boston Advertiser*, July 22, 1865.

All the circumstances connected with the event [writes Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York] have faded from my memory. All that I discern as I look into that holy blessed mirror is the image of Brooks, standing in his black gown in the pulpit of the old Harvard Square Church where Commencement Exercises were wont in those days to be held, his great head thrown back, his face looking as if it might be Stephen's, while there went forth from his lips a fiery stream of thanksgiving and supplication the like of which I never knew. I remember where I was sitting in the crowded north gallery, and I remember Brooks, and I remember my pride in him — these three, the place, the man, and the pride, are all that I remember.

The late Colonel Henry Lee, who was Chief Marshal of the occasion, nearly thirty years afterwards recalled the impression made on him, and sent these words to Mr. Brooks: —

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. How few words are fitly spoken; and those few abide in the memories and sink into the hearts of all who hear them.

In our day Emerson has delighted and instructed men by such pregnant words.

A few words uttered by Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg and in his last inaugural warmed the hearts of men in two hemispheres to that man of sorrows, and made the whole world kin.

In the annals of our College, there is a red-letter day, Commemoration Day; when after years, haggard with anxiety, the mother welcomed back the remnant of her children who had escaped "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

On that day words seemed powerless; they did not vent the overflowing of sympathy and gratitude all felt.

But in the exercises came a prayer, a brief prayer of a few minutes, of one inspired to pour forth the thanksgiving of the assembled brethren.

From that moment the name of that inspired young man, till then unknown, became a household word.¹

These comments imply that Mr. Brooks was still unknown to Boston and to Harvard when he came to Commemoration Day. This was true; but it was also true that he was chosen

¹ Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc. 2d Series, vol. viii., 1892-1894, p. 82.

because he *was* known through his patriotic utterances in Philadelphia, and well known also to many of the Harvard youth who went to the war. But now he became known in another way. In speaking before God, he had spoken to the heart of an audience which stood for all that was eminent in the social and intellectual life of the country. "It was the most impressive utterance," says President Eliot, "of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's Commemoration Ode did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers; that one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard men that a young prophet had risen up in Israel."

Of this prayer it must be further said that no record of it remains. People were too much carried away to take notes for preservation. Its glowing sentences have been forgotten. In Mr. Brooks's papers no trace of it is found, — a thing most unusual, for he generally left in writing some signs of the movement of his spirit. It is vain to try to reconstruct it. To some minds it may seem inappropriate to comment on the eloquence of a prayer to God. But there are different kinds of prayer. There is the terse petition of the Latin collect, where the rich abundance of words is condemned as inappropriate or irreverent. But there is another, an older and larger conception of prayer, where it does not seem inapt to offer to God the gift of human oratory. If music and art may be consecrated offerings to Deity, so also may the gift of eloquent speech. The Puritans had revived this form of prayer first seen in ancient Christian liturgies, where the officiant speaks to God, recounting his deeds, telling Him the things that He knows. If it be thought unfit to tell to God what He knows, it would be more unfitting to seek to tell Him the things He does not know. One cannot think then of this eloquent prayer, this memorable outburst of inspired oratory, without recalling the long line of Puritan ministers in Mr. Brooks's ancestry. They had contributed from afar some preparation for such a personality. Their descendant was following in their steps, but so transfigured the Puritan prayer as to make it a new creation. It was

what the Germans call the *Andacht*, where, when the most impressive form of human utterance is desired, and the oration and the poem fail in the surging of the tide of human emotions, the orator turns to the living God, who alone sees and knows things as they are, to whom it is becoming to say things which otherwise the presence of no audience would justify. The highest reach of human eloquence is only attainable in prayer.

In the diary of Mr. Brooks is found this brief entry: "Friday, July 21, 1865. Commemoration Day at Cambridge. I made a prayer at the services in the morning. P. M., banquet in a tent on the college grounds." He is known to have made one other allusion to it, saying to his friend Rev. James P. Franks of Salem that what touched him most was Senator Sumner's thanking him for it with tears in his eyes. But others must speak of it when he did not. Such an impression could not have been created, such a prayer could not have been made, if behind it there had not been a great soul and a great and sore experience. Other men also identified themselves with a sacred cause, and went out of themselves and lost themselves in order to a fuller life. He did it also, and if in greater degree it was partly because his spirit was moulded on a greater pattern. The war left him a larger man and a different man from what he was before. Henceforth he was no longer his own, but had been bought with a price. He had made the sacrifice of himself, — a confessor though not a martyr. Into that sacrifice he had poured freely all that he most valued, all that made life dear, and a thing to be desired. He did not himself know, he did not realize, the depth or the extent of his self-abnegation. The changes and the chances of life went over him at a critical hour, when he was absorbed in a supreme issue, and could only find himself by losing himself for God, for his country, for freedom and humanity. He had the compensations which belong to the confessor for a sublime cause, — the world's honor and love, its reverent care and undying gratitude. For the world knows and loves its benefactors. To that world which he now also loved and took to his heart

he was henceforth to give himself still more unstintingly till life was done.

After Commemoration Day at Harvard, only a brief time elapsed before he sailed for Europe, where he was to make his first entrance into the Old World, and to make that also his own, as would be apparent in later years. The days were spent in preparation for his departure, and for the rest in the usual manner when at home. Evidence of excitement over what is before him is shown in the neglect of his diary, which is now irregularly kept. On the 23d of July he was at Newport for a short visit, staying with parishioners, and preaching in All Saints' Chapel. There are allusions to bathing and riding, and to playing croquet while he was there. It was hard for his mother to part with him for a year's absence, but she gave him her blessing on his purpose:—

I do not wonder that you want so much to go, nor that you feel so happy about it. I am very glad that you have the chance while you are young and unshackled. I shall enjoy it all for you. I do not blame any young man for wanting to see all of his world and all of human nature that he can. And most of all I do not wonder that you want to see the *Holy Land*, which sight you know I have always longed for. Would I could go with you there. . . . And so for my own feelings, dear Philly, I promise to behave as well as I can. But I shall miss you, I shall long for you, I shall think, and think, and think, about you, and I know sometimes I shall be anxious about you; for I have said good-by to one dear boy, and it makes me tremble. But I will try to feel and act right about it, for I would not throw the shadow of a cloud upon the happiness before you. Day and night will I pray that God will restore you to us in safety. But one thing, my dear child, I do say, — I *could not* let you go if you were not a Christian. Thank God you are; and I rejoice to feel that the dear Saviour whom you have loved and served so faithfully here will go with you, will be your nearest and best friend, and in all your dangers and exposures may He be sensibly present with you. . . .

Your dear and affectionate MOTHER.

It was not easy for the congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity nor for the people in Philadelphia to part,

even if it were only for a year, with one who had so strangely and powerfully made himself felt among them.

We understand [said the editor of a Philadelphia church paper] that the rector of Holy Trinity in this city expects to sail for Europe in a few days to spend a year in Europe and the East. Mr. Brooks's great congregation and numerous friends, and the church at large, are reluctant to miss for so long a period his singularly powerful, attractive, and edifying ministrations. We remember no instance in which so young a man has built up so high and solid a reputation in our church by means so purely legitimate and so utterly void of extraneous influences and sensational appliances. Respected no less than admired, honored as well as beloved, for his fidelity, his fine gifts, his outspoken manliness, . . . his genuine eloquence of a soul alive and glowing with holy principles and noble emotions, he will go accompanied with the prayers of thousands for his happy journeying and his safe return.

On Monday, August 7, Mr. Brooks left Boston for New York accompanied by his father and his elder brother. There they met Mr. Lemuel Coffin, his faithful friend from Philadelphia, who had come to say farewell at the ship. On Wednesday morning he sailed in the steamer *Scotia* of the Cunard Line for England.

CHAPTER XVII

1865-1866

THE YEAR ABROAD

THE VOYAGE

I SAILED from New York for Europe, in the British Mail Steamship Scotia (Captain Judkins), at half past nine on the morning of Wednesday, August 9, 1865. We landed at Queens-town, Ireland, on the morning of Friday, the 18th of August, at four o'clock.

If everybody who goes to Europe could look back on such a voyage as we had, Europe would needs be very great to be worthy of such an admission to it. The entrance way so glorious demands a very glorious structure. I shall never forget those still, long summer days, steeped full of the sunshine, when with nothing to do, all care and responsibility of necessity suspended, we just lived and looked and learned to love the sea for its greatness and gentleness, for a certain large, calm beauty which took nothing from its grandeur. We had no storms, and only two foggy nights, when we ran shrieking into the bosom of an endless cloud, with that wild cry which blends fear for self and warning for others, and gives both awe and comfort to those who look out into the white darkness and hear it, — only two such nights gave us any of the sense of danger from which we would not have had our voyage wholly free. Our company, I suppose, was a fair picture of that which weekly gathers on these ships for the same passage. All sorts of men and women — almost all races — half a dozen languages — thrown together into the supreme democracy of ship-life where the only aristocracy is the prerogative of a good stomach, and social orders are ranged only by the number of days on deck. I left the good ship without the memory of one uncomfortable moment. I can see her now, as she steamed off for Liverpool and we in our tug-boat, in the gray morning, panted up the bay of Queenstown to set foot in the Old World.

The first impressions on landing in the Old World are thus recorded: —

How strange it seemed at first! That earliest day was simply full of wonder and amusement. Up from Queenstown by rail to Cork; for three hours in the streets of that queer old town; from Cork to Dublin. One was merely getting *en rapport* with the oldness of the thing — getting his new atmosphere about him — learning to shape his eyes to the new focus at which he must bring to his brain things five hundred years old instead of things fifty. It was not done wholly in one day, but it was remarkable to see how much the mental process, like the corresponding physical one, was instinctive.

While he was abroad he wrote letters every week to different members of his family. He also kept a somewhat elaborate journal, in which he recorded more fully what he saw and did each day, describing his impressions, making comments on people and customs, on religion, on preachers, on historic events and places; but more particularly revealing the effects upon his imagination of the world of art, to which he was now introduced for the first time. Many of his letters have been published in the volume entitled "Letters of Travel." It is therefore unnecessary to do more than give a general outline of his tour. He was gone for more than a year, leaving home, August 9, 1865, and returning September 25, 1866. He had the advantage of many letters of introduction from his friends in Philadelphia and Boston. Through the generosity of his parish he was amply equipped with funds for the journey. No American ever left home for the first time to travel in the Old World with a keener appreciation of the value of the opportunity afforded him. He was never more alive than during this wonderful year. He could not see enough, or too often, the things and places of which all his life he had dreamed. It was a year of realization of the visions he had accumulated in his long preparation for living.

Dublin was the first Old World city which he visited. From Ireland he went to Scotland. Edinburgh appeared to him the queen of cities. Of Mary Stuart and the associations with her of which Edinburgh is full he remarks that "they are of great aid in keeping alive pure romance as distinct

from heroism." He made the familiar pilgrimage to Melrose and Abbotsford:—

Abbotsford I would have gone to Europe to see alone. The sight of it seemed to make its great master a new and ineffaceable possession somehow. I had known him well, I thought, before, but this put life into the corpse of my knowledge. This whole region is full of the life of brave, healthy, life-loving Sir Walter. The situation of Hawthornden House is fine. We ought to know more of Drummond, who lived there, and who, I remember, charmed me years ago when I just looked into him. Roslyn Chapel— is there anything like it? has stone anywhere else blossomed and run wild as in these columns and this roof?

From Scotland he went to the English lakes with thoughts of Wordsworth and Coleridge in his mind, of Dr. Arnold and De Quincey. His enthusiasm was fired anew by these literary associations in combination with the charms of the natural scenery. He describes a Sunday at Ambleside:—

The first Evangelical English Church I have seen. The sermons very poor. The Service read. The High Churchmen here intone the service, and the Low Churchmen intone the sermon. The preacher warned his flock not to make a "sine die" postponement of religion. Coming out of church I heard a young collegian's verdict on the whole "stupid sermon and beastly service." But it was a good deal better than St. John's in Edinburgh. How the Englishmen are *at home* in their island. They are so long here, and have it so well "in hand." It makes us feel how new we are in America, and how little we have got hold of it yet. Wait awhile.

His first cathedral was Durham. He was delighted with Mrs. Gaskell, the author of the life of Charlotte Brontë, gaining from her in answer to his questions much information about literary people in England. To have met Ruskin would have satisfied a great hunger in his soul, but the letter of introduction given him by Mrs. Gaskell only admitted him to Ruskin's house, for Ruskin himself was away from home. He looked eagerly about him in the rooms which bore the traces of his presence. On his way to London he took in the eastern line of cathedrals, Ripon and York, Lincoln and Ely, Fountain Abbey also, and Cambridge.

What shall we say of these old Cathedrals? Are they the splendid pillars that hold up still the arches of a real live worship and Faith in England, or are they rather the golden nails from which the vast canopy once hung, but has rotted and fallen away; or like the golden pins that once held plates of gold upon the walls, and now the more their preciousness shines, only tell the more how what they held has dropped away.

Amidst the most beautiful of English scenery, and the charm of its monuments, he writes, "I had no idea, till I came here, what a tremendous American I was." At old Boston he looked with a deep personal interest at the Cotton Chapel, named after his ancestor, Rev. John Cotton. After reaching London, his quarters were at the head of the Strand, near Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey. He repeats to himself that he is in London. "It is a fascinating place, for there is not a step that is not full of associations." He was kindly received by his kinsman, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the United States minister at the Court of St. James. A letter of introduction from Mr. Robert C. Winthrop procured him an interview with Dean Milman, whom he saw with deep interest after reading his books. Dean Milman received him most kindly, but the deanery was in disorder, cutting short his visit. The dean, however, offered him religious hospitality at the cathedral, and urged him to hear Melville.

In the afternoon (Sunday, September 17) I went to St. Paul's and heard Melville, the Preacher of the Golden Lectures — "the Prince of Preachers, he is called, sir," said a man to me as we came out. Dean Milman told me the night before he was to preach, and told me also that he had just lost a daughter and he (Milman) had offered to take his place, but he preferred to do his own regular work. It was a perfect sermon, from "Now the God of peace grant you peace always by all means." The division and whole treatment was the simplest and most obvious. The style as clear and exquisite as possible — no action, but the most finished intonation and articulation. He is an old, white-headed man with a noble figure and earnest, kindly face. "You cannot come out of season to the Tree of Life," he said, referring to Rev. xx. 2: "You may bring your season with you, and the tree takes it. You come in autumn, and it is an autumn tree, and

bears autumn fruit." It was the most perfect sermon, all in all, that I ever heard.

Other preachers that he heard were Maurice and Martineau. Of Spurgeon he writes:—

A fearful crowd and too long a sermon. But it was good of its kind; and since such a kind always has been and always will be, why, the better it is of its kind, the better. I prefer York Minster, and so do you. (Extract from a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards.)

He describes a Sunday in London:—

Sunday (September 23) in the morning at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, the highest of all high churches; and in the afternoon at Westminster Abbey. Altars, candles, genuflexions, and all that to nausea—a boy preacher, a boyish sermon about the great Christian tests, which consisted of Daily Service, Confession to Priests (etc.), and constant Communion. In the P. M. sermon by somebody at Westminster Abbey; good but dull; English preaching is not great.

While in London he spent much of his time at the National Gallery and in the Kensington Museum, where he made the acquaintance of modern English art through Reynolds and Hogarth and Wilkie and Lely. He visited Mrs. Kemble at Warnford Park, near Winchester. The visit was a delightful one, including a drive to the cathedral when he presented his letter of introduction to Canon Carus, an intimate friend of Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and also his biographer. Finding that the time of the year (September) was unfavorable for seeing people or institutions in London to advantage, he cut short his stay, and left for the Continent, with the intention of returning before his tour was over. As he takes his leave he records in his journal his final impressions:—

What I have seen has certainly impressed me, as I had no idea before, with the presence of marks of decay and corruption as shown in the recognition of and provision for profligacy and corruption, which belongs to all old civilizations, but which it seemed as if this had had some power to escape.

And Cathedral life has come to appear to me, with all its ele-

gant retirement, one of the most disagreeable of things, and Cathedral towns the deadest things in England.

From Ostend, where he felt more keenly the consciousness of being actually in Europe, he resumed his journey, stopping at Bruges and Ghent and Brussels, and going out to the battlefield of Waterloo. He made the acquaintance of Rubens at Antwerp, and of Rembrandt at the Hague. And so he came to Germany. He respected, he says, the Dutch, but he liked the Germans. He felt that he was passing an invisible line when he first came in contact, at Cologne, with Roman churches and relics. This brought him to Bonn, where he writes (October 2) in view of Mayence, Heidelberg, and Frankfort: —

Am I not a lucky chap to see all this? I am splendidly well and keep on the go all the time, and am getting the hang of German enough to be quite at home with the people. I eschew all delicacies and rough it generally. Last night I found a feather bed for covering in my room. I kicked it off and slept like a top without it. The worst thing to me about this travelling is that you can't drink water. Think of my misery. But it is too vile to touch. . . . I would give a dollar for a pitcher of ice water to-night. I think I did right in coming alone, that is as no very intimate friend offered. I find companions everywhere, and see much more of the people than if I were with a party of my own. It costs a little more, because I have to pay all the fees, which are a great expense here for one, instead of dividing them among a party. To-day I met a Philadelphian on the steps of Cologne Cathedral, and last week I found a family of parishioners at the Hotel St. Antoine in Antwerp.

Going up the Rhine was a great event, and at Coblenz he stopped, in order to climb to the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein. Luther and Goethe came up before him, first at Worms and Frankfort, and then more vividly as he visited Eisenach and the Wartburg and Wittenberg, and the home of Goethe at Weimar. Of a Sunday spent at Frankfort he makes this record in his journal: —

In the morning I went to the Cathedral and heard some fine German music and a sermon in German from some priest or other which interested me much. It was the most *earnest* preaching, at least, which it has been my lot to hear in the Old World. From

there to the English chapel, where the forlornest of chaplains delivered the forlornest of discourses. After church I walked through the Jews' quarter of the town. It is one of the most picturesque of sights. Then I went and saw the house where Goethe was born. I have liked Frankfort very much indeed. In the afternoon I went again to the Cathedral, and heard the same man preach; and then came the service of the Mass, with the most superb congregational singing I ever heard — it rings in my ears now. Those full German voices, every one singing the sonorous German words, produced a wonderful effect. I almost trembled when I saw and felt the power of pure emotion in religious things, and thought I could understand how so many have yielded to the impulse to bow as that splendid procession of the host went by with its thrilling incense and thrilling music, and then by and by bowed to the system of the church that it belongs to.

At Leipzig he was excited by the great bookstores. He went down into Auerbach's cellar, where the Faust scene was laid. With letters of introduction, he called upon the German professors at Halle, and found them hospitable and interesting, — Erdmann, professor of Hebrew; Hupfeld, with whom he took a long walk; and Tholuck, the friend of all Americans, with whom he spent an evening, talking of theological matters in Germany, England, and America. What interested him most in Germany were the haunts of Luther and Goethe, the two greatest of the Germans. He lingered over "those old portraits by Cranach, who seems to have been such a character, who at any rate knew how to give Luther to canvas and to the world." He stood before the monument

in the dead old marketplace at Wittenberg with the noble inscription — Gamaliel's skepticism Christianized into Faith: —

Ist's Gottes werk, so wird's bestehen;
Ist's Menschens werk, wird's untergehen.

And then his tomb under the pavement of the old Schloss Kirche — on whose bronze doors the theses that once were nailed to them in paper have broken forth in bronze — an emblem, as it seemed, of the work they did among men.

I must not forget either the quiet little German graveyard in

Wittenberg, into which I wandered while I was waiting for the train. The whole day (October 12) was memorable.

At Berlin he was moved by Kaulbach's great frescoes:—

Here I learned to know Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto, whose Virgin and Child I enjoyed more than any picture there, and old Van Eyck with the wonderfully beautiful wings of the worship of the Lamb. Here is Titian's Daughter, and some strange pictures of old Cranach of Wittenberg. Most of the Rubenses here I did not care for, though some of them are wonderful in flesh and drapery color. There are some fine Van Dycks and Teniers, but the oldest pictures interested me most.

In my ignorance I am surprised, here as everywhere, by the bright rich color of the old pictures. I looked for faded things, where the imagination has to do its part, but the splendid color of them is magnificent. The great allegorical frescoes, with few exceptions, give me very little pleasure. Except for the brilliancy with which their color lights it up, I care nothing for all that work in the Portico of the Museum.

He came to Dresden, and though his expectations were high, he was not disappointed. He speaks of the galleries he had drawn pictures of in his brain for so many years:—

There was that room more like a church than anything I know in Europe where the Madonna stands. Of it let us say nothing, but that it was something unspeakably different as well as greater than anything I have dreamed — to all pictures henceforth what the Bible is to all books.

And again in a letter, speaking of Dresden:—

I spent two days, and such days! Oh, if you could see the picture gallery there! It has the picture of the world which I have waited years to see, Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. I will not say anything about it, because there is no use trying to tell what a man feels who has been wanting to enjoy something for fifteen years, and when it comes finds it is something unspeakably beyond what he had dreamed. The other rooms of the gallery are rich in the great paintings of the world.

Then came Munich, with its famous galleries of old and of modern pictures; and by the end of October he was in Vienna, where he hunted up the grave of Paracelsus, and visited the house where Mozart was born. At Vienna he

dined with Mr. Motley, the author of the "Dutch Republic." Here, also, he met Rev. Dr. Leeds of Baltimore, with whom he was to make the tour of the Holy Land. He was thrilling with excitement as he contemplated the prospect still before him. Thus he writes to his father: —

You will gather from my letter that all goes well, and I am very happy. There has not been an hour since I left New York that has not been full of pleasure, not a day that has not been lighted up by seeing some of the sights for which I have longed. And all the East, and Italy, and France, and much of England and Switzerland — all this is yet in store. Hurrah!

In a letter to his mother, he says the words which are wanted at home: —

It is two months to-day since I sailed. How they have gone! And to me they have been the fullest months of my life. Not a day without something that I have longed all my life to see. So it will go on till I see the sight that I shall be most glad of all to see, you and Father waiting on the wharf to see me land, as you came down before to see me sail.

At Constantinople he met Mr. W. S. Appleton of Boston, who was also to join him in the tour of Syria. He was still as alive and susceptible to new impressions as when he started. He was not quite sure of his movements, but he writes: —

I don't worry ahead. Italy is before me all the while, and I must get a great deal of time there. I am perfectly well and ready for anything. What a three months they have been! Nine more like them!

While in Constantinople he attended the service of the Howling Dervishes: —

We went in with unshod feet to the plainest and dingiest of rooms, where a noble-looking priest sat on a rug at one side, and a line of rascally looking Dervishes, in various costumes, on the other three. Hanging around the walls were their instruments of torture worship, which are no longer used. The service had begun and was gradually waxing more and more boisterous. By and by they all rose, and then soon passed into the full power of their frenzy. One cannot describe the horrible sight when

the highest pitch was reached, and swaying, roaring, screaming, bending double, jerking, and stamping they kept time to the wild melody they uttered. We stayed about an hour, and then left, I for one depressed with the apparent hypocrisy, as well as the disgustingness, of the whole. Their priest seemed the only earnest man.

All along the way he wrote of the changing aspects of the scenery, as though it had some diviner meaning, some important relationship to the inner life of man. At times he was moved to write verses to commemorate the deepest impressions. He surrendered himself to his moods. He chose to believe that St. John was buried at Ephesus, according to the tradition. He welcomed the first sight of the ruins, for they were to him the symbols of life. He thought of St. Paul "who tried to go in to the people," in the vast amphitheatre. At Messina there was the reminder of Tarsus, behind the hills, where St. Paul was born. Damascus was reached on the 3d of December, and then began a new epoch, where Scripture incident is interwoven with natural scenery and human monuments. The deeper significance of what he sees springs from its connection with the supernatural revelation. He was living in expectancy of some unearthly light which should dawn on this visible creation. He was anxious to keep a record of every impression, and to this end writes home asking that his letters be carefully preserved.

Thus he notes the street in Damascus, called Straight, where Judas lived, the house of Judas, the wall where Paul was let down in a basket, the house of Naaman the Syrian, and the site of the House of Rimmon. On the walled-up doorway of a Christian church, transformed into a mosque, he read the inscription, "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy Dominion endureth from generation to generation." He lunched on a spur of Mt. Hermon, drinking the water of the river Jordan. "This is the first spot," he writes, "that we have touched where Christ himself has been." He rode "through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," recalling the scene of Christ's meeting with the Syrophœnician woman. "What city is like to Tyrus, to

the destroyed in the midst of the sea." He remembered Origen and his lonely grave, and Frederick Barbarossa, and the place of Sarepta, where Elijah met the widow. "Think of being in the dominions of that old Og, king of Bashan, whom we have always read of in the Psalter." "These last two weeks have been like a curious sort of dream; all the old Bible story has seemed so strangely about us." In the plain of Acre, "the very sight lets you understand" how Asher "dipped his foot in oil, and his head was fat, and he yielded royal dainties;" the creeks and the bays recall how Asher lingered, and Deborah reproached him with "abiding in his breaches." He comes to Mt. Carmel and to that swift-flowing river, "that ancient river, the river Kishon." The mountain itself is what it was in Elijah's time, wooded to the top, looking out on beauty and richness everywhere:—

What a place for a prophet and what a scene for the great trial of his faith. Below, the Kishon runs through the plain, as if still telling of how he took of the prophets of Baal and slew them there. We sleep under the shadow of Carmel. I am very tired, and all is still, except the jackal screaming in the distance. Good-night; I wish I were going to bed in that back room at home.

As he came to Nazareth, and from that time onward, the thought of Jesus took possession of his mind and soul:—

It was a strange feeling to ride down through it, and look in the people's faces and think how Christ must have been about these streets just like these children.

We climbed the "hill on which the city was built," and saw what is perhaps the finest view in Palestine. I thought all the time I was looking at it how often Jesus must have climbed up here and enjoyed it.

The sight that His eyes saw farthest off was that line of the Mediterranean on which His power was to spread to the ends of the world.

We lunched at Cana of Galilee. . . . You can picture Jesus and His mother going out from Nazareth to a near town to attend the marriage to which they had been invited. . . . We rode on through a rolling country through which Jesus must often have

walked on his way back and forth between Nazareth and the lake. The whole country, every hill and valley, seemed marked with His footprints. . . . The Hill of the Beatitudes; another hill where they say Christ fed the multitude.

Another ridge climbed, and there was the "Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias." There it lay in the afternoon twilight, blue among the purple hills. There were the walks He walked, the shores where He taught, the mountains where He prayed. . . . Looking into a house door at Nazareth I saw "two women grinding together at the mill."

This is the "land of Gennesaret." This is Capernaum, the home of Christ after Nazareth rejected Him. "And thou Capernaum!"

This is Bethsaida, the city of John and James, Peter and Andrew.

I have had a very pleasant, quiet Sunday here at Nazareth (December 17, 1865). This morning I went to the Greek church and heard their usual boisterous and disagreeable service. . . . All day the people have gathered round to look at us. It is touching to hear the poor people tell of how they suffered from the locusts in the spring. They came in clouds, covering the ground half a foot deep, as large as sparrows; all the shops and houses were closed for days. Every green thing was eaten up. It sounded like a chapter out of Joel. It is sad, too, to hear them talk of their government. All spirit is gone out of them, and they only wait the inevitable dropping to pieces of the rotten thing, which they all expect.

The days became more interesting as he approached Jerusalem. He was enjoying intensely the actual vision of these things. Old Testament history was before his mind, inextricably interwoven with the life of Jesus. Not an incident in the narration seemed to escape him. His head was running with Bible phrases. He read the Old Testament on horseback as he went through familiar places. And so he came to Jerusalem. This passage from his journal sums up his impression: —

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; He is risen." As concerns Jesus, I know nothing which could more adjust our views of Him than a visit to the Holy Land. In fastening the New Testament story in its place by geographical positions it rescues it from vagueness and obscurity and makes the Humanity a clear, palpable fact. At the same time, by the

failure of present enthusiasms about the country, by the way in which the Power of the Religion has outgrown and left behind the places where it had its birth, by the failure of the material to satisfy and account for and accompany the spiritual, it sets us free for a larger and juster grasping of the true Divinity. It is like the relation between an immortal word and the mortal lips that uttered it. The lips die, and you go and look at them when they are dead and see at once how they were made to utter the word, their whole mechanism built for it, and yet how, while they uttered it even, they were dying in giving expression to what in its very nature was eternal. The old bewilderment between causes and circumstances, which is so continual in common life, has confused so much of men's thinking of Jesus and His land. All this seems to me very clear, this soft December-June Sunday as I sit in our tent at Nazareth.

Apart from its Christian interest, or rather as part of its preparation for that, how wonderfully this land's history has been the meeting point of waves from East and West, from North and South, the line where they met and neutralized each other, and left a vacuum for new forces to be produced.

The effect of this travel, as concerns the realization of Christ's life, seemed to me even more evident at Jacob's Well than at Nazareth. Probably it will be even more so at Jerusalem. It seems too as if the same analogy would adjust and state what I hold to be the highest, truest, and most spiritual view of Inspiration, but have never been able to put exactly into shape.

Of all the associations with Christ, I found most pleasure in Nazareth, Jacob's Well, and the Mount of Olives. The first as the scene of His developing consciousness; the second as that of His highest announcement of truth; the third as that of His completest emotion and mental suffering. I am struck by seeing that it is neither of them as the scene of a miracle.

How Christ is not merely the greatest, but the only presence that fills the landscape in Palestine; not even John the Baptist at the Jordan; some of the Old Testament persons to some extent, but Christ only in the New. John, Paul, and Peter might have lived and written elsewhere as well as here. It seems to show a necessity for the assertion of a distinct and localized humanity within.

One pleasant feature in Eastern superstition is their regard for animal life. It does n't result very pleasantly in the case of the dogs, to be sure, but there is something very un-Western in the way the birds abound in the cities, twitter at your window, haunt your church (Nazareth, Cairo Mosques), and fill your back yard.

It may be partly the result of Eastern stagnation as well as of Eastern religion. For the rest the spirit of all the religions of the East seems to be but one, and that very bad. Its simplicity is not sincerity, but indifference and stupidity. "God is great" is their only creed because they dare not take the trouble to trace out that greatness of God into its due connections with their own lives and duties. Then again, the secularism of their religion seems to be shown in the way in which they divide themselves and quarrel by religious, which in this case amounts to the same thing as political, names. It bears a sad analogy to the earlier and worse periods of the Christian church, its fifth and sixth, and fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when men used for political landmarks and rallying cries the sacred words which, whether we make them holier or not, we have at least the sense and shame to keep in their true place in the region of thought and opinion.

After two weeks in Jerusalem, he turned westward. He was anxious to get to Italy. For Egypt he did not then greatly care, but remained there long enough to visit the Pyramids and meditate beneath the shadow of the Sphinx:—

The Sphinx wonder impressed me more than anything else I have seen. Half buried in the drifting sand, her great paws and broad chest out of sight with the altar they encompassed. Her calm still face, not stern and not gentle, only self-centred, as if she were too vast either to hate or love the men who worshipped her. The harmony of repose between the features and the form—the great divine pitiless *Rest* of the whole, as if neither human sin could rouse her to anger, nor human goodness tempt a smile—how wonderful she is. The way in which the Egyptian features have been made capable of grand idealization in the face of the Sphinx is very fine. Near her, to the southwest, grows a noble, green sycamore tree. Compare the Sphinx with the "Bavaria" at Munich—the great Zeus and Juno heads at Naples in the museum—the grandeur that always seems to belong to colossal representations of the human face. They are the vast conceptions of young nations and faiths. The older and effete delight in miniature. It illustrates the youngness of the Germans. I think there might be a comparison drawn between the Sphinx and the Dresden Madonna, as the highest art expressions of the two great religions, the East and the West,—Fatalism and Providence, for that they seem to mean. Both have recognized the feminine nature of the religious instinct, for each is a woman. Both have tried to express a union of humanity with something

its superior, but one has joined it only to the superior *strength* of the animal, the other has infused it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. One unites wisdom and power, and claims man's homage for that, the other unites wisdom and love, and says, "Worship this." The Sphinx has life in her human face written into a riddle, a puzzle, a mocking bewilderment. The Virgin's face is full of a mystery we cannot fathom, but it unfolds to us a thousand of the mysteries of life. It does not mock, but bless us. The Egyptian woman is alone amid her sands — to be worshipped, not loved. The Christian woman has her child clasped in her arms, enters into the companies and sympathies of men, and claims no worship except love. And so on through many points. The next day we spent in Cairo.

He was now turning to another world of associations to be revived and realized, cherished, too, hardly less than those of Judæa and of Scripture history. To his mother he writes, February 4, 1866: "In Rome at last, at the place of all others in Europe that I have most wished to reach. It is exactly as I have always pictured it, only a great deal more interesting." And in another letter he says, speaking of Rome: —

It was an unceasing and infinite delight. Rome is so much greater and fuller than I had ever dreamed of. I have seen a great deal, but when I think what there is right about me, it seems as if I had seen nothing. I have wandered all through St. Peter's; spent a long day in the wilderness of the Vatican; another in the great museums of the Capitol; and followed the banks of the Tiber; skirted the ruins of the old temples, palaces, and theatres of this wonderful race; roamed through some of the picture galleries of the great palaces; found my way into a few of the numberless gorgeous churches; and to-day have been from one to another of the studios of our own living artists. To a Protestant the Coliseum, like St. Peter's, is too vast and great for Roman sectarianism to keep. They both are among the great religious temples of the race, where all humanity may worship and confess in the presence of all that recalls the exhibitions of mankind's highest and lowest natures.

One morning I climbed to the roof and galleries and dome of St. Peter's. More than ever I seemed to pass beyond the narrowness of the sectarianism of the place, and feel as if it were indeed what one loves to dream it might be, truly Catholic, the great religious home of humanity, where every good impulse,

every true charity, every deep faith, every worship, and every benevolence should find a representation, — the great harmony of all the discords of well-meaning and conflicting religious educations and progresses. In spite of its positive character, its very immensity makes it answer vaguely some such purpose even now to those who go there.

The Pantheon surpasses all temples in its embrace of time — covers all religious history — holds still genuinely old ideas, whose beginning is lost, and yet fitly shrines new ones, whose end the human mind has not yet dared to conceive. The entrance from its great, square, gloomy portico into its bright, round, sky-lighted cella is involuntarily suggestive.

The modern artists' works are seemingly crushed into littleness by the grandeur of the old works about them. They do mere prettinesses; one or two exceptions only. But of the art of Rome it is hopeless to try to write one's impressions. Among the pictures I see now Raphael's Transfiguration and Madonna di Foligno in the Vatican (how could the same man ever have painted the horrible in the Barberini Gallery!) — the first far greater than I had conceived. The Christ is the noblest attempt of art. It is the Christ of the Sistine Madonna grown to manhood. The picture is not to me the greatest of the world, but all comparisons of this sort are impious and odious.

The Communion of St. Jerome I enjoyed greatly. The deep human feeling and true reverence of Domenichino is as perfect in its way as the more spiritual and miraculous inspiration of Raphael. Also in the Vatican is Murillo's Marriage of St. Catherine, with three of the most perfect faces pencil ever drew. Guercino's Magdalene and Skepticism of Thomas introduced me to a new love for him. In the Capitol I saw him again in the St. John Baptist and the Santa Petronilla. Here too, in the Capitol, is his Persian Sibyl, which I like much more than Domenichino's Cumæan Sibyl near it.

Of the other galleries I remember the Borghese best by its Raphael portraits, its splendid Titians (sacred and profane love, and others), and its Andrea del Sartos, especially the Magdalen and Holy Family; the Barberini by that wonderful Cenci, of which no copy or engraving begins to give an idea — it stands alone among pictures; the Doria for its Titians, the Three Ages of Men particularly; the Corsini for its Guidos and Carlo Dolcis, though one tires much of the latter. Guido you know first here in Rome. The Michael in the Capuchins' Church, the Crucifixion in St. Lorenzo, the Aurora in the Rospiglioso Pavilion, the Assumption in the private chapel of the Quirinal, the St. Sebastian

in the Capitol, — all these one must see, and then go to Naples and look at the greatest of all in the superb Visitation that hangs over the high altar in the church of St. Martino.

On the whole the greatest statue I have seen is the Dying Gladiator. Byron, who talks a vast amount of twaddle, has strangely and truly said just the right thing here. The Apollo is far less powerful. The Gladiator has a pathos in it of which I had not believed marble was capable. Michael Angelo's Moses in St. Pietro di Vincoli, and his Christ in St. Maria Sopra Minerva, both enchained me long. I think few things in old art have given me more delight than the faun faces that, with a merriment and animal glee which modern life hardly knows, overrun with laughter, as the fountains do with water, everywhere, from the classic statue in the Capitol to the rudest bust that still laughs with its broken nose on some high shelf in the Vatican. That little Chapel of St. Laurence, hidden away in the depths of the Vatican, with its pictures of St. Stephen and St. Laurence by Fra Angelico (how quaint and touching his old tombstone is in St. Maria Sopra Minerva!), is one of the most delightful things to me in Rome.

Of the great Frescoes of Raphael, as of the Tapestries, I am afraid I must say that as wholes I enjoyed them very little, but parts, and especially single figures in almost all of them, gave me real and very deep delight.

While Mr. Brooks was in Rome, he preached on two successive Sundays at the American Embassy. He also made in Rome an address on the 22d of February: —

Two hundred and five loyal ladies and gentlemen [so runs the report] assembled in the Galleria Daulesea, Stamperia Camerale, to give expression to their feelings of reverence for the dead, as well as to unite in hearty, joyful thanks that freedom has been effectually established, and that the good old flag in peace and beauty now floats over our beloved land. The hall was spacious and beautiful. The repast was elegant and sumptuous, while a profusion of fresh and choicest flowers perfumed the atmosphere deliciously. Ex-President King of Columbia College presided . . . and made an eloquent speech, warming every loyal heart present. Mr. William W. Story portrayed the beautiful character of Pius IX. . . . Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Rhode Island recited a beautiful poem of his own composition. General Bartlett was most happy in a short but spirited reply to the "Army and Navy." Several other persons made appropriate and most acceptable addresses, but the most soul-stirring and eloquent was

from Rev. Phillips Brooks, who, like the old Roman orators, by his warm patriotism, choice language, original thoughts, and rushing eloquence, completely chained every hearer.¹ (Correspondent of the "Boston Transcript.")

Amidst the absorption of sight-seeing, he found the time, while in Rome, to write a long letter to the children of his Sunday-school in Philadelphia, to be read to them as his Easter greeting.² It was a very genuine, as well as beautiful letter, and an extract is given here in order to fill out the picture of his mind in those days, so crowded with new and strange impressions. It shows also his love for children:—

I do not mind telling you (though of course I should not like to have you speak of it to any of the older people of the church) that I am much afraid the younger part of my congregation has more than its share of my thoughts and interest. I cannot tell you how many Sunday mornings since I left you I have seemed to stand in the midst of our crowded schoolroom again, and look about and know every face and every class just as I used to; nor how many times I have heard one of our home hymns ringing very strangely and sweetly through the different music of some far-off country. I remember especially on Christmas Eve, when I was standing in the old church at Bethlehem, close to the spot where Jesus was born, when the whole church was ringing hour after hour with the splendid hymns of praise to God, how again and again it seemed as if I could hear voices that I knew well, telling each other of the "Wonderful Night" of the Saviour's birth, as I had heard them a year before; and I assure you I was glad to shut my ears for a while and listen to the more familiar strains that came wandering to me halfway round the world.

Six months still remained to him after leaving Rome before his year of absence should expire. Greece was next to be visited. He had been so eager to get into Italy that he had passed by Athens as if it occupied a secondary place in his affections. Yet of his first day in Athens he writes, "It was one of the most memorable of all my journey," and again he writes, "Greece has been perhaps on the whole the best

¹ Cf. *Letters of Travel*, p. 96, for allusion to this circumstance.

² This letter is given in *Letters of Travel*, pp. 85 ff.

and most picturesque success of all my journey." How his experience there revived within him the youthful classic fervor is shown in this letter to his brother Arthur, then a Senior at Harvard:—

ATHENS, Saturday, March 10, 1866.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I have been meaning to write you a letter, and have only waited till I could find myself in a sufficiently classical mood to warrant my addressing a young person almost through Harvard. I thought at one time that Rome would do pretty well, but am glad now that I waited till I had finished a week in Greece, which I will try to tell you a little about. There is enough to tell if I can only get it into shape. I am now in the cabin of the French steamer lying in the Piræus, which is going to start in an hour or two to take me to Cività Vecchia. Thursday morning, the 1st, we (Appleton and I) landed at the Piræus, and took a rickety hack up the dusty road between the almost-gone Long Walls to Athens. As soon as we were out of the town (Piræus), the Acropolis and Lycabettus and Pentelicus were all in sight. That day and the three next we spent in the City, with one day's ride out over the Sacred Road to Eleusis, and another's walk to Colonus and the Groves of the Academy and along the Cephissus. What shall I tell you most about? I remember perhaps most of all one afternoon in the newly excavated Dionisiac Theatre just under the south wall of the Acropolis. It has been covered and lost till within the last two years, but now is being rapidly dug out and is almost all evident. It is a very perfect gem. The bright tiers of white marble seats slope up the hill from the marble orchestra, and the Parthenon looks over the wall at them from above. Beyond the orchestra the narrow stage, supported by the line of exquisite sculptures, mostly broken and headless, but very beautiful, stands just as when "Euripides" and "Æschylus" were performed on it for the first time. The front row of seats around the orchestra is a line of elegant marble chairs, with the name of the assigned occupant sculptured on each. They are the Priests of the city. The Clergy had front seats at the Theatre in those days. I sat down in the chair Ἱερεὺς Διὸς Ὀλύμπιου, and imagined myself the old Reverend who used to occupy it. My brother of Dionysus sat on one side, and his Reverence of Hermes on the other. Behind were two grand chairs marked Ὁ Κῆρυξ and Ὁ Στρατηγός, while the biggest of all, with Ἡ Πόλις on it, stood just at one side. In front was Hymettus with its deep purple mass, where one almost heard the humming of the bees in the still sunny air (the honey from Mt. H.

is splendid still), and off to the right rose the hill of Philopappus, behind which shine the waters of the Saronic Gulf. Two little Greek boys and a Greek maiden (very dirty all) were playing hide and seek among the ruins and behind the seats, and when they got tired of that, running along the front of the stage, touching the sculptures, and naming the *Σώματα*, as they called them, *ἄνδρα, γυναίκα, γυναίκα, ἄνδρα*. The latest discovery, an old Greek altar cut over in later times with a Latin inscription in honor of two dead Roman nobodies, lay close by. I sat there till they got through one or two plays of the Trilogi, and then got up and went through the Propylæa, past the Erechtheum, with its beautiful Portico of the Caryatides, and saw the sun set from the West Porch of the Parthenon. Another day to the Theseum, the most perfect of ancient temples, which stands at a much lower level than the Acropolis, and is seen very finely as you lie on your back lazily on the Areopagus just over the cavern where the Eumenides had their temple, and just over against the rocky platform at the head of the steps leading up from the old Agora where Paul made his great speech about the temples, with the Parthenon before him for a text. You cross the Agora from the Areopagus, and by a splendid old Pelasgic wall climb up to the Pnyx, and cross it to the Bema, which stands almost as perfect as when Demosthenes was there, and must have been a splendid place to speak from to a great crowd. Last Sunday I preached twice for Dr. Hill in the Church of St. Paul. The doctor is a noble man, and has done more for Greece than all its poor politicians of the last twenty years put together. Indeed, modern Greece is in a very melancholy state by all accounts. The people are bright and active, but their best friends seem to have owned that they lack, for the present at least, some of the most necessary qualities for self-government or anything approaching to it. The present king is a boy, and a foreigner, and his government is bankrupt. The Church is degraded, and the great mass of the priesthood ignorant and superstitious. The country is overrun with brigands, and no taxes can be collected. You can't help being interested in them, but they must be an awfully trying people to deal with.

Sunday evening we drove down to the Piræus, and very early the next morning went on board a Greek steamer and sailed for Nauplia. We passed out by the tomb of Themistocles, sailed by Salamis, and kept along close to Ægina, the most beautiful of islands. Our ship's company was the oddest collection of Greeks of every rank, age, and degree of dirt. Nothing but Greek was talked at table. Two old fellows had a discussion about Aga-

memnon and Achilles across the table, in which one caught a sentence here and there, and was always recognizing and bowing to old words whose acquaintance he made years ago in Bedford Street, but never dreamed of meeting in common society, walking about like common words. In the evening we reached Nauplia, and went on shore to the *Ξενοδοχείον Ὀμόνοια* or Hotel de la Concorde, or as it was translated underneath, "for Barbarians." The classic fleas fed on us through the dewy night. In the morning our good dragoman, a gentleman in a red fez and white pleated petticoat and embroidered jacket and leggings, uncommonly Greek, appeared at the door with a lot of scraggy horses, on which we and our traps were mounted, and off we started up the Argolid, some more strange countries for to see. We came in half an hour to Tiryns, and did full justice to its vast Cyclopean walls and strange arched galleries, which are so old that it don't make any difference how old you call them. A thousand years or two can't make much difference away back there. Then on, across the grassy plain of horse-feeding Argos, where horses were certainly feeding in plenty as we passed to Argos itself, with its old citadel Larissa, crowned now by a Roman or Venetian citadel. The only remains are an old theatre cut out mostly in the solid rock of the hillside, — a grand old ruin. No end of little Oresteses and Electras gathered around us and wanted Lepta. We kept on across the plain two hours further to Mycenæ, perched between its twin hills. A grand, great citadel with its Gate of Lions and subterranean Treasuries of Agamemnon. It was hard to realize that we were really right in the midst of the scene where that pleasant little family circle of the Atreuses used to carry on such remarkable proceedings. From Mycenæ we rode up a long dark rock glen, delightfully Greek and wild, — a splendid place for brigands (I forgot to say we took a guard of five Greek horsemen at Argos to defend us from the bloodthirsty), — and came out about dusk into a green plain, some three miles long, with three Doric columns, looking infinitely old, standing towards one end, among the ruins of a temple. This is the place of the old Nemæan games. The lions' cave is still shown in a mountain top overlooking the plain. A little after dark we came to Cleonæ, a wayside station, where we spent the night in a funny inn, where the floors were still classic and the landlord was a jolly Argive, named Agamemnon. Clytemnestra was running about with hair down her back and shoes down at the heel. Fortunately we had our own cook and provisions, and so fared pretty well. Greek cookery is villainous. Early the next morning we were off, and two hours' ride over gray hills brought us to

the sight of the blue Gulf of Corinth, the bluest waters I ever saw. We stood up in our stirrups, which shook our bony steeds all over, and cried, "Thalatta!" The only ruins of Corinth are seven old Doric columns of the Temple of Athena, very striking and terribly old, but I climbed up the Acro Corinthus, the splendid citadel, and saw one of the views that you don't get often in a lifetime. Below, the old town and its columns — then the isthmus with its two blue gulfs — to the right Megara, Salamis, and Attica beyond, with Hymettus hazy against the sky. The day was not clear enough to make out the Acropolis, which is often seen. To the left the plain of Sicyon and the town itself, with Mt. Cyllene stretching away behind. In front a long line of hills, many of them snowy, to which belong the names Cithæron, Helicon, Parnassus. Just up that hollow to the northwest is Delphi. Behind us are the gray hills of Argolis over which we have come. Is n't that something of a view? I drank at Pyrene, where Pegasus struck water, and then we set out across the isthmus, passing in sight of Cenchrea where Paul landed, and close by the ruins of a vast temple of Poseidon, where the Isthmian sanctuary was. We arrived at Kolamaki, at the head of the Saronic Gulf, in time to dine, and go to bed, and feed the fleas of one more Khan. The next morning we were to start back to Athens, and went early on board another Greek steamer, the Ionia, but there was a strong wind blowing, and the connecting steamer on the other side from Corfu could n't land her passengers, and so we lay all day and all night up there in the bay. The next morning we got off, and crossing between Ægina and Salamis reached the Piræus in four hours, just in time to miss our old friend the Godavery, which we had expected to take on her way back from Constantinople to Messina. She had gone, and we had to go up to Athens again for the night. Not a very hard necessity, for we had a clearer atmosphere and more perfect views of the old town than on our former visit. I spent the evening at Dr. Hill's very pleasantly, and in the morning this other boat turned up going westward, and here we are on board her, and this is my story about Greece. Finis.

Are you very tired of all this? Well, some day you will come here yourself, and then you will understand how anybody here gets carried away with this delicious country, and gets garrulous and persuades himself that other people will be as glad to listen as he will be to talk about it. It stands out as very different from all the rest of my trip, and one of its most complete successes. Anybody who comes to Europe and not to Greece is a very much Donkey — tell him so when you see him.

And how goes it with you? How many more prizes have you got? I congratulate you on the last I heard of you, tidings of which reached me in Jerusalem. How do you like the feel of the Academic gown? Are you in the first five still? Who beats now on the baseball ground? These, and a thousand other things tell me at once, if you please, in a letter twice as long as this. Good-by; write right off.

Your loving brother,

PHILL.

From Greece he returned to Rome, to spend an additional month. It was hard finally for him to tear himself away. In pure enjoyment the time he spent in Rome surpassed all else, in his long tour. He cultivated the artists in their studios, and was the recipient of much social attention from the American colony. He had been indefatigable in exploring the city, but the itinerary of his route after he should leave it promised him much that appeared as most rich to his imagination. He was not tired, nor had he exhausted his capacity for new impressions.

I shall leave [he writes] and go by way of Foligno and Perugia to Florence; then to Bologna, Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Padua, and Venice; then to Verona, Milan, the Italian lakes, Turin, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris. Does n't that sound good? I am depending much on Florence and Venice, and indeed all the route is very rich.

So he went on to Paris, where he met his friend George Strong, and together they went to England. There they were joined for a while by Rev. Henry C. Potter, who had just become the assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston. It is needless to say that his days grew increasingly happy in the companionship of his friends. From England he went to Switzerland, to spend the summer, of which the story may be read in his "Letters of Travel." He sailed for home on the 15th of September. To his father he writes from Paris, announcing the time of sailing:—

My work is over and I am just sitting here like a fellow who runs over the index of the book he has been reading. To see this epitome of all Europe and of all the world, — the cosmopolitan city, sparkling, beautiful Paris.

From Paris, also, he wrote a characteristic family letter to his brother Arthur:—

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, July 5, 1866.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I write to you this week even at the risk of seeming intrusive and presumptuous in doing so twice within the year. But you will keep doing things that make people want to congratulate you — here you have been carrying off most of the prizes of Harvard in an unprecedented way. The Bowdoin Essay was all very well (what do you think about Russia and England in Central Asia?) — there was no harm in that, — it runs in the family, and the first thing we know “Mister John” will be taking it. But what business have you to read well too? Fred does n’t and I did n’t, and let me tell you that I think these repeated innovations on the family routine are revolutionary and dangerous, and not to be encouraged. So I proceed to discountenance your proceedings by inflicting on you this week’s letter.

And first about this morning’s news from the wonderful little man across the street there in the Tuileries. Early this morning we heard what he had done. Venetia is given up. The Italian kingdom is complete and the war is as good as over. Our great rejoicing is of course for Italy. I wish she had a better Government to regulate her, now that she is free and whole, but at any rate with such a people she cannot well fail. We shall be curious now to see what becomes of Rome and the poor old Pope. There is a private and selfish satisfaction in the business, that I shall be able to travel all I want to this summer and not lose, as I feared, much of the best.

I came from London on Monday. It was my good-by to England, and much as I have enjoyed its beauty I was not sorry to come away. I crossed from New Haven to Dieppe and went to Rouen, — a delightful old city, — so I saw some of the best of Normandy. Paris is as bright and gay and beautiful as ever. Its shops are wonders, but things are not much if any cheaper in them than they are at home.

Yesterday was the glorious Fourth, and the Americans celebrated it by a fête in the Bois de Boulogne. I went and quite enjoyed it. There were ever so many people there, a capital dinner, and some good speaking. To-morrow I leave for Switzerland; I am eager for it, but it will not be comfortable travelling. It is far too full of our own people, but I suppose they can’t crowd the glaciers nor choke up the passes. I had a private celebration of the glorious Fourth, which consisted in going to the Headquarters and buying a ticket for New York by the Ville

de Paris, which sails from Brest on the 15th of September, 1866. I said Hurrah! inwardly as I picked out my berth, and found it felt very much indeed like being at home. She is the best and fastest steamer of the line, and will no doubt land me safely in New York on the 25th.

I am waiting to hear about the Family visit to Philadelphia, and Fred's ordination and all. Have you heard him preach? Has he made any engagement — I don't mean to marry, but to preach? You may fill a piece of your letter week after next by telling me about it. So the Constitutional Amendment has passed, and I suppose will be ratified. The session then has n't been in vain. Why can't they ship Jeff Davis off to the Cannibal Islands, and get rid of this miserable fuss and shilly-shally about him?

I saw Dr. Peabody at Chester the other day. Good-by; you've got to answer this. Tell me all about Commencement.

PHILL.

While Mr. Brooks was in Rome, he went to the services in Holy Week at St. Peter's. On Maundy Thursday he writes: —

I saw his Holiness wash the feet of twelve priests, — a very odd and ugly sight. The Pope came out on the great balcony in front of the church and pronounced his benediction. That was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. In the afternoon I heard the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, and whatever else may be humbug about this strange week here, that was certainly the most wonderful music I ever listened to. . . .

Holy Week at Rome is not a humbug, as people say, full as it is of things stupid, tiresome, and disagreeable, but the Miserere in the Sistine, the benediction from the balcony, the solemn moment of the elevation of the Host on Easter, and the illumination of St. Peter's, these all seem to reach very remarkably the great ideal of the central religious commemoration of Christendom.

Mr. Brooks had no interview with the Pope, nor does he express any desire for one. But there were those to whom it seemed a necessity to connect the Bishop of Rome with Phillips Brooks. That two such personages should be near each other without meeting contradicted the presumptions of life. In the absence of exact knowledge, it was only necessary to draw on the imagination for the facts, as in an amusing article

which appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers, giving an account of a conversation between the Pope and Phillips Brooks, when they discussed the question of Christian unity. The Pope was represented as greatly interested in Phillips Brooks, and intimated the possibility of a cardinal's hat as an inducement to him to labor for the union of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome.

While Mr. Brooks was abroad classical associations seemed almost as important in his vision as those of religion. But from this time they pass more and more into the background of his consciousness, always there and never without an influence, while the Evangelical narrative comes into the foreground as containing the principle of his theology, the unifying force of his life. Such indeed it had hitherto been, but henceforth with an emphasis and an intensity, which was to make it a new truth. It was not till later that the Christmas carol, "O little town of Bethlehem," was first printed, but it had been singing in the soul of Phillips Brooks since he was in Palestine. It is beautiful in itself, but it has also a theological significance, — the adjustment between the natural order and the divine revelation.

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

CHAPTER XVIII

1866-1867

BISHOP RANDOLPH'S REMINISCENCES. THE CALL TO THE
EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE. FAMILY
LIFE AND LETTERS. NOTES FROM HIS JOURNAL. LETTER
TO DEAN STANLEY

MR. BROOKS returned from his year abroad in what seemed the perfection of physical strength, with powers of work and endurance which are in striking contrast with an earlier delicacy of constitution, — with the weariness which followed effort, or the susceptibility to changes of weather so often noted as interfering with his mental labor. Henceforth, so at least it appeared, he was capable of labor and of endurance, without cessation or fatigue, beyond the capacity of other men. Many years were to elapse before he would know, or would express again, as he had done, the sensations of weariness or exhaustion. The education obtained from seeing and realizing his world of life and humanity, hitherto known only by books, had in ways mysterious or untraceable strengthened his whole being and set him free, giving him the liberty which he has himself defined, “the genuine ability of a living creature to manifest its whole nature and to be itself most unrestrainedly.” This change at once physical and spiritual showed itself in many ways, in things little and great. For example, he did not so often allude to his work, till at last it would seem as if he did no work of preparation, but acted and spoke with the ease of absolute spontaneity. We might infer that he had adopted the principle of Marcus Aurelius, — a spirit kindred to his own, — “not frequently or of necessity to say to any one or to write in a letter that I have no leisure, nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations.”



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Brooks spent his first Sunday after his return with his family, preaching, on September 30, in Trinity Church, Boston. On the 7th of October he resumed his ministry in Philadelphia. "The church looks very much as usual," he writes, "and the usual vista of sermons, studies, committee meetings, and Freedmen's Societies is opening before me. It is rather pleasant to feel myself at work again."

It was inevitable that some changes should have occurred during his absence, so that the situation was not quite what it had been. There are some intimations that he was restless and dissatisfied. To Rev. C. A. L. Richards, who had asked him for his impressions of Browning, whom he met while in England, he writes:—

I can't say anything now except that he is one of the nicest people to pass an evening with in London. He is just what you see him in that picture [a photograph enclosed], a clear-headed and particularly clear-eyed man of the world, devoted to society, one of the greatest diners-out in London, cordial and hearty as a dear old uncle, shakes your hand as if he were really glad to see you. He seemed to me very like some of the best of Thackeray's London men. A full-souled American. . . . As to his talk it was n't Sordello and it was n't as fine as Paracelsus, but nobody ever talked more nobly, truly, and cheerily than he. I went home and slept after hearing him as one does after a fresh starlight walk with a good cool breeze on his face.

I am dreadfully homesick for the Old World sometimes. I know it would n't be good for me to go again, and so I try to be as brave as I can and pat myself on the back and call myself contented. . . .

This mood of restlessness and discontent, and sometimes of depression, occasionally showing itself in outbursts of feeling in his letters, may have been partly owing to that peculiarity in his constitution which made it difficult to transplant him from one spot to another. He had been at home so thoroughly in the Old World, and had drunk so deeply from its rich suggestiveness to his imagination, that it was like the process of taking root again to begin his work in Philadelphia. It was a trying time also from the political point of view, those days when the method of recon-

struction in the South was the issue. Mr. Brooks had great faith in Charles Sumner as a leader, sharing the common feeling that the accession of President Johnson was a misfortune. He feared that Congress might lose its temper: "It is bad to see spitefulness when there ought to be wisdom." A great meeting was held in November, in behalf of the freedmen, where Chief Justice Chase presided. Again Mr. Brooks exerted his power in an eloquent appeal, advocating the education of the negro to qualify him for a voter. "To many," he said, "it might seem like radicalism, but Christianity is the radicalism of the world. The best way then is to teach pure unadulterated radicalism, for this is the only conservatism." On Thanksgiving Day, the 29th of November, he preached from the text Isaiah xxvi. 15: "Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord; Thou hast increased the nation; Thou art glorified." After alluding to the difficulties of the hour, the obstacles to be overcome in the vindication of the rights of man yet to be achieved, he paid his tribute to the increased and glorified nation. Americans have now a self-consciousness of nationality. Irresponsibility and irresolution have been left to the history of our earlier days, and the nation has attained its manhood. Foreign countries had not a true sense of our greatness, and yet they had gained some glimpse of it in their appreciation of our great representative, the glorious and lamented Lincoln. He appealed to those blessed with prosperity and wealth not to lavish their substance on gorgeous and tawdry adornments of fashion and costly dissipations, but to serve the Lord in the relief and education of the poor. We have now the noblest and grandest nation on the earth. We have our faults, and other nations have their splendors, but our faults are the follies of our youth, their splendors are the phosphorescent glory of their rottenness and wickedness. In our progress in free ideas, in wealth and size and extent, we have gone forward with gigantic strides. Such was his utterance in substance, as it filtered through the mind of some hearer who reported it.

The large nature of the man governed by the sense of

humanity appears now in another aspect. There were demands and appeals to be met besides those of the freedmen. The South, desolated by war, was threatened by famine. The Mayor of Philadelphia called together its prominent citizens, "the mercantile magnates of the city, clergy, and men of letters," to consider the situation, and Phillips Brooks was the spokesman. He said that at such a time no questions should be asked. What we have to do is to look upon the end of the war as accomplished, and to treat the people of the South as though they had never estranged themselves from us. We must alleviate the sufferings there, and open the way to happiness, and remove as far as possible the ravages which have taken place. Questions of the method of reconstruction were not to be considered now. New York has done much, but Philadelphia must outstrip her in gathering contributions and funds and all manner of supplies. This will be the surest means of reconstruction, — the right sympathy of hearts. Mr. Brooks spoke at some length, says the reporter, and at the close of his remarks the audience applauded. Resolutions of assistance were unanimously adopted. Mr. Brooks was not contented with talking or appealing to others to act. He had written at once to his friend Mr. Randolph after the war was over, asking for permission to aid the churches weakened and desolated by the ravages of war in that beautiful old State, made sacred to his heart by early associations in the theological seminary.

A month after the proclamation of peace [writes Bishop Randolph] I received a letter from him, inquiring of myself, my family, and many of our mutual friends, and telling me to sit down forthwith and write to him, and give him the privilege of helping poor churches that had been crippled by the war and ministers who were suffering the privations of poverty. After spending seventeen years in the city of Baltimore I returned to Virginia thirteen years ago as the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, and my duties brought me into contact with the people and churches of Virginia, and it touched me to find that many of them had received contributions of money and letters of sympathy and encouragement from him.

He had strong feelings and convictions on the side of the Union

cause in the civil war, and from the days of the student life in the Virginia seminary, and we may suppose from his childhood, he had nothing but antipathy to the institution of slavery; but he was too much of a man to cherish sectional prejudices and too much of a Christian gentleman to permit political differences to generate personal animosities.

In this connection I remember the impression from a conversation with my friend in my home in Baltimore, a few years after the tribulations of the war had passed away. The family had retired for the night, and we were together in my study until long after midnight, he asking me questions about the four years of the war as I had seen them and passed through them. I shall never forget his gentleness and sweet reasonableness and sympathy throughout the conversation. I try to imagine the change and the elevation that would come to human life in all its relations if a spirit like his could ever gain the ascendancy over the prejudices, the self-assertions, the narrowness, and the ignorance of the matter of men.

There are no striking incidents in his parish life to be recorded. It may be mentioned, as one of the things which he held important, that the Sunday-school manual, with whose preparation he was closely connected during several happy years, had been completed, and was in successful use. He had received a copy of it while abroad, and acknowledged it to his friend Mr. Lewis H. Redner:—

The new music book was full of pleasant recollections that dropped out between the leaves as I turned them over—all about long evenings when we played and sang a little, and talked and ate a great deal, and about how one or two of you did all the work and the rest of us industriously looked on. They were pleasant evenings indeed. . . . As to the book itself, I feel myself as useless among its critics now that it is done as I was among its compilers while it was making. I hope it is all right, and will do good work, and that the Public will enjoy using it as much as the Committee enjoyed making it.

In December, 1866, steps were taken toward the completion of the Church of the Holy Trinity by the erection of a church tower. Mr. Brooks had been deputed by the vestry to visit New York for the purpose of consultation with architects, and while there had made his home as usual with

Dr. Vinton. During his year in Europe he had cultivated an interest in architecture, noting whatever was impressive or effective, as well as observing defects and inquiring into their cause. He had before him the vision of an ideal church building which should embody the motives of Protestantism, while yet retaining whatever might be of service in the older mediæval methods. An opportunity now came for the exercise of his taste and judgment. But a difference of opinion developed between him and the vestry, whether there should be a massive tower only, or a tower surmounted by a spire. His own preference was for the tower without the spire, not a vital issue certainly, but yet suggestive and in its way revealing the difference between fundamental types of modern Christianity. The tall spire, pointing heavenward away from earth and material things, has to the American mind become almost synonymous with ecclesiastical architecture. It stands for aspiration towards ideal ends, the predominant mood of the American people, more particularly in New England, where Puritanism has prevailed, and whence it has spread over the country. But the tower without the spire is in itself complete as a religious symbol, bespeaking the sense of protection in God, the need of God as a defence and shield; as in the words of Luther's hymn, "A strong tower is our God." That Mr. Brooks was clear in his own mind as to what he wanted is evident from a reference to the subject, a few months after his visit to New York, in a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards: "I have just broken my head against my vestry in an attempt to put a tower harmonious and solid on my church. I have failed. It is to be a spire, taller than anything in town, not bad and not good." In the end, however, Mr. Brooks was allowed to have his way, and the lofty tower of Holy Trinity, in Philadelphia, remains a monument to his preference in church architecture.

It was a tribute of high recognition which came to Mr. Brooks in the spring of 1867, in an invitation to become the head of the new Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, and to be responsible for its organization and the selection

of its teachers. The founder of the school, Benjamin Tyler Reed, Esq., had frequently entertained him at Lynn, his summer home, where for several successive summers Mr. Brooks had accepted an invitation to preach. Had not the call come so soon after the trial he had gone through in connection with the Divinity School in Philadelphia he might have given the subject a greater consideration than he appears to have done. But the call must have meant something to him. It showed that men recognized in him not merely a popular preacher, but a man competent for guidance and administration, the fittest man for what was to be one of the most influential institutions in the Episcopal Church, of whom the church would have reason to be proud even in that intellectual centre and under the shadow of Harvard. But Mr. Brooks dismissed the subject in this reference to it in the following letter: —

March 18, 1867.

I am called to Cambridge, to come and organize the new theological seminary, take what Professorship I will in it, and generally work the thing. What do you think of it? I am a good deal tempted by it, and have it under consideration. Do not mention it to any one, for if I do not go I suppose they would not care to have it known that they have asked me. I shall decide this week. I get as near to you as New York next Sunday, where I go to spend the day with Dr. Vinton.

Interesting events in the home and family life of Phillips Brooks were taking place in the spring of the year 1867. He received the news of the engagement of his older brother to Miss Franks of Philadelphia, a parishioner at the Church of the Holy Trinity, whose brother James had been for a time his pupil, and for whom he always cherished the deepest affection. The youngest son, John Cotton, named after his ancestor, the first minister of the First Church in Boston, had been presented for Confirmation, to the joy of his mother's heart. Frederick, the fourth son, was already winning a golden reputation in the ministry, and his services were greatly in demand. Arthur, the next to the youngest son, was to graduate from Harvard in the summer.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1867.

DEAR FATHER, — Our correspondence has not been very brisk this winter. In fact, I can't quite remember when I wrote to you last. But you have heard of me in a good many ways. I have known pretty well how things went on with you at home. The principal events of the winter have been the visits from home, especially those of William, who is going to be married very soon. So runs the story here. Perhaps after all the first family meeting may not be at Class Day, but before that time comes I may have the privilege of welcoming you all to the Holy Trinity. Of course you will all come on, from aunt Susan down to Johnnie, and we'll charter a car from my house up Walnut Street to the church.

I rejoice with you all in Johnnie's Confirmation last week. Now all the boys are in the Church, and I hope none of them will do her any dishonor.

I am glad you approve of my decision about Cambridge. I am sure it is all right, although there are some things about the invitation there which tempted me very much. I hope the new School will be well manned and start vigorously. I do not feel that I could leave here for anything now.

Everything is looking beautifully spring-like. A warm rain yesterday brought the leaves to bursting, and to-day the trees are all green. The next month here will be lovely, and the early part of June will be perfect. . . .

A year ago to-day I was at Parma in Italy. Every day comes up to me with its associations and repeats the grand tour. I think nobody ever enjoyed Europe more than I did.

Good-by. Lots of love to Mother and thanks for her letter. Let's see you all in June.

Your loving son,

PHILL.

To Rev. C. A. L. Richards he writes:—

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1867.

I have just got back from Boston. Arthur, one of those boys who must be all a hazy lump to you, is just graduating, and I am proud of him because he is third scholar in a class of some hundred, and so I went on to his Class Day. It was perfect. Cambridge with its elms and grass all washed and fresh, and splendid music and luxuriant hospitality, and no end of bright, pretty faces. Do you know I think I am getting more and more susceptible as I grow older. Did you? I should n't wonder if it came to matrimony pretty soon.

The summer of 1867 was spent at Mount Desert, but no record of it has been kept. In one of his letters he simply refers to it as very crowded, and very pleasant, and a hard place to write letters. As he was beginning in the fall a new year of work in Philadelphia, his younger brothers were making new starts in life. Arthur went to Andover Theological Seminary to begin his preparation for the ministry, and John entered Harvard College. The Rev. Frederick Brooks had accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Of these changes, and how they affected her, his mother speaks in the following letter:—

BOSTON, September 29, 1867.

MY DEAREST PHILLY, — I was delighted to get your letter this morning, and thank you for it a thousand times. I shall answer it right off to show how glad I was. . . . I have been starting John off to college and Arthur off to Andover, and this week I am changing both my servants, who have got too smart for me. All this sounds very small, but it is woman's life and must be done.

Your letter made me glad and sorry, — glad about Frederick, but oh, so sorry about Philadelphia! Oh, don't lose her! It will take the heart out of all of us if she fails us. It is too hard to have our great struggle end like this. I don't believe it yet; so keep up good heart and quit you like men.

As to Fred, it is too good, and most earnestly have I thanked God for it. Cleveland seems just the place for him, a large field of labor, out West as he wishes, and yet nearer home. It must be a beautiful city. Let's you and I go out there and see him some day.

Oh, Philly, I am delighted to see my boys so wide awake in such work. There could n't anything rejoice my heart more. You seem to be working hard and to enjoy it. Dear Philly, your influence is very wide and good. May your reward be great. I thank you, my dear boy, for all the happiness and honor your high course brings to me. Go on to the end, and only let your last works be even more than your first.

There is but one fault in your letter. You do not tell whether you are going to preach the Foreign Missions sermon. Do, and plead strongly the Lord's cause for the heathen.

I miss John very much. Nearly all my children have left me, and, as I sit alone, I feel lonely. But I rejoice to think they have gone to do the Lord's work. Did you remember that yes-

terday, the 28th of September, was dear George's confirmation day? I thought of him every moment.

How much I enjoyed your summer visit with us. Do come again in the course of the year. Your room looks deserted and lonely, and I see many tokens of you when I go into it. Aunt Susan, too, has gone for a long visit to Andover. What should I do without William and Mary! Good-by. With the love and blessing of your ever loving

MOTHER.

The years between the return from Europe to 1869, when Mr. Brooks left Philadelphia for Boston, while destitute in striking incidents, were among the fruitful years in his experience, when he was receiving what God was teaching him. Never had he been more prolific in great sermons, or more diligent in his task of sermon-writing. He held the city of Philadelphia enchained in admiration of his eloquence, wondering at the mystery and secret of his power, which no analysis could fathom. Yet neither in his letters nor journals does he make the slightest allusion which would indicate that he was in any degree conscious of the power he was exercising, of his sceptre over human souls, or of the admiration, the devotion, lavished upon him by the thousands who came under his spell. When he writes home he speaks in his stereotyped way of his work, to the effect that things are going smoothly as usual. We may turn to his note-book, but it tells us little. More and more he shut himself up to the process within his soul, and in his sermons, eliminating all trace of the labor of the process, gave himself freely and unreservedly to the world, as next to God the sole confidant of his inward life. He who converses much with God and the world, or seeks to mediate between them, must be content, whether he will or no, to sacrifice much wherein to others lie the reality and the value of life. A few extracts are given here from his note-book, where he is for a moment thinking aloud, not for others but for himself.

There went a tide across my sleep,
 I know not, guess not, whence it came;
 But since I have not dared to keep
 My old and wayward life the same.

The way in which the character of an age shaped its institutions and peculiar doctrines passes over into the next, leaving the institutions and the doctrines all behind, as if they were the furnaces in which the metal was moulded, but whose shape it never kept. Seen in the transfer of the best spirit of Greek and Roman life into Christianity, in the infusion of the spirit of barbarism into Mediævalism, of Mediævalism into the modern life of the Reformation, and of New England Puritanism into later American character.

One thing I am sure of, that all that I see
On the earth, in the sky, is a portion of me,
And I am a part of the whole I behold,
The sea with its grayness, the sky with its gold.

What wonder if suddenly down from the hill
Comes a flood not of tempest alone, but of will;
What wonder if graciously up from the plain
Comes a harvest of Peace with the harvest of grain.

The shading of character into character we learn by and by, and it is a very confusing lesson. I can remember well enough how as a child I used to feel as if misers and Sabbath-breakers and infidels were kinds of professions or castes, which you would recognize any moment when you saw them, by their very look. The first time I had an infidel pointed out to me was a wonder. I looked in vain for his badges. Only by and by you find the misers and the infidels everywhere, nay, even in yourself.

Any one who travels much and sees the past and the present of the world on a large scale comes, I think, necessarily to attribute a wider and more solid power to *sentiments* and *feelings*, to affections, superstitions, and antipathies in human history, — things that seem shadowy and unreal, — than he was used to do. What have they done? Nay, rather, what have they not done?

The Mohammedans have the golden gate into the Mosque of Omar heavily walled up. There is a tradition that if ever they are driven out of possession it will be by Jews or Christians entering by that gate. Like this is the way in which many Christians, feeling that attacks upon religion are likeliest to come upon the side of reason, instead of simply arming themselves on that side and keeping watch that the gateway be used only for its proper passers, wall it up altogether and refuse to reason at all about their faith.

In the order of nature belief always precedes knowledge. It is the condition of instruction. The application of this to philosophy in Sir William Hamilton's "Metaphysics," p. 32. Apply it also to the method of religion.

The strength of our persuasions is no evidence at all of their rectitude. Crooked things may be as stiff and inflexible as well as straight; and men may be as positive and peremptory in error as in truth. (Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, ii. p. 279.)

Some men's faith only makes itself visible; other men's lightens everything within its reach. Yet this is not always a difference in the qualities of the two faiths, but may be owing to the conditions of the atmosphere.

Cicero writes to his brother Quintus of the prosecution of the Consuls (B. C. 52): "Aut hominum aut legum interitus ostenditur." Cf. this as a statement of one aspect of the Atonement. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*

The great fact of the world, the phenomenon that is to be measured, the responsibility that is to be enjoined, is Tendency.

The Jesuit ordering pictures from France to use in the Huron Mission wants many souls in perdition (*âmes damnées*) in various styles; of souls in bliss (*âmes bienheureuse*) he thinks that one will be enough. (Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 133.)

A curious argument of the Indians, who believed in the truth as powerful, but drew the inference, not that they had better submit to it, but that it would be better for them not to hear it. (Parkman, *Ib.*, p. 135.)

"You do good to your friends," said Le Jeune to an Algonquin Chief, "and you burn your enemies. God does the same."

It is a strange thing to say, but when the number of any public body exceeds that of forty or fifty, the whole assembly has an element of joyous childhood in it, and each member revives at times the glad mischievous nature of his schoolboy days. (Macmillan's *Mag.*, December, 1867, p. 106.)

There are some diseases for which Lacordaire says (he is speaking of morbid solitude) there are but two remedies, Death and God. That nameless gift which misfortune adds to the greatest virtues. (Bossuet.)

The way in which the old army overcoats are still seen about, worn in ignominious work, long after the war is over.

He cannot force his way in, and so indulges himself with merely banging at the door.

If one's shoes were always being mended, when could they be worn? (Masson's Milton, ii. p. 276.)

Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them, but a fool for showing it. (Lord Chesterfield's Letters, p. 74.)

It has been well observed that men's real qualities are very apt to rise or fall to the level of their reputation. (Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, p. 179.)

He was interested in the Sibylline Oracles, heathen and Christian, and his note-book gives indications of a plan for more thorough study. He wrote down with care the names of the Sibyls, the contents of the books in order to fix them in his mind, and also the prophecies uttered. Niebuhr's "History of Rome" was his guide, but he was led to dip into Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Pausanius, Varro, Livy, Josephus, Augustine [De Civitate Dei], Lactantius, and Celsus. He must have found that the demands on his time interfered with the exhaustive study of such a topic, for the plan was not carried out. But that he should have attempted it shows something of the working of his mind, of the scholar that he would like to have made, had he been free to follow his original native impulse. It also shows where his interest lay. He had been fascinated by that moment in ancient history, when Alexandria led the world of thought, — the age which produced Philo and Origen. The subject of the Sibyls might seem minute in its scope, yet it was related to the larger issue of the mode of divine revelation. Had it been pursued it would have led him into fields he would fain explore, the nature of inspiration, the nature and origin of prophetic utterance as distinguished from any other, the organic adaptation of the human soul, whether heathen or Jewish, for the religion of Christ. But if he were defeated in studying his subject from the historic point of view, or exploiting the dark recesses and rarely opened chambers in

human history in which he knew by instinct there were hidden treasures, yet he was not shut out from inquiry into the way in which the divine spirit reveals itself to the human. There were other modes of pursuing the inquiry for which he was fitted as few men are by his large and ever growing familiarity with the world of actual life, where the approach of God to the soul was a living present reality. The same divine power which had chosen him for its own, and separated him for the work of the ministry, now followed up that call and that purpose regarding him, excluding him jealously, as it were, from any distractions or diversions which might weaken or waste his powers, holding him as in a vise to the great work he was to do. Predestined himself for a prophet's work, he was compelled to study the message to his own soul.

An incident occurred in connection with the Pan-Anglican Synod, whose first meeting was in 1867, which stirred the soul of Phillips Brooks with righteous indignation. For ecclesiastical conventions he had little regard, and as he watched the proceedings in London he wrote: "The great English bishop-show seems to be doing nothing laboriously. Pan-Anglicans are poor things nowadays. My modest impression is that the strength of the church is in the lower orders of the clergy, backed, of course, by a large-minded laity." The most prominent result of the conference was the condemnation of Bishop Colenso of Natal, in South Africa, for his teaching in regard to the Old Testament, an act which seemed to Dean Stanley and others to be wrong in itself, and fraught with danger to the cause of free inquiry in theology, as well as a violation of the best traditions of the Church of England. For these reasons Dean Stanley refused the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to use the Abbey in the closing service of the Synod, while, not to be discourteous, he offered it for some service of a general character, which should have no relation to the Pan-Anglican meeting. When this offer was in turn refused, the Dean wrote to Dr. Hopkins, the presiding bishop of the American Episcopal Church, explaining

the circumstances, for he was anxious there should be no misunderstanding of his desire to show welcome to all Americans. Bishop Hopkins in his reply took the opportunity to administer a reprimand to the Dean of Westminster for having disobeyed the divine law of the church in refusing the request of the bishops for the use of the Abbey. To those who knew the usages of the Church of England, and were familiar with the history of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, Bishop Hopkins seemed to be making a display of his ignorance, and was guilty of a ludicrous blunder, for it was the time-honored prerogative of the Dean of Westminster that he owed no canonical obedience to any bishop. The letter of Bishop Hopkins to Dean Stanley was published in the American church papers. When Phillips Brooks read it he wrote this letter to the Dean of Westminster: —

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1867.

I have just happened to see in the "Church Journal" of New York a letter from you to Bishop Hopkins, our presiding Bishop, with his reply, and I am so mortified and indignant at the impudence and ill-feeling of the Bishop's letter that, whatever may be the liberty I take in doing so, I cannot help sitting down at once and disowning — as I am sure I may do for our whole Church — the spirit and substance of his melancholy letter. It is a little matter to you, but much to us. I, for one, am not willing that my Church should be so misrepresented. I am not willing that you should for a moment think that it is the Church which does what the Bishop of Vermont has done — answer the kind courtesy of your note to him by personal insult and impertinent criticisms of customs with which he had nothing in the world to do. I beg you to believe, sir, that the only feeling in our Church at large on reading the Bishop's letter will be one of sorrow and shame. We would not willingly see any gentleman insulted in our name, and we owe too much to you for all that you have sent us in your books, which we know here as well as any Englishman can, to feel lightly the disgrace of such words as the Bishop of Vermont has written.

One more letter may be given which relates to politics. Things had not been going quite as he desired to see them. In the enthusiasm of the moment following the emancipation of the slaves, he had anticipated the end to be reached, as in

a prophetic vision, not taking into view the long intervening years, and the mistakes that would be made whose effect would be to retard indefinitely the progress of the freedmen. From this time it is not apparent that he regarded with such hopeful eagerness as he had once done the course of political campaigns and elections. He was giving himself more exclusively to his distinctive work.

PHILADELPHIA, October 12, 1867.

DEAR FATHER, — I do not know whether you will take in a letter from a Pennsylvania man after the way in which we have disgraced ourselves this week. But I assure you that I voted the Republican ticket right straight through, and it is not my fault that we have been found patting Andrew Johnson on the back. I did what I could to save the country, but the State is thoroughly demoralized. They try to explain it all by local causes, but it is hopeless to account for it all so. There has certainly been a sad deterioration of public sentiment. And the worst of it is that it seems to be by no means confined to Philadelphia. It seems to have run all over the country. Ohio is bad. Iowa, even, is not up to the mark. You cannot run principles without men, and there are no prominent men for our principles just now.

CHAPTER XIX

1868-1869

THE FIRST CALL TO TRINITY CHURCH. THE SITUATION IN BOSTON. DECLINATION OF THE CALL. THE SECOND CALL AND ITS ACCEPTANCE. AN APPRECIATION BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL OF PHILADELPHIA

SIX years had now passed since Mr. Brooks became the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. They had been happy years, filled with such an intense happiness as only he could know. So it always looked to him as in later years he took the long retrospect. No shadow of any disturbance in his parish, in confidential and loving relationship with his people, giving them of his best and always receiving of their best in return, — it was the ideal life of a Christian minister. The confidence and the love which went forth towards him was not limited to his own parish or his own communion; he was the joy and the pride of the whole city. Never before in the history of the city had anything like it been known. It would have seemed as though such a relationship could have been sundered only by death. But the same mysterious Providence which held him for its own was preparing the way for a change, till it should become a precarious tenure which held him in the city of Philadelphia. The day when he went to Cambridge in 1865, for the Harvard Commemoration, may be taken as a convenient date to fix the time when Boston claimed him, and henceforth would not be content till she possessed him, only waiting till the fitting opportunity should be presented to press her claim in some tangible form. For even in Boston, accustomed as she was to great preachers and orators, illustrious teachers, poets, and literary men of the highest kind and degree, nothing like

the power of Phillips Brooks in the pulpit had been known before.

This was the moment also when he began to be claimed by other religious communions than his own, as though when such greatness and power were concerned no one religious denomination could monopolize him, and he must be regarded as a common treasure, in the light of whose message distinctions of creed and polity should become subordinate. Thus we hear of him as preaching, when he is in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Reformed Dutch Church, or in Philadelphia at the First Baptist Church and the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church, or when he goes to Boston at the Old South Church. This was no mere ecclesiastical courtesy on the one side which demanded a return on the other, what is known as a pulpit exchange, for he was not at liberty, though he gladly would have been, to return what might have been regarded as a clerical compliment.

Among those who were the first to recognize this unwonted pulpit power were the Unitarians, whose stronghold was in Boston. Since the days of Channing, no such voice had appealed to them. Accustomed, as they were to claim all that was most eminent as belonging to their ranks, they began to see in Phillips Brooks one who by some accident had escaped them, but who must in the nature of the case be a child of their own. For they were quick to discern spiritual or intellectual excellence, and ready to listen to the voice of the spirit bringing a message for humanity. To the utterance of Phillips Brooks, so large, so rich, so free, they responded with loving confidence.

At a meeting of the Unitarian Association in Boston, in May, 1868, one of the speakers commented on Phillips Brooks, and his words were reported as follows:—

I am told that Philadelphia is all alive with the splendid preaching of one of the occupants of the Episcopal pulpit there, who is imparting to that city the fresh life and the new day of the living gospel. When one of his congregation was boasting of his power to a member of our Brother Furness's Church, he said in reply, Well, do you know the reason? Your preacher

was born in a Unitarian home, educated in a Unitarian Sunday-school, grew up under liberal influences, and is giving you the fruit. (Applause.) And I say that the faith that can send forth rich, ripe fruit to bless the churches like Phillips Brooks . . . is a living faith, and is doing grand service in the world. . . . My friends, I believe in the providential education of emigration.

Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, upon whose authority this statement regarding Mr. Brooks was given, bore a high reputation for accurate learning, but in this case, if he were correctly reported, he was at fault. It was hardly accurate to speak of Mr. Brooks as having been born in a Unitarian home, for his mother, to whom fell almost exclusively the religious training of the children, was not and never had been a Unitarian, and indeed from her girlhood was pronounced and aggressive in her adherence to what is known as Orthodox Congregationalism. Nor was Phillips Brooks ever educated in a Unitarian Sunday-school, but when he went to church and Sunday-school for the first time, it was at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Tremont Street, of which Dr. Vinton was the rector. Nor can he be said to have grown up under liberal influences, for he continued to sit under Dr. Vinton's ministry until he left Boston for the theological seminary of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. There is no evidence that up to this time he had read the writings of Channing or of Martineau. There are, at least, no references to them in his note-books, no extracts such as he was in the habit of making when specially impressed by any statement. If impulse reached him from Channing, it was probably indirect, as through the preaching of Dr. James Walker, whom he heard occasionally while in college, and for whom, as we have seen, like all his generation of Harvard men, he had the highest reverence. When he first began to preach at Harvard, he remarked that it made him tremble to think that he was standing in the place of Dr. Walker. And yet in the theological antecedents of Phillips Brooks there is a resemblance to Maurice, whose father was a Unitarian and his mother a Calvinist. It had been the life work of Maurice to reconcile an inherited antagonism,

constantly also before his eyes from childhood in the hostile religious attitudes of his parents. In the case of Phillips Brooks, however, the ancestral divergence had been overcome in his infancy, and he differed from Maurice in having been brought up in the Episcopal Church. Still it may be thought that, to some extent, he experienced the process through which Maurice passed. He inherited like him the twofold tendency, the humanitarian from his father, and the theistic from his mother, — the maternal inheritance being the stronger. The work of Phillips Brooks resembles that of Maurice in his effort to hold in equilibrium these tendencies which, existing apart, constitute the two wings of New England Puritanism. Maurice was the writer with whom Phillips Brooks was in deepest sympathy. He began to study his writings when at the theological seminary; in his last years he often recommended him to young men as the greatest theologian of the age.

In April, 1868, the Rev. Henry C. Potter, now the Bishop of New York, had resigned his position as assistant minister on the Greene Foundation, and in July, Bishop Eastburn had resigned the rectorship. Then the vestry of the church had immediately been summoned, and a unanimous call had been extended to Mr. Brooks to become the rector. More than two years before he had been informally asked to become assistant minister of Trinity, but the call had not been urged, as it did not represent a sphere of influence equal to that which he held in Philadelphia. But now that he could be invited as the rector, all the pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to accept the call that the church could command. For the third time in his ministry, Mr. Brooks was to face the question of a change; for the second time also the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia was to face the danger of losing its rector. If the call had come to him immediately after his return from Europe it might have been more favorably regarded. But when it came to him in 1868, it found him full of hope and disinclined to leave. He received the formal document while at Newport on a visit, and thus acknowledges it to his father: —

NEWPORT, Friday, August 18, 1868.

DEAR FATHER, — I received your letter yesterday morning, and yesterday evening Mr. Dexter and Mr. Parker were here, and gave me the call. I shall not answer it till I get back to Philadelphia. And I want you and Mother and the boys to write to Philadelphia, and tell me what you think of it in full. Something inclines me to come, but the preponderance is decidedly the other way. I shall be here till some time next week, probably Tuesday or Wednesday. Am having a charming time. Love to all. Affectionately, PHILL.

Mr. Brooks kept the call under consideration for a month before he returned his answer. During this time letters poured in upon him, eager and importunate, urging his acceptance, describing the situation, all of them written under the conviction that he was the only man who could meet the needs of the hour in Boston. It was well enough known that if he came, it would be at the expense of a great sacrifice in Philadelphia, of a long and enduring sorrow, in the Church of the Holy Trinity. When he had been called to the professorship in the Divinity School, he had received numerous letters, indignant remonstrances among them, as well as calm appeals from his parishioners and others, which together constituted a powerful motive inducing him to remain. But now the Church of the Holy Trinity for the most part awaited in silence the issue. The danger had come closer and was so real that the anxiety could find no relief in words. It was tacitly admitted that Boston's claim was a strong one; the only hope was that the ties in Philadelphia had become too strong to be severed.

Among those who wrote to him earnest entreaties to come to Boston were his father and mother, who had made Trinity Church for years their home. His brothers also, William and Frederick and Arthur, were of the opinion that he ought to accept, each presenting the situation in a way to make it attractive. For several years his father had seen the possibility of his becoming the rector of Trinity Church in case of a vacancy, and had been frequently asked whether his son would favorably entertain the proposition. He had been wise and discreet, but he could not conceal his earnest hope that if

he were called he would come, yet knowing better than most the obstacles in the way. His mother was confident that he would come. She wrote immediately after the call was given:—

I have heard of your call to Trinity Church with the intensest interest. . . . I *must* tell you *how glad* I should be if you should decide to accept it, how pleasant it seems to think of getting you back again, *how much* I hope you will *come*. . . . Trinity certainly is a great field for usefulness. . . . It needs a powerful man to make it a live church, and I believe you are peculiarly fitted for the work, and I humbly rejoice that I have such a son to give to it.

Other letters from members of the parish, from the bishop, and from clergymen prominent in the diocese, gave the larger reasons why he should regard it as a duty to accept the call. There was a great work to be done for the Episcopal Church; he could speak to the whole city, and his voice would resound throughout the commonwealth of Massachusetts, throughout New England. He could overcome the negative disintegrating influences which were weakening the churches; he could restore the waning prestige of religion and could save the people from resorting to false guides or from seeking a refuge or solace in the sensuous appeals of Ritualism. Trinity Church would be as a throne from which he could sway the multitudes, or, to change the metaphor, a great strategic centre, from whence operations could be successfully conducted that would alter a situation of weakness into one of strength. There were other arguments: he could influence young men on a large scale, for Boston with its suburbs was the chief educational centre of the country. He owed something to Boston as the place of his birth and education, the home of his distinguished ancestry. It was of course assumed in the arguments that Boston was the most important city in the land because it was the intellectual centre from whence went forth streams of influence throughout all the country.

To these many and urgent letters Mr. Brooks gave one brief and almost uniform reply, — that he was not the man to

do the work which was described. Any other answer could hardly have been expected from him. To have assumed that he was able to accomplish such a task as these letters prophesied, or that he came to Boston with the intention or expectation of accomplishing it, was to put him in a false position and endanger his usefulness. The innate modesty of the man must have rebelled against the assumption that he thought of himself as others were thinking or speaking of him, or admitted to himself that he was superior to other men. He cultivated in himself obliviousness to the signs of his popularity and power. Before the call could be accepted, the ground of the appeal must be changed. But, as in all the other critical moments of his life, when he was weighing questions which concerned his own personal interests, he maintained a strict silence. His own letters deal only with the barest formalities of the situation, with conventional expressions, which may mean anything or nothing. That he was indifferent in the matter it is impossible to believe. It would be nearer the truth to take it for granted that he was passing in solemn review the whole history of his inner life, sounding the depths of his religious faith, asking himself more closely what was the true place and function of a minister of the gospel of Christ. He was aware that he was called to determine the nature of his future work. One phase of his life was over, and he stood at the dividing of the ways. Dr. Vinton, to whom he turned for advice, wrote from his summer home in Pomfret a letter in contrast with the letters from Boston, which had held up before him such exalted visions of the work which he might accomplish. He at least was under no illusion about Boston. His letter may have had some weight. But it is plain enough that, at this moment, Mr. Brooks did not wish to accept the call, and preferred to remain in Philadelphia. Dr. Vinton's judgment coincided with his own preference:—

POMFRET, August 28, 1868.

MY DEAR BROOKS, — I do not feel competent to advise you in so important a matter with anything like assurance, and can only



Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D.

I received your letter, and was glad
 to hear you were well. I have
 not yet received your letter of the
 10th, but I shall be glad to hear
 from you again. I am well, and
 hope these few lines will find you
 the same. I have not much news
 to write at present. I am still
 at the same place, and am
 employed in the same manner
 as before. I have not yet
 received your letter of the 10th,
 but I shall be glad to hear
 from you again. I am well,
 and hope these few lines will
 find you the same. I have
 not much news to write at
 present. I am still at the
 same place, and am employed
 in the same manner as before.

Yours truly, [Name]

I have the pleasure to inform you that...





say in a general way that my impressions are against your removal on the whole.

I do not doubt of your success in Boston, but I am more in doubt of your being so useful as in Philadelphia. You are more needed where you are than in a place where the people are more like you.

You can never have a more devoted parish than Holy Trinity, and when you move from it I think it should be to New York.

You will see from the vague character of these suggestions how uncertain my judgment in the case is, and I prefer therefore to remand the question to yourself, satisfied that you will be guided both by reason and conscience.

I think a good method of decision in such cases is, after pondering the matter impartially and seeking guidance from above, simply and implicitly to mark which way the feelings lean and to follow their direction.

It is a most interesting question, and I hope you will let me know your decision as soon as it is made.

Trusting that you will be guided wisely, I am as always,

Yours truly, ALEX. H. VINTON.

The letter declining the call to Trinity Church was written September 7, 1868, after keeping the subject under consideration less than a month. His own feelings prompted him to remain in Philadelphia. But he could not have been prepared for the outburst of feeling on the other side, the genuine expressions of disappointment from those who had expected that their appeal would be successful. Probably he had never been so near accepting the call as when, just after he had declined it, he received these evidences of an almost hopeless sorrow. He could see more clearly that the situation in Boston was a grave one for the future of Trinity Church and for the cause he had at heart, and that in this emergency they had turned to him as they could turn to no other, that in their disappointment they refused to be comforted. Mr. George M. Dexter, the senior warden of Trinity, wrote: "Yours, putting an end to all our hopes, came duly to hand. I cannot tell you how much we should have all enjoyed your being able to come to the opposite conclusion. What we shall do I have not the least idea." Dr. Stone, the dean of the new Episcopal Theological School in

Cambridge, wrote: "Your letter of the 7th inst. announcing the fact that you had declined the call to Trinity Church, Boston, made my heart sick; I had so longed and hoped for a different decision." Dr. Francis Wharton was sad, but more hopeful, and first made the suggestion that the answer be not considered final:—

I must confess that your declination was a great shock to me, and the longer the time that elapses since I heard of it the more anxious the question becomes. . . . To whom can the vestry go? Do you know any one? My own feeling has been that after the lapse of a year your decision could be reconsidered. Far, far wiser would it be for the parish to wait. . . . Here is really the mainspring of our New England Church, and here will its tone be largely given. You are the one to do this, and to do it with a breadth and power which no one else can approach; and I consider the alternative before us with the greatest anxiety. You are a Bostonian and feel what our want is.

There were many of these letters expressing deep disappointment, but none of them could have moved him as did this letter from his mother:—

BOSTON, September 9, 1868.

MY DEAREST PHILLY,—I feel so deeply disappointed on receiving the news of your final decision not to come to Trinity that I know not how to write to you. It is a dreadful blow to all of us. I never can tell you how badly we all felt when your long-looked-for letter arrived at breakfast time. We were all stunned and saddened by it, for your long delay in answering greatly encouraged us to hope, and the disappointment is intense.

And also to every one else alike. Already I have heard of a young man saying, "I am sorry he is not coming; he would soon have filled Trinity Church with young men." I had thought I should have my boy back again, and the thought of your coming made Father and me very happy, and gave a new impetus to our lives; but I fear we shall never have you now. We have indulged the proud hope of seeing you change wasted and suffering Trinity into a fruitful field. Indeed, you could have controlled all Boston.

It is not too much to say I have been sick at heart ever since I heard it, and I cannot write about it, for I cannot find words to tell you how sorry I feel. Only I am disappointed indeed. I am glad you are coming to see us in October, — *very glad*. I long to see you.

Forgive me, my dear child, that I cannot write more now, but believe me intensely

Your dear and loving MOTHER.

When Phillips Brooks replied to this letter, expressing himself as hurt at the absence of any recognition of his sense of duty in the matter, his mother quickly wrote again, but in a different mood. She had recovered from her despondency, and was sharing in the growing hope that his decision was not final:—

BOSTON, September 11, 1868.

MY DEAR PHILLY, — We are very glad to get your letter to-day and hear all you have to say about the matter of your call. But I do not like to have you say that *now* you probably never shall live in Boston. I am not going to consider *that* the case, if only for my own sake.

From what you say, you seem tied for the present to your parish and cannot leave it; but when the next loud call from Boston comes, which undoubtedly will come, to a man in your position, I trust you will be able to accept it. The universal regret that is expressed that you are not coming shows that people will not give you up, for the *first* disappointment. I respect you for caring so much for your parish, but I feel *Boston* has a work for you to do for her, and a claim upon you, for your birth and your education. So remember you are a *Boston boy yet*, and owe her a *debt*, and I pray you may be able to pay it in my lifetime. It does me good to find you are really coming to see us in October. We have dreadfully missed your usual summer visit, and it will be delightful to have you here in the good old family way, for I believe I miss the absent ones more and more every year. Don't let anything prevent your coming, I beg you. . . .

Your loving and devoted MOTHER.

Here the subject of Boston and Trinity Church may be dropped for a moment, while we return to Philadelphia to follow him in the last year of his residence there. His visit to Boston in October was for the purpose of acting as chaplain on the occasion of breaking ground for Memorial Hall at Harvard. While in Boston he preached in Trinity Church, which gave him an opportunity of looking at the situation with reference to himself as he had not hitherto done; but it was an unwise act if his determination were

final to remain in Philadelphia. During his last year as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity he was experiencing as never before the vicissitudes in human affairs. The city and the church were not quite the same to him as they had been. His popularity was not diminished; indeed his power in the pulpit was greater than ever, and his personal prestige something unknown in clerical life. The devotion of his congregation still attended him, but even this could not quite compensate for losses which closely affected him. He was deeply dependent on his friendships. Allusion has already been made to the group of friends who surrounded him, in whose society he spent his moments of leisure. But gaps had been made in this intimate circle. The Rev. George Strong had departed, to accept a professorship in Kenyon College, Ohio; the Rev. Charles A. L. Richards had become the rector of St. John's Church, Providence, Rhode Island. This sadly reduced the little coterie who, together with the Mitchells, had met weekly at dinner under the hospitable roof of Mr. Cooper. The death of Mrs. Cooper, to whom he was strongly attached, a woman of singular social attractions, was a source of personal grief, and with this loss came the end of those social reunions which had been one of the marked features of his life. The call to arise and depart, for this was not his rest, could no longer surprise him, strongly as he was still bound to the friends who remained.

At this time he turned much to the younger men who were coming out of the Divinity School. The difference that separated them in age was not great; he had reached in 1869 his thirty-fourth year. But he annihilated the difference of age to come among them as one of themselves. His brother Arthur, his junior by fourteen years, was with him, a student at the Divinity School, and between them there grew up an intimate friendship, which is not always the rule with brothers. Through Arthur he became acquainted with the theological students, visiting them in their rooms, curious to know how they were looking at theological questions. Whenever any student read a paper in any way notable, he was sure to

inquire after it and learn its contents. He made it a special duty to become acquainted with a young Mr. Forbes, whose premature death was much lamented, but from whom during his short life a strong influence had gone forth among his fellow students. Mr. Forbes was already an advanced Maurician, and was in correspondence with the master. The letters he received from Maurice he shared with his friends in the school. Among these younger men with whom Mr. Brooks became intimate were the Rev. Percy Browne, rector of St. Philip's Church in Philadelphia, and the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, a son of the late Dr. Richard Newton, of the Church of the Epiphany. Mr. Newton, now the rector of the Episcopal Church in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, gives reminiscences of this moment in Mr. Brooks's career:—

In 1868 I was a deacon and assistant to my father at the Church of the Epiphany. I lived at home, and had the third floor all to myself. The front room was my study and my bachelor headquarters, and it was here that Brooks used to love to come and smoke, and talk over affairs. He was then at the highest point of popularity and fame; he was like a great god, so full of activity and force, and the wonder with me was why such a man cared for me. Yet I had his fullest confidence, and he used to pour out all his contents into my astonished ears. I have known him to come as late as one or two o'clock in the morning, throw snowballs or bits of stick at my windows and give a peculiar whistle, which I, like a game dog, instantly obeyed. He used to make me read my essays and sermons to him.

Some of the younger clergy, under the lead of Phillips Brooks and Mr. Newton, had formed themselves into a club, called the "Clericus," meeting every month, when an essay was read and discussed. The social element was prominent, for the members were chosen by ballot and one object was to get "clubable" men, to use a word of Dr. Johnson's. They were men of similar views, yet not unwilling to add to their membership those who differed from them in opinion, for it gave more zest to their discussions. Although they were young, living at a time which to their elders seemed to abound with omens of evil, when materialism was undermining faith and a Romanizing reaction appeared the only alter-

native, yet they were fearless, proposing to face science and a critical hostile literature, to overcome the objections and difficulties each in his own soul and in his own way. The club had no constitution, and no specific object, except to meet monthly, and then what was uppermost in religious thought found earnest expression. If their purpose could be described, it was an ambition to emulate the spirit of St. Paul, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." They were full of faith and of hope for the church and for the world. A sense of exhilaration and expectation was in them, as though a great age were to be ushered in, when God in Christ would fulfil his promise, "Behold, I make all things new."

The familiar carol, "O little town of Bethlehem," written by Mr. Brooks for his Sunday-school, to which allusion has already been made, was sung for the first time at Christmas, 1868, to the music furnished by Mr. Redner.¹ The hymn and its music at once sprang into popularity, and has since become the property of all the churches, never henceforth to be omitted from any Sunday-school collection. It appeals to the heart of a child, partly because it was the outburst of a happy spirit. It could not have been written but for those months spent in Palestine in 1865-1866, or for the later musings on the sacred scenes in the life of Jesus. It is an exquisitely simple thing, and yet one feels behind the words the existence of a great soul, meditating on the mystery of the divine revelation.

Those who now met Phillips Brooks for the first time were chiefly impressed, but also perplexed, by his manner. The

¹ In alluding to this circumstance, in his reminiscences of Phillips Brooks in Philadelphia, Mr. Redner writes: "In the Christmas programme for that year I found this extra verse, which was not afterwards published in any of the hymn-books:—

"Where children pure and happy
Pray to the Blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more."

conventional solemnity of the sacred office of the clergy seemed to be wholly wanting; he was full of mirth and gayety, a spirit of fun gone mad as it were, breaking all bounds in exuberance and buoyancy. He gave full scope to what his friend Bishop Randolph called his talent for nonsense in little things; discerning and welcoming the humor or satire of the moment. This manner was on him up to the moment of his going into the pulpit, when he stirred men's souls to their very depth, producing a serious excitement of the spirit and moral nature which was long in subsiding; while he himself was ready, when the sermon was over, again to resume the bantering, jocular tone. In this manner there was something at first sight inexplicable. It had not been his characteristic as a child, nor was it observed in college or in the theological seminary. He was then much like others; he had his hours of silence and preoccupation, was at moments even what would be called saturnine or gloomy. Not but what in earlier years he could be as hilarious as any, and when he did take part in gatherings where the object was mirth and amusement, could show the same great relative capacity for merriment that he showed in other things. But now it was almost continuous, and became a marked characteristic of his manner. His advent anywhere was the signal that mirth was to begin.

We may surmise where we cannot explain. There must have been some inward revolution accomplished in these years of his education or, as he might call it, his conversion, in which he had come to the knowledge of himself and of his world and of God. A deep-seated conviction of the goodness of the divine order, of the divine will, as having its way in human life and responsible for the salvation and well-being of humanity; a conviction already controlling but destined to grow to an ever larger sense of the actual fatherhood of God and the sonship of men, a feeling that he had entered into the secret of God and of humanity, — some such convictions as these account for the fact that the natural gladness of the soul with which children are born now seemed to him the rightful manner and corresponded to his inward

experience. Every man should be as a ray of sunlight and joy in a world where God reigned supreme, and where God and not man was responsible for the ordering of life. There may have been here a protest against the conventional melancholy of the clergy, that traditional manner by which they were recognized. It had been one of the obstacles to be overcome when he was first turning towards the ministry, — his childish feeling that the Christian ministry meant the loss or renunciation of the joy in life, the schooling one's self to a prevailing mood of sadness and inward condemnation, that religion was essentially a mournful attitude. The portraits of the succession of the Phillips ancestors under the Puritan régime, going back to remote years, were before him from his childhood in the old house at North Andover. From their view of human life he was set free. All that was good in them he could retain, and enforce with a power they never equalled, but their morbid melancholy, the gentle tone of complaint, he felt under no obligation to preserve. At this time he wrote in his note-book: —

If the modern philosophies fail that would exclude man from central and causal importance in the world, then what truer statement can we find than this, — that man is a sort of sunshine in the world, which, falling upon everything besides, calls it out to the flower of its truest beauty and the fruitage of its fullest use. By his touch, nature grows into delight and supply, and all events open into education. And this being true of man at large, it must be true also of each man in his contact with things. He must be a ray of the great sunshine under whose touch some special flower may open and some special fruit fill itself with healthy and nutritious juice, some little corner of the field grow rich.

This manner of Phillips Brooks, both in his conversation and especially in his familiar correspondence, as will be seen hereafter, might mislead any one who did not know him, as it sometimes perplexed those who did know and revere him. And still it did not deceive those who knew him best. Although he seemed to be invested with an atmosphere of hilarity, yet one of his friends, a lady with great experience of life,

thought that, beneath the merriment and the wild humor, she could always detect "Andover."

Upon this peculiarity of his manner it may be further remarked that it served as a barrier between his inner life and the curiosity of those who desired to have him talk of himself. He was constantly on his guard lest he should be betrayed into personal conversation where a man talks intimately of his own experience. The reserve of his youth, so often alluded to, had not disappeared, but in reality had grown stronger, and now held him so rigidly that he could not, and would not, break it. To this remark there is the one exception, — he would make the world of humanity the confidant of his inmost feelings, while he would not reveal it to any individual. He gave himself in absolute abandon when he stood up to preach, telling, although in impersonal ways, everything he had ever felt or known, but he kept his confidence with this world, and would not speak of it on the passing occasion to any one however intimate. There lay his power as a preacher in great part, that he spoke of himself so freely and so fully in the pulpit, while that few or none realized how complete was the self-portraiture. Thus he reserved himself for the pulpit, and sternly refused to weaken himself by admitting any other mode of self-utterance. He was not one of those who made conversation, as the expression goes. He was difficult to converse with. Some men have given to the world of their best in conversation, he held himself in restraint for the sake of the pulpit.

It has been said that he never alluded either in his letters or in his conversation to his popularity or to the evidences of his growing power and influence. He was daily receiving tributes of admiration and even adulation which would have turned the head of any ordinary man, begetting conceit and egotism and arrogance or the assumption of an ecclesiastical manner, as though he were some great one in the kingdom of God or the kingdom of this world. It was one of the compromises of high ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages to cultivate an inward humility before God, but before men to put on the evidence of pomp and dignity which their position jus-

tified. Here was one who cultivated humility before God and man. If he showed any consciousness of the exalted pinnacle on which he stood in human estimate, it was perhaps in the absolute negation of the appearance of any such consciousness. There lay his safeguard. In his incessant joking, chaffing, and bantering, he was refusing to admit that he differed in any way or degree from other men. He was seeking to be one with them, pleading, as it were, that they should recognize no difference. His high distinction, his personal power, his popularity, his exceptional career tended to constitute a barrier between him and others. Men could not meet him as they did their fellows in ordinary life, because they were conscious of his greatness. It may have been in part the explanation of his manner, that he strove to resist this exceptional treatment by a jocularly which almost looked as if he took nothing seriously.

There is still a further explanation to be offered. He was unlike most men, and herein lay his greatness, that his inner being, his will and his emotions, was quickly roused, and when roused became a profound inward tumult, a raging torrent which could only find relief in some great utterance. An incessant mental activity was always transmuting ideas into power, and in some way he must guard himself, or the result would be exhaustion and collapse. His manner became a sentinel over his life, giving him relief from the endless process that went on within, which indeed was still going on, when he was in the whirl of what seemed a wild, unchecked, or even an irreverent mirth.

During his last years in Philadelphia, dating, it may be, from the year spent in Europe, the physical condition of Mr. Brooks underwent a somewhat remarkable change. From his childhood he had been delicate in health with a tendency to headaches, liable to suffering from imprudence or overwork, easily fatigued with the labor of preaching, and, as we have seen, dependent on conditions of weather. The family physician in Boston, the late Dr. Reynolds, had expressed the opinion that the residence in Philadelphia would be beneficial. Whether from this cause or other causes which

cannot be traced, he now became robust and strong, with the possession of herculean strength and powers of endurance. For a long stretch of years he was able to do an amount of work which would have broken down ordinary men, year after year preaching three times on Sunday and frequently also during the week, easily carrying a multiplicity of demands upon his time and thought, which in connection with his other tasks looks almost impossible. He ceased to complain of weariness; he had almost forgotten what it was to be tired or to suffer from attacks of illness. He slept well and ate well, but never took much exercise. Amid his burdens and the demands on his time he seemed to be at leisure. His outward manner may have been the expression of this inward vitality and abounding jubilant health. Thus the Christian ministry in his experience became the happiest of all professions. He would often tell little children who were awed by his presence that it was great fun to be a minister. His appearance in itself carried comfort and exaltation wherever he went, and seemed to change the whole aspect of life. It was the natural genuine expression of his soul, after it had reached its freedom. But that which he never spoke of in such connections was also true, — his relationship to God as the obedient son of God, who through obedience was entering into life, may have been the deepest clue to the joy and happiness which he knew for himself before he imparted it to others.

When Mr. Brooks declined the call to Trinity Church, Boston, in the fall of 1868, he evidently regarded his decision as a final one, and wished it to be so understood. But the wardens and vestry of Trinity and many other friends in Boston, who had set their hearts on his becoming their rector, refused to acquiesce in this conclusion. It came to be tacitly taken for granted among them that their wisest policy was to wait for a year and then renew the call. It was a great sacrifice to make, to allow the church to remain for a year without a pastor, but in this sacrifice there was an appeal to him, an evidence unmistakable how deeply he was wanted.

He was now somewhat at the mercy of those who wanted him. These were circumstances he could not control. He could resist the importunities of those who laid out for him a great sphere in Boston, who were confident that he would become a theological leader and change the ecclesiastical situation. When they spoke of his power and his fame he was indifferent; he would not trade in his reputation. It was a different thing when he recognized that he was wanted for himself, and had won a place in the heart of old Trinity in the city of Boston, so deep and secure that it shut its ears and refused to listen to any other. But for himself he did not yet want to leave Philadelphia, nor did he desire to go to Boston. He could not always say this in reply to letters which told him they were waiting, or if he did say it in his kindly way it made no difference in the result.

With the opening of the new year, 1869, the subject was renewed by a letter from the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who had been in Europe while the question had been pending in the previous year and unable to exert his influence. Since he had returned he had held a conversation with Mr. Brooks's father, which encouraged him to think that the question was not finally closed. He wrote asking for a conversation when he should be in Philadelphia. In view of all the circumstances of the church in Massachusetts and of the new Theological School at Cambridge, he believed that Mr. Brooks could render a service to the church and to the community at large by coming to Trinity which neither he nor any other could give elsewhere. So long as there was an immediate or even a remote possibility of his coming they would continue to wait. Were there any imperative and inexorable consideration which put Trinity out of the question, it would not consist with the dignity of either party that such a position should be openly offered and declined a second time so soon. To this letter Mr. Brooks replied:—

PHILADELPHIA, January 4, 1869.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP:

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you sincerely for your very kind note which I received on New Year's Day. I have thought of it much

since, and it has reopened the question which gave me much anxiety last summer. It gives me great pleasure to know that you agree with the other gentlemen of the vestry of Trinity Church in desiring me to accept its Rectorship, and this assures me still more strongly of the pleasure which I should have in working there if I could come. But I ought to say at once that I see no possibility of changing the decision to which I came in the fall. My work here is as exacting as ever, and I cannot see any more chance of leaving it. You say very justly that it is not right for Trinity to renew its invitation only to be declined again, and ever since it has been intimated to me in several ways that there was any thought of such action, especially since I received your note, I have tried to see whether it was possible to hope to give any other answer. I cannot see that it is.

You will judge no doubt that for many reasons I should like to come exceedingly. I certainly should. I appreciate fully the value and importance of the Parish, and have looked anxiously to see the right man appear for it.

I do not know after this whether you will still think the proposed interview desirable. But I should like to talk with you about it, because Talk is so much more satisfactory than writing.

I shall not be in Boston until the 14th of February, when I am engaged to preach there. If you can let me know when you will be in Philadelphia, I shall take much pleasure in calling upon you, or I shall be very happy to see you at my rooms. I beg to assure you that I appreciate your kindness, and with sincere regards to Mrs. Winthrop, I beg you to believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks was in Boston, on February 14, preaching at Trinity Church morning and afternoon, and in the evening at the Old South Church on Washington Street to a "crowded house," under the "auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association." His text was taken from 1 Corinthians xv. 45: "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." It was hardly wise for him to have preached at Trinity under the circumstances, for it was sure to increase the desire and the purpose of its people that he should become their rector, and yet, with the Sunday unoccupied, he could not have refused. So the anxious consideration which was disturbing his work began once more, and he faced seriously in all its aspects the

problem of his future years. It added to the gravity of the situation that Emmanuel Church, Boston, was to become vacant by the election of its rector, Rev. F. D. Huntington, to the new bishopric of Central New York. A call would have been extended to him from this parish in case he would consider it, but he declined. On the whole he seemed to be settling permanently in Philadelphia, having made at this time an arrangement for joint housekeeping with his friend, Rev. C. D. Cooper, who was building a commodious residence with this object in view. But the arrangement did not imply that Mr. Brooks felt himself forever condemned to a celibate life. In a letter to Rev. George A. Strong, he speaks on the subject of matrimony:—

February 3, 1869.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — And so this was what the long silence meant, and I must not complain, and I don't, for your letter to-day makes me so thoroughly glad that I can simply feel that it was well worth waiting for all this long winter. Good luck to you with all my heart, my dear fellow. It is what I have wanted for you for years, and now that it has come, I feel as rejoiced as I could be for anybody except myself. This is a wretched sort of life that we are living now, and when a man breaks out of it as you are going to do, his friends who stay behind must clap him on the back as he departs and congratulate him with all the intensity with which they feel their own forlornness. You will be very happy. I used to think you never would be married, but now since ten o'clock this morning, it seems the most natural and necessary thing in all the universe that you should be, and I can hardly realize you as a single man. We have had some jolly good times together in Virginia and Philadelphia and New Hampshire, and Switzerland and London, and all over. We shan't have any more of just the same sort, but if your wife will let me in, we will have some good times yet of some other sort, that probably will be just as pleasant. I hope she knows that when she said "yes" to you she involved herself in a friendship with other folks whom she has never heard of, but has got to have a corner for in her house and her kindness. I like her already because I like your taste; one of these days I am going to do better. As to your good invitations, Cooper and I agreed immediately that we would be at the wedding in spite of earthquakes. As to the Grooming, I will do anything for you, my dear, if you'll tell me how, but I don't know anything about

this, and you will be ashamed of me. But here I am. The Φ B K invitation (which has not yet arrived) I must decline, because I have agreed to do the same thing at Brown in Providence, and as theirs does n't come till August 31, I shan't be ready and can't undertake two. But I will come. And now, my dear old Fellow, God bless you — and her. How odd it seems, but I'm awful glad for you.

PHILLIPS.

The Convention of the diocese of Pennsylvania met in May, 1869, and Phillips Brooks preached the sermon. It was published by order of the convention, under the title of "The Living Church." It was a comprehensive sermon defining his theological and ecclesiastical attitude, and delivered at a moment when excitement and alarm existed throughout the Episcopal Church. One demurs a little at the text, which was taken from Exodus xxviii. 34, 35: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not." At this stage in his career, he was wont to search for such remote passages in the Bible whose meaning was not at once apparent, — a practice which he afterwards ridiculed as clerical affectation. He seeks to connect the text with his theme, but when he is launched into the sermon it disappears. The pomegranate stands for the accumulation of life and its ripening fruit in the soul, the bell for its living utterance and proclamation.

The distinctive character of the sermon lies in putting the living soul before the living church. The church is the aggregate of Christly life. Government and symbols are not the church. There is nothing belonging to the church in its totality which does not first belong to individual souls. The danger of the ecclesiastical spirit, the danger for all churchmen and for all times to fear, is that there lies a certain vitality in the church apart from the life of the souls within her. There is danger that the church may harm the life given to her to cultivate by stopping the channels through which Christ communicates with souls.

If a Church in any way hinders the free play of human thoughtfulness upon religious things by clothing with mysterious reverence, and so shutting out from the region of thought and study acts and truths which can be thoroughly used only as they are growingly understood, by limiting within hard and minute and invariable doctrinal statements the variety of the relations of the human experience to God, — if in any such way a church hinders at all the free inflow of every new light which God is waiting to give to the souls of men as fast as they are ready to receive it, just so far she binds and wrongs her children's intelligence and weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Dogmatism.

Or if a Church lets any technical command of hers stand across the path, that a command of God cannot get free access to the will of any of the least of all God's people — a system of ecclesiastical morality, different from the eternal morality which lies above the Church, between the soul and God, a morality which hides some eternal duties and winks at some eternal sins, — just so far the Church wrongs her children's consciences and weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Corruption.

Or yet again, if the symbols of the Church, which ought to convey God's love to man, become so hard that the love does not find its way through them and they stand as splendid screens between the Soul and the Love, or have such a positive character of their own, so far forget their simple duty of pure transparency and mere transmission, that they send the Love down to the soul colored with themselves, formalized and artificial; if the Church dares either to limit into certain channels or to bind to certain forms of expression that love of God which is as spiritual and as free as God, then yet again she is false to her duty, she binds and wrongs her children's loving hearts, and once again weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Formalism.

He pleads for a freer life of doctrine, while also holding the old truths of the old creeds more strongly and lovingly; for a clearer identity between the religious and moral instincts, and for greater simplicity and spirituality.

Out of this present endless tendency to slip the symbol into the place of truth, this tendency which makes one, in the present stage of our progress at least, fear the increasing multiplicity of form, because of its constant encroachments upon simplicity of truth and spiritual thought, we must come forth into the clear spiritual life of Christ, which desires nothing but to know Him, and obey

Him, and feel Him more and more. . . . The enforcement of a scheme of a moral law or good behavior, making the Church a police system to keep the world in order; the mere introduction of a church system of Church government and worship, or the compact symmetry of the Church's year, the beautiful order of the Church's education; every sacred rite and every sensuous impression; Church work done in Sunday-schools, Bible classes, night schools, parish visiting, mothers' meetings, and reading-rooms; preaching, too, — all this is machinery through which the life may manifest itself, but apart from the life or power of Christ entering into the Church as truth, guidance, and love, it becomes mere machinery, like the mechanical whirling of the spindles by hand with the vital fires gone out in the furnaces below. . . . The rites and ceremonies must be clearly significant of truth, and not like the malignant ritualism of our day, significant of error; nor like the tawdry ritualism of our day, significant of nothing, a ghost of dead incantations.

The world does not hear with any attention the ringing of our golden bells. Men do not listen as we go. Men neither fear the Church nor desire the Church as we sometimes dream they might; as we sometimes think in our reading that once they did. The world in large part goes its own way, and leaves us on one side. We are foreign and unreal to it.

What is it that is needed? I say by all means that the first need is larger liberty. I think that all of us Churchmen are burdened with the consciousness that there is more in the Church than gets out to contact with the world. The Church is better than her utterances. There is a larger thought than our sermons utter. Many a man talks better than he preaches. There are conventionalities and timidities of teaching that restrain the Truth. Does the world guess how the Church loves her Master? Does it imagine from outside, the reality and intensity of that affectionate dependence, which you and I know so well to be real and intense seeing it here within, but which attests itself so feebly, so formally, so artificially in a few stereotyped and narrow ways? There is a deep, spontaneous devotion that lacks the chance of a corresponding spontaneity of utterance and action. Am I not right? I plead for no special methods of liberation. I only point out what we all must know. . . .

'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant;
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant:
More life, and fuller, that we want.

Christ is the Life; first in our souls, to which He enters by his

Spirit in knowledge and authority and love, so that "not we live, but Christ liveth in us;" and then in our Church, where He alone is still the Teacher and the Master and the Saviour, filling it with himself and clothing it with His righteousness.

One would like to dwell in comment upon this sermon, for it was eloquent and memorable, and it left a profound impression. That the Convention called at once for its publication shows that it was not only a sermon for the times, but that it satisfied the religious instincts of the Evangelical school. If complaints had ever been made that it was difficult to get the preacher's meaning or to know where he stood, there was no such difficulty here. In directness, in simplicity and unity, and, above all, in the force with which it urged obedience to the living Christ, it was old, and yet so new withal, that it seemed to sound the note of some great and irresistible departure toward a higher stage in Christian thought and life. The force that went into it recalls the inspired utterances of the critical moments of the civil war. Behind it there was long and serious preparation and deep searchings of heart. It stands, as we can see now, for the initiation of a distinct epoch in the development of Phillips Brooks. One phase of his ministry was closing, and another and a greater had begun.

The occasion when the sermon was preached before the assembled clergy and representative laity of the diocese of Pennsylvania was in itself sufficient to rouse the preacher to some representative utterance. But we can also recognize that his soul was stirred within him by other motives than those presented by the occasion. He was facing a personal issue, his removal from the city of Philadelphia. The question was yet unsolved; there was uncertainty as yet how it would be solved. The breaking up of human relationships and the abandonment of hopes and possibilities, the unknown and untested future which lay before him, were already pressing upon his spirit. There came a letter from his father not long afterward, May 28, 1869, in which he says:—

I write very hesitatingly indeed, and perhaps I had better not do so. I want to ask you, *whether you have given up all idea of*

coming to Trinity, — a bold question, but I feel a great interest in it; and not a day, and sometimes it appears to me hardly an hour, passes that I am not asked the same question. They are getting anxious and desperate, and whenever any one is spoken of they fall back on you. . . . They are hoping some way will turn up that will lead them to call you a second time. I wish you would answer my question, and let me know whether you would accept if another call was made. I don't do this at anybody's suggestion or for any one's use but my own. Nobody in the world (not even Mother) knows that I am writing. . . . I don't know as I can say more, and I hope you will return *me* an answer that you will come. I think you are ready, and they are ready.

To this letter he replied: —

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1869.

DEAR FATHER, — I do not want to leave your letter unanswered even for a day, but I am afraid that I have nothing satisfactory to say in answer to it. I do not feel ready to intimate in any way that it is more likely than it was last year that I could come to Trinity. Some of the reasons which prevented me last year, it is true, have been removed, but I have not got over the feeling that I am not suited in many respects to Boston and Trinity, and there is still very much to make it difficult for me to leave my present parish. I know that this seems foolish to you, but remember that you see only the Boston side of it all, and are good enough to think better of me than I deserve, and so do not be disappointed that I think differently.

I have been much in hopes that Dr. Vinton might be called and accept. I am sorry that he declined Emmanuel, and it seems to me that in many respects his return to Boston would be an excellent thing. I am sorry to hear you say that they would not call him.

Why don't Trinity call Fred? and William writes me that Dr. Meier Smith preached there last Sunday and that they liked him. Why don't they call him? He is an excellent man. Why don't they look some other way and take their eyes off me? It worries me.

I cannot leave here until the beginning of August, so that it will be impossible for me to preach in July in Boston. One Sunday in August I am engaged to preach at Swampscott. It is getting very hot, and people are fast going out of town. I hope you will forgive me for writing a disappointing letter.

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS.

To this letter his father replied in a sad, desponding tone. He had hoped it would be a different answer. The vestry of Trinity had met and concluded to postpone the question till the fall. He dwells on the wretchedness of the situation in Boston.

To see such congregations as Emmanuel and Trinity presented yesterday, on one of the pleasantest and purest days God ever gave us, was really sickening. I was sorry you got caught by that . . . invitation [to speak at the anniversary in Boston of the Free Religious Association]; it was one of their tricks and only done to catch your name to bolster up their radicalism. Better let them all alone and have nothing to do with them; it will surely injure you. Don't get the name of being a Latitudinarian, I beg of you.

I have read your letter to Mother and to no one else, and shall not without your consent; but I cannot begin to tell you how disappointed and grieved Mother was; it has really made her sick. She has all along been pleasing herself that you would relent and see your way clearly to come.

One might infer from the above letter that at this time Mr. Brooks had still no desire or intention to leave Philadelphia, however he may have been moved with the arguments and wishes of his friends in Boston. He continued to repeat his conviction that he was not the man for Boston, although he now admitted that he felt free to leave Philadelphia. In his letters he makes no allusion to the subject. He was changing his rooms at this time to Mr. Cooper's new house. He speaks of the musical festival in Boston. "I have been interested in the news of the great jubilee this week. It seems to have been an entire success. All the country seems to be busy at present making much of Boston, which Boston, of course, likes and placidly accepts." On the 26th of June he made a visit to his brother Frederick, then rector of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and "notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather," says a Cleveland newspaper, "a large audience was assembled to listen to the eloquent divine, preaching in his brother's pulpit." His text was 1 John ii. 16: "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the

Father, but is of the world." From Cleveland he went to Gambier, and thence to Cincinnati, Ohio, to be present at the marriage of the Rev. George A. Strong.

July 4, 1869.

DEAR WILLIAM, — This is the great Independence Day which in old time we used to celebrate by a morning's promenade, with ten cents apiece in our pockets to purchase dainties at the stalls around the Common, and by going to the Fireworks in the evening. To-day we will keep it a little differently. I am going to preach a patriotic sermon to an audience of soldiers this morning, and to ride out into the country this afternoon, and spend the night. It won't be so exciting as the old way, but it will be more satisfactory and comfortable for hot weather.

Besides, I have had my excitement. I have been to see Old Febick [the family name for Frederick]. I found him standing recumbent with his ears up and every sign of vigorous vitality. The new church was on his mind as it was on that of the whole city and State apparently. It seems to promise a speedy success. I preached for him all day Sunday, and found it screamingly hot.

Then on Monday I went down to Cincinnati, and on Monday night saw George Strong married. I was Groomsman. He has got a nice wife, and they are coming to stay here with us next week. I got back here early Thursday morning. So that's my story. I hear in various ways that Walden — has made a great sensation at Trinity. Is that so? You did n't say anything about it. . . .

Have you read "Old Town Folks," and is n't it clever and interesting? A New England story to one who lives in this dead Quaker atmosphere has a sort of spring and snap to it that is very refreshing. . . . Good-by.

Yours affectionately, PHILL.

It was while he was deeply perturbed by the impending change in his life that Mr. Brooks sat down to the task of writing an oration to be delivered before the Φ Β Κ Society at the ensuing Commencement at Brown University. His subject was "The Relation of the Scholar to the Life of the World." The title very exactly describes the purpose of his address; and the address was significant as marking the growing importance which he gave to life and to character as the condition of personal influence. He had first touched upon this point in an address before the Evangelical Education Society

in 1864. He now comes to the subject in a richer way and at greater length; it may be said, also, with a fuller experience. We shall see that the subject continued to grow in his mind before it found its last and highest expression in his "Lectures on Preaching." The address was delivered on the 31st of August in the First Baptist Meeting House in Providence, when, long before the appointed hour, the capacious building was filled with an audience waiting impatiently the advent of the procession which came down the hill from the University grounds. So steep is the hill that "the band of music which accompanied the procession was obliged to play a very solemn march in order to keep the dignified gentlemen from descending too rapidly. This was changed to a livelier strain as the procession gained the level street below and approached the church." Professor George P. Fisher of Yale College introduced the orator of the day,

who gave [says the report in the newspapers] a most suggestive and original essay on Scholarship. The scholar as prophet; the scholar as philosopher; the scholar as saint, — were the principal divisions of the broad subject. It was expanded and illustrated in a manner so original and interesting that we listened with an absorbing attention, catching the magnetic power of the speaker, and inspired by his zeal with a longing to rise to that atmosphere of earnestness and humility which characterizes the true scholar, whose aim it was urged should be to unite the intellectual strength of the Greek philosophy with the abnegation of the Catholic saint. . . . We especially liked the orator's remarks on personality, — that the great power of the scholar is to develop the secret workings of the inner life. . . .

We cannot do justice to Mr. Brooks in this effort to grasp the salient points which most arrested our attention; the lips of the living preacher carry a power which no written words can ever render. The rapid utterance and imperfect elocution of the speaker are a great drawback to his remarkable originality, wealth of illustration, and persuasive originality. Thought succeeded thought with such rapidity that we were in a condition of intense mental tension through the whole oration, which, continuing an hour, seemed to have no boundary of time to mark its limit.

His father had written him that Trinity Church would close for the summer in July, and that the vestry had post-

poned the question of a second invitation until the fall. But in the meantime there was some unexpected change in the situation, warranting Mr. Dexter to pay a visit to Philadelphia for the purpose of a personal interview with Mr. Brooks. When he returned to Boston, the vestry was hurriedly convened, and on July 6 a second call was extended. From that moment the decision was practically determined; it was only a question of time when the answer should be given. He did not keep the Church of the Holy Trinity long in suspense. What could be done to retain him in Philadelphia was done, but most of the parishioners were away, and there seems to have been a feeling that effort was useless. A church on the defense against such aggressive attacks is at a disadvantage. Very earnest and touching was the appeal to him from his friend, the late John Bohlen, Esq., the founder of the Bohlen Lectures. The vestry of the Holy Trinity met and again made vigorous protest against the severance of their relations as pastor and people, urging upon him the greatness of his field of influence in Philadelphia and his wonderful success. A prominent clergyman wrote to him:—

I know your mind is made up and that you are going to Boston. I know that you will not stay in Philadelphia, *but don't go to Boston!* Save yourself for New York. That will give you a little longer to your people here, and New York is the place for you. But Boston! What can you do there? They are too much set in their own wisdom. They are too unemotional. You will be cast away there. What you want is a congregation somewhere near the heart of the world, where its pulses are felt and all things stir, — a crowd of new people of to-day is the kind of matter upon which you ought to work. But I know there is no use in advice.

Some of the motives can be traced which were influencing his decision: the many letters from Boston expressing such genuine personal devotion and sense of need; the strenuous effort of his father, who no longer for the sake of prudence kept himself in the background, and on the mother's part the now silent appeal of a yearning affection; the combined

efforts of all his brothers. During these days of waiting he became aware that he had created the expectation in the minds of Trinity people that he was coming. "Patient waiters," writes his father to him, "are no losers. I met Dexter; he says, 'Any news?' I fall in with Winthrop, 'Anything?' Yesterday at church he says, 'Tell him I am now only waiting to hear the time he has fixed for coming.'" He took counsel with Dr. Vinton on the situation; but whether he writes or talks, the veil of reserve conceals his innermost mind. He suffers, but is silent. At last comes this letter to his friend and senior warden, Lemuel Coffin, Esq., at whose house for seven years he had been in the habit of dining on Sundays. It is a letter that tells the story of a struggle:—

2026 SPRUCE STREET, July 29, 1869.

DEAR MR. COFFIN, — At last, with great sorrow, I send you my resignation. Will you please lay it before the Vestry and secure their acceptance of it?

You do not agree with me, but I beg you to believe me honest and sincere in my desire to do what is right. I have given it thought, carefulness, and prayer, and have tried to decide it in God's fear. I can say no more, and only entreat you to try to think the best of my decision.

I want to thank you especially, my dear Mr. Coffin, for all your goodness. I owe you more than I can tell. I shall never forget it, but wherever I go, my love for you shall always be as warm and fresh as it is to-day.

As to the time of my resignation taking effect, I want to do exactly what you think best as far as possible. I can come back for the third Sunday in September and can stay a month or six weeks after that, if it is thought best. Please tell me freely what you think about it.

May God bless you always, you and all of yours.

Your affectionate friend, P. B.

There was no delay in action on the part of the Holy Trinity Church when it was known that the decision was final. On July 31 the vestry met and accepted his resignation, passing the usual resolutions of regret which attested his eminent abilities, his success, and the cordial relations of minister and people. A few letters follow which refer to this event:—

2026 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, August 2, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. BIDDLE, — . . . I doubt not that the future will prove that you overestimate the importance of my ministry to the church here, but however that may be, I thank you with all my heart for your personal kindness and considerate appreciation of the motives which make me do what is so much harder a thing than I knew beforehand, that I do not think I should have had the courage to do it if I had known. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, August 4, 1869.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I have just accepted Trinity Church in a letter to Mr. Dexter. I am glad that you are glad that I am coming. I hope and think that it is for the best. Thank you all for your kind notes of welcome. I go to Long Branch to-morrow and shall stay there till Saturday. I shall be staying with Mr. Childs of the "Philadelphia Ledger." I shall be with you early Tuesday morning, the 10th.

Affectionately, PHILLIPS.

Letters of regret and deep sorrow, letters of welcome and congratulation, fill up the scene. Mr. John Bohlen writes him, when he learned his decision: "I can only hope, and yet I ought not for their sakes, and do not, that others of the hundreds of families in our church have not suffered with so deep a sense of personal loss as our household has to-day." From Dr. Vinton he received this letter: —

POMFRET, August 5, 1869.

MY DEAR BROOKS, — Your paper was very small, but very pregnant. Of course after your last letter I was not surprised at your decision.

My opinion, which you seem to ask, is that as you have evidently felt a drawing towards Boston, it is altogether best that you should go there. You love the place and the associations like a Bostonian, and I have no doubt you will feel more at home there than anywhere else. Especially, your family is there, and that is a host of arguments in one.

My suggestions last year, when the question was before me, were based on different considerations from these and not contradictory to these, so that I can hold with entire consistency, so far as I have a right to express, the opinion that you have done right enough; and as you wish me to bless you away from Holy Trinity as I blessed you to it, I say with my heart, "May you be happy."

I suppose I shall see less of you and less of Philadelphia now, and this is my only regret in the matter.

I am enjoying my vacation as usual. All well and send remembrances.

Yours as always, ALEX. H. VINTON.

P. S. When I say my only regret, I mean so far as I am concerned. I regret it mightily for the Philadelphians.

Mr. Brooks spent his vacation in Boston, making a short visit on the way to West Point, where he preached in the chapel of the U. S. Military Academy. He went back to Boston, but no longer to the familiar house on 3 Rowe Street (Chauncy Street), which had been once a street of residences, but was now given up to great wholesale warehouses. He was a man who loved to preserve all old associations unchanged. "And so we 've got a new house, and 3 Rowe Street and 41 Chauncy Street will be things of the past. Alas, how the days go by. It never will be natural to eat dinner in Hancock Street. Is the new house fine? I hope not. And will you let common folks come to stay in it?" His mother also disliked and dreaded the change. But the father was more cheerful over the prospect. "It is an old house, and there is a good deal to do to it. It is one you will feel just as much at home in as at High Street or Chauncy Street. Nothing 'stuck up' about it; like all our other houses, 'neat but not gaudy;' not like the houses on the Back Bay, where the people go out in the morning to find the doorsteps have sunk out of sight; but it is on the solid hardpan of Beacon Hill, original soil, street named from the old John Hancock."

The short summer over, Mr. Brooks returned to Philadelphia for a few Sundays before his resignation should take effect. On Sunday, October 24, he preached his last sermon as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity; in the morning from the text Ephesians iv. 30: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." In the afternoon he took leave of his congregation with an extemporaneous sermon, when the occasion was one of deep and sorrowful emotion. Thus came to an end his ministry of ten years in Philadelphia.

Among the ties which bound Phillips Brooks to Philadelphia, none was closer than his friendship with Dr. Weir Mitchell, which dates from the time when Mr. Brooks became rector of the Church of the Advent. No one is more competent than Dr. Mitchell to speak of Mr. Brooks during his ministry in Philadelphia, to delineate his character, to describe the power of his preaching or the total impression of his work. This tribute of appreciation, which includes also an account of his gifted sister and her friendship with Phillips Brooks, will be read with deep interest.

AN APPRECIATION OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY DR. WEIR MITCHELL.

In the year 1861, not long after Phillips Brooks came to the Church of the Advent, I first heard him preach. I was struck with the ardor and intensity of the man, and with the imaginative qualities which, in later years, were more or less subjected to the rule of a growing intellect.

At this time he was accustomed to go a great deal to the house of the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, and through this common acquaintance he became, what he was until death, my close and much loved friend. When he became my rector at Holy Trinity he lived quite near to me. At this time my household was in charge of my sister Elizabeth, a maiden lady, even then in breaking health, some years older than I, and as Phillips Brooks was much my junior, very far older than he. Between these two people a close friendship arose. Always once, and usually twice a week, he dined with us, and five evenings out of seven was in the habit of dropping in about ten o'clock for a talk and a smoke before the fire in my library.

In summer, as I was then much in town, we were both fond of an afternoon pull on the river. Later we made many journeys together, and one summer a long canoe voyage from Moosehead to the sea by the Allegash and St. John rivers. At this time he was a very strong man, and his physical force was a source of admiration to our stalwart guides. It is to be regretted that as years went on he left his great frame without its essential tonic exercise. Upon this question I exerted my influence in vain, and even within the last few years I over and over predicted to him the physical calamities which he was surely inviting. He assured me

that he had no time to walk, and that he felt no need for exertion. He was always somewhat annoyed by allusions to his health.

During these summer journeys Phillips delighted to swim and to use the paddle, and found deep joy in the free woodland life. He neither shot nor fished. I think he had a great dislike to killing even a troublesome insect.

The friendship thus formed, when my house was his evening home, matured with years. How dear it was to me I still like to think. With my sister it was as close a tie. Miss Elizabeth Kearsley Mitchell was for the last dozen years of her life an invalid, able to take little exercise. She was by nature fond of books, and, with increasing ill health and rare freedom from pain, her appetite for reading grew with what it fed on. In many directions she became singularly learned, but especially so in all biblical literature, and in the history of the church. Her reading, however, was wide and various. She went through a book at a speed which was surprising when one discovered that what she read remained her mental property, and was easily at hand when needed.

The society of friends and others was her remaining resource; she enjoyed them as few can do. Witty, quick of tongue, picturesque, and often quaint in statement, her talk was full of pleasant surprises. She was for years before her death a nearly constant sufferer, but no weakness conquered her; no degree of pain was long victorious. In a sad experience of what pain, long, lasting pain, may do to degrade and make useless man or woman there shine out for me some strange and heroic exceptions. This woman was of this few. I sometimes thought that pain excited her intellectually. . . .

Even the close relation of a friendship such as her letters exhibit rarely betrays her into a murmur. Near the end of her life there must have been occasional allusions in her letters to her suffering, for of this Brooks now and then speaks. I have preserved some passages of his letters because they mention his own feelings as to pain, and seem to have been evoked by what she said of herself. Over and over he complains that she does not answer his queries as to her health, or that she laughs away the whole subject. In one place he says, "I do not see why you cannot be serious as to this matter," — he means ill health. Either she could not, or was intentionally merry over her aches.

Into this life of humor, learning, and liberal-minded religion, where pain was rarely absent, Phillips Brooks found his way, and as the years went by became her friend.

He said to me once that no one had so influenced his opinions

as this remarkable woman. When he was absent, they exchanged letters once a week, and when, in 1869, he left Philadelphia, amidst ever growing work, his weekly letters continued to brighten her life until the last, which came to her ten days before her death, in May, 1874.

The largeness and value of this relation can never be fitly stated without such full use of his letters as has seemed to me undesirable. At our fireside, and later, he continually sought her counsel and criticism. He had been first understood and appreciated in Philadelphia, and his correspondence during his earlier years in Boston shows his strong affection for the city he had left, and his occasional sense of missing those who had made it a valued home. He often speaks of a sort of homesickness for Philadelphia. I still like to think that with his intense love for the city of his birth, he never failed to remember the great affection with which we regarded him in Philadelphia. The mental hospitality which divined so quickly the angel in the guest was prompt and warmly appreciative. Always in these letters he talks with interest and gratitude of the congregations which had known his earlier care. All this, and more, was in these letters, for they deal with men and things, opinions and books. I have culled from these pages a considerable amount of matter almost altogether impersonal. The extracts I have made suffer from the loss of the almost child-like gayety, the frank fun, and the friendliness of tone of the portions which I have not preserved. Yet of the general character of these letters, which I have now destroyed, something may be said. He was always positive in his opinions about men; but although these outspoken expressions are in his letters to the last, there is also in them an increasing tendency to explain with an ever enlarging and intelligently guided charity the peculiarities of his fellows. So much for the letters.

To one who knew him well, the change in the type of his sermons was like the change in the architecture of his face and head. I heard a good observer say of him when he was quite young that he looked like what a poet ought to look like, and certainly, as I have said, there was in his earlier sermons much more imagination than in those of later date. At one time I asked him to try to speak less rapidly when preaching. He tried it, but found, as I suspected he would, that the speed of his extemporaneous speech had some relation to the rate of his thinking, and that to interfere with the normal rate of delivery of what the mind made ready was fatal. His rate of extemporaneous speech seemed to set the rate for his read sermons, and all effort to alter it became fruitless.

As an extemporaneous speaker he was simply matchless. I heard him twice during the war, at public meetings where he was unexpectedly called upon. The effect was such as I have never seen before in any assembly of men. I recall, of course, many of his greatest sermons. It was his habit to talk over with my sister the sermons he was writing, or to invite us to suggest texts and their treatment. Several times I wrote out for him notes of illustrative value where he touched on the science of the day, and now and then he used these freely; on one occasion winding up a New Year's sermon with a page or two of my own words. It gave me a strange shock of surprise.

I may be pardoned one quite strong illustration of his readiness. My sons were at St. Paul's School, and on Founder's Day, Mr. Brooks was asked to preach. Before the noon hour for the service he stood with me watching with delight the boys at their play. We saw the cricket and football, the races, etc., and at last he said, "How interesting it is to hear these fellows shouting to one another names that are historically familiar." As we walked up to the chapel I said, "What shall you preach about?" He replied, "I do not know; it will come." "But," I said, "here are these fine lot of boys, and many of the most prominent people in New England. Is it possible that you have come altogether without a thought ready?" He laughed and said it would come.

A few minutes later, after a prayer and an anthem, he rose in his habitual way, took off his glasses, put them on, took them off and wiped them, and again replacing them, looked for a text. At last he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things" — and the rest of the great summary. Then he closed the Bible, and with the long hesitation which so often preceded his first words, he said, "As I watched your sports to-day, and you called to one another across the field, I heard many of the names great in American history. It is only worth while to have had ancestors who have served their country well, if out of the pride of birth you win high-minded reasons and desires to follow nobly where they led so well." Then he went on to say that men's truest ancestors were the great of all ages, if from them we knew to draw the inspiration which led to wise dissatisfaction with the mean, the false, and the unchristian. "And now," he said, "follow me a few minutes, and let us see what are your duties to your school, your country, and your God." The rest of it is lost to me, but he wound up with a few words about the flag Mr. Evarts had just given to the school, and with a vivid picture of the battle days when their fathers had gone out to defend it as a sacred symbol. I cannot

imagine that any boy who heard him could cease to remember his terse and beautiful statement of the linked duties of life.

I shall state in a looser way slighter remembrances.

When Brooks came to Philadelphia he had been long away from the conventional, either in the Divinity School or in his little up-town church. At first he remonstrated with our efforts to make him see the need for much that he found irksome and destructive of time. He soon yielded, and became in the end careful as to the ordinary social rules and duties.

He was subject to rare moods of utter silence. I have seen him sit through a dinner party and hardly utter a word; usually he was an easy and animated guest.

He did not much affect the clerical style or ways, and on our long canoe journeys the guides were three weeks before they found out that he was a clergyman.

He was intellectually sympathetic and liked to talk to men of their own work. As to moral sympathy he seemed to me remarkable. A young mother who had lost her only child once said to me, "He is the one person who has seemed to me to enter into my grief as if he really shared it," and yet at this time he had experienced no trouble in life.

I have known a number of the men we call great, — poets, statesmen, soldiers, — but Phillips was the only one I ever knew who seemed to me entirely great. I have seen him in many of the varied relations of life, and always he left with me a sense of the competent largeness of his nature. Perhaps the most vivid picture I retain of him is as he appeared to me at his Wednesday lectures years ago. Then he used to stand away from a desk, so that his massive figure and the strength of his head had their effect, and from his great height the magic of his wonderful eyes was felt, like the light from some strong watch-tower by the sea. There and thus you got all the impressible emphasis his noble sturdiness gave to the torrent of speech, which at first had, for a little, some air of hesitancy, and then rolled on, easy, fluent, and strong.

Before we take our final leave of Philadelphia to turn to the Boston ministry of Phillips Brooks a few more words remain to be said. If we hold, as he held, that every man's life is ordered by God, in all its vicissitudes, it becomes us to note how this divine ordering is more fully manifested in the life we are studying. The same infinite spirit which had shut him up to the work of the ministry when in the

beginning of his career he would fain have turned in another direction, which had separated him to the work to which God had called him, by a barrier he could not overcome, to the vision of faith, was still jealously guarding its protégé that he should not fail. It was well for him that he went to Philadelphia to begin his ministry instead of coming at once to his native city. One cannot say that he would have failed had he come at once to Boston, and yet one may think that Philadelphia was necessary to his success. He had within himself at the beginning the consciousness of power, but he was shy and sensitive, and of a delicate inward susceptibility which might easily have been hurt. Had he gone to a colder, more critical atmosphere, such as New England is popularly reputed to be, it is possible to imagine that he might have been chilled by rebuffs or not at first understood or appreciated. He might have been driven back upon himself, and in the moment of his first self-expression have failed to take the world into the confidence of his soul. He might have been intimidated by the prestige which from his childhood he had learned to revere in the men and the positions of the place where he had grown up, and have had greater difficulty in adjusting himself as a man to the environment of his early years. But Philadelphia meant freedom from all these possibilities. In its warm-heartedness, its rich and genial hospitality, its quick and glad recognition, free from any tendency to overcriticism, in its capacity for real living, happily and unconsciously, without the tendency to introversion of the New England character, — in these conditions there was an appropriate climate, where the genius of Phillips Brooks might thrive abundantly. There was no hostile criticism to repress the utterances of his inner life, but indeed so much encouragement that from the first he poured himself forth freely and without restraint, and each effort of his genius was an encouragement to further effort, till he quickly came to mastery of himself and of the situation. One recalls how Savonarola struggled vainly for years before he met the moment and the place where the gates of his spirit were unbarred and his power set free. With Phillips

Brooks the opportunity was given from the first, and Philadelphia was the chosen city which gave the golden opportunity. His spirit not only grew richer and stronger, but an inward sweetness of disposition was developed keeping pace with his intellectual growth, so that any dark, saturnine moods could not thrive. Ten years there were of unbroken, it might even be called monotonous, success of the highest order. We may say of his whole ministry in Philadelphia what he said of Dr. Vinton's short pastorate at Holy Trinity: "It was one of the brightest and sunniest pictures which the annals of clerical life have anywhere to show." In his memorial sermon on Dr. Vinton he thus speaks of Philadelphia:—

Philadelphia is a city where the Episcopal Church is thoroughly at home. Side by side with the gentler Puritanism of that sunnier clime, the Quakerism which quarrelled and protested, but always quarrelled and protested peacefully, the Church of England had lived and flourished in the colonial days, and handed down a well-established life to the new Church which sprang out of her veins at the Revolution. It was the temperate zone of religious life with all its quiet richness. Free from antagonism, among a genial and social people, with just enough of internal debate and difference to insure her life, enlisting the enthusiastic activity of her laity to a degree which we in Boston know nothing of, with a more demonstrative if not a deeper piety, with a confidence in herself which goes forth in a sense of responsibility for the community and a ready missionary zeal, the Church in Philadelphia was to the Church in Boston much like what a broad Pennsylvania valley is to a rough New England hillside.¹

And yet Philadelphia was puzzled in her polite and quiet way with the strange power and fascination of the youthful preacher. Here is an account which is worth preserving, as coming from an intelligent observer:—

The costly, spacious Church of the Holy Trinity, in Rittenhouse Square, was always filled, crowded in all weathers, whenever it was known that he was going to preach. And yet to the breathless multitudes who came and went under the spell of his unique eloquence as certainly as the tides, he stood an insoluble puzzle

¹ *Alexander Hamilton Vinton*, a memorial sermon, 1881, pp. 26, 27.

and wonder. No one could question the genuineness of his eloquence or resist its witchery, and yet no one could touch the secret of his power. Perhaps there never was developed in any pulpit a parallel experience. Here were thousands crowding the pews and standing room of the Holy Trinity Church, Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, with growing enthusiasm towards a preacher who himself never seemed overpoweringly moved. . . . He stood impassive, almost statuesque in imper-turbable tranquillity, rattling off in a monotone, so swiftly as to tease and half baffle the most watchful ear, swallow flights of thought, feeling, poetry, philosophy, piety, biblical learning, sociological wisdom, trenchant criticism, — in no syllogistic order or sequence, but plainly the legitimate fruition of his theme, held together by a blood tie of spiritual significance, striding, lifting along through the spaces and reaches of the inner world, until the great throngs, in painful, half-breathed, eager silence, seemed beside themselves with a preternatural ecstasy.

It was something like the glamour of a flying panorama, hour after hour in railway travel; or a deep reverie over the *Divina Commedia*, or in the grand *Duomo* itself; and yet unlike anything else having the touch of human artificer. It was not the half-mesmeric spell of the mystic and priest, nor the fascination of an artist with an irresistible technique and magnetic individuality. There were no lightning strokes, no stimulating climacterics, no passage of stirring discords in harmonic resolution of transcendental loveliness or grandeur; and yet there was never for a minute any let-up or rallying-place found for the strained and eager sensibility until the last page was turned and the benediction said. Thousands will recognize the truth of this reminiscence stretching through many years, and identify this early mystification and bewilderment which half hid the young preacher from the people.

It is not the intention here to attempt any explanation of the mystery or to solve the secret of Phillips Brooks's power. But some things are now apparent to the reader, and may be briefly rehearsed, which were not so apparent to the casual listener or the regular attendant on his preaching. All that was in the man was coming to the surface. How much that was, and something of what it was, has been already told. He possessed a rare organization, in its full development so rare as to be unique. Whatever he read or saw left deep impression on his mind, but it did not stop there: it

roused an equally deep responsive feeling or emotion, so that his inner life was always in tumult until the thought and the feeling had buried themselves in the will. The rapid speech was the index of the inward condition. Whatever touched his feeling inspired also his reason, not stopping in movement with emotions, but running the whole gamut of his being and again terminating in the will. These three conventional departments of the soul, often held apart and acting separately, were with him fused into unity. To this ideal harmony of his organization every listener responded as by a necessary law. It was like a strain of exquisite music which could not be resisted.

Again, behind the easy spontaneous manner of the preacher, there was long and arduous preparation. He must be called a genius, but if so a clearer light is thrown upon the nature of a genius; it is a capacity for harder work, more persistent than in ordinary men. He seemed to have a boundless capacity for rich metaphors and illustrations, but in his early note-books we have seen how he had jotted down carefully thousands of these suggestions, which were afterwards to be so effectively and naturally applied that they seemed to rise on the spur of the moment. There was in him an indescribable flavor of the world's richest literature, whether ancient or modern. He had absorbed and made his own the best that was in Carlyle and Ruskin, Coleridge and Wordsworth and Shelley; the teachers of his own day, particularly Tennyson and Browning. In his college days he had steeped his spirit in the literature of the eighteenth century, and then had turned to the masterpieces of the seventeenth, of Milton, and of Jeremy Taylor. He was living on intimate terms with great souls in history, with Lincoln, Cromwell, Luther, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Nor can too great importance be attached to the circumstance that in college, as through the theological seminary, he gave himself with peculiar, almost exclusive, diligence to the classics. "They help to cure us," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, "of what seems to me the great vice of our intellect, manifesting itself in our incredible vagaries in literature, in

art, in religion, in morals, namely, that it is fantastic and wants sanity. Sanity, that is the great virtue of the ancient literature. It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity; and to emulate them we must at least read them." Complete sanity marked the utterance and attitude of Phillips Brooks. There was no trace in him of the eccentricities of genius. He was carried away by no passing fashions of the hour, ecclesiastical or social or political. He could distinguish at a glance the shibboleths of the school, with their popular temporary interpretations of life or history, from the permanent reality. This he may have owed in part, as Mr. Arnold argues, to his classical training, which had made him, what is so often claimed but rarely found, an educated man.

After the lapse of ten years since he left the theological seminary, we are in a better position to see how far the work which he there did for himself, in seclusion and solitude, has brought forth its fruit. It had been mainly with a desire to keep his Latin and Greek from becoming "dead languages," combined with his curiosity to know, that led him to the Church Fathers. Out of these studies, there had proceeded certain influences which remained as perpetual motives. They have been mentioned before, but, at the risk of wearying the reader, may be mentioned again. The study of the Greek tragedians had left their stamp upon his outlook of life, forcing him to go beneath the surface of appearances to the awful depths of human experience, so that he never impressed one as sailing over the shallows with a light and easy heart. In harmony with this result from classical studies were the motives gained from other ancient sources. First and foremost among these was the lesson taught by Philo Judæus, how to search creation and the sacred books in quest of "deep meanings in old Hebrew laws." From Tertullian he learned the necessity of keeping religion in harmony with the concrete facts of life, so that it should not be too much as with Philo, a transcendental thing in the clouds in danger of vanishing away. For that had been part of Tertullian's problem, to reconcile the material with the spiritual, the sacra-

mental problem, where the water in baptism, the bread and wine in the eucharist, the flesh, as in the resurrection of the body, tie down the spirit of man to the emblems of this physical world. And once more he had taken lessons from Boethius in the art of consolation, — an art in which, when the time should come, he was to appear as a master. These are some, not all, of the directions which may be traced in his earlier preaching, and which do explain, in some measure, the sense of wonder with which he was heard. Through the study of history, which always remained the favorite study, — history including literature and biography, — he had deepened his conviction of human progress and development, so that he could seek life and strength at any point in the career of humanity. He felt his oneness with the race of man, and made its achievements his own. It was said of him by some that he seemed to combine the spirit of Greek culture, in poetry and art, with the ethical motives of the Hebrew prophets. But there was more than this. Into the combination there entered also something of the severity and gravity of the old Roman temperament, with its reverence for law and order, the apotheosis of obedience as the highest of human virtues. And still further he had been moved by the spirit of Oriental mysticism, whence had proceeded the motives of the Catholic cultus. All these things, these potencies, prismatic variations of spiritual light, had entered into the Christian church, creating its complex richness and attractiveness, but never before had they so entered, that we know, into the composition of one individual man. Combination, said his brother Arthur, was the word that stood for his method. As a boy, it was his amusement to unite the familiar games in some new combination. He strove to combine the impossible at times, but still he made the effort. Yet this combination of his mature life was not eclecticism, but organic fusion of things related. Out of all these colors he made for himself a new color that was unique and entirely his own. These elements entered into his imagination, the vision of life in its rich diversity, and with the clear and powerful imagination came the force of reproduction.

His studies had left the deeper impression on him because of the sensitiveness of his being to the action of the world without, and in proportion as his nature was cast in larger proportions and moved in more complete symmetry and harmony. This inward symmetry corresponded to the physical symmetry of his body. To follow the conventional division of the human powers which he also adopted, intellect and feeling and will were in almost perfect equipoise, acting together in harmonious concert. There was an inward rhythm, which sought expression in poetry, — he only failed of being a poet, — and this inward rhythm meant music within the soul, responding, as it were, to the music of the spheres. Alike in his outward manner and in his influence in the pulpit, which played upon an audience in mysterious ways such as no one could fathom, we may trace a joy and satisfaction in life as of one who had penetrated its secret and knew it to be good. As we think of him in this aspect, we may recall those words describing the first creation in its glory, when the stars sang together and the sons of God shouted aloud for joy.

But all these things would have been as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal were it not for other gifts and endowments, partly inherited, and partly his own by assiduous cultivation. He had received from his Puritan ancestry the God-consciousness as in its most supreme manifestation in history; it was in his blood, in the fibres of his being, waiting only for the education of life in order to its full development in his own soul. He could not think of life or of himself apart from God. He had the conviction of the absoluteness of the divine sovereignty in the affairs of life and in the education of the world. This was but one side of Puritanism. On its other side he also inherited a mood long latent in the Puritan life of New England, till at last, after many tentative efforts, it burst forth in an indignant remonstrance, — the reality of humanity and its sacredness, as having some divine root, some spiritual potency in itself, worthy of its origin from God. These things, too, he combined, and the principle of the combination became the ruling principle of

his teaching. He believed in Christ as a divine human leader, for humanity must have a leader from its own ranks, but he who could lead humanity must be divine. Nor was this only a conviction of the head. He had felt the touch of Christ through his mother's influence and training, through familiarity with the Scriptures from his infancy, through the language of sacred hymns learned in childhood and forever ringing in his ears. In his theological studies in Virginia he had learned much from his teacher, Dr. Sparrow, acquiring an intellectual respect for the formulas of doctrinal and historical theology. Yet because he regarded them as the condensed expressions of human experience in other ages, he felt himself under an inward compulsion to translate them anew into the convictions and language of modern life. And finally, all his gifts and acquirements were subordinate in importance to his conversion, not a momentary but a lifelong process, which began from the time when the first faint breathings of his awakened soul led him to the resolution to be the man that he ought to be, for his own sake and in order that he might speak through himself to others. We may not be able to explain the secret of Phillips Brooks's power, but at least these things which we have said of him are true.

There is a difficulty, however, connected with the ministry in Philadelphia, that out of the three hundred and seventy-two sermons which stand recorded in his sermon note-book as written there, he has deliberately chosen to publish only five. In the five volumes of his printed sermons, put forth in his lifetime, containing nearly one hundred in all, this is a small proportion. In the solemn responsible act of putting himself on record he took final counsel with his own judgment and discretion. To any one looking through his early unpublished sermons, it might seem as though there were many among them that equalled, if they did not exceed, in beauty and power those to which he gave the imprint of his final approval. But the selection of Philadelphia sermons, although limited to five, is sufficient to give some idea of their character, as it differed from the tone

of his later preaching. They are more poetic and imaginative, with a higher literary finish. There is the sermon for All Saints' Day, 1868, from the text, "After this I beheld and lo, a multitude which no man can number;"¹ and another, written in 1869, from the text, "And a vision appeared unto Paul in the night: There stood a man from Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us;"² the third has for its text, "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty,"³—a sermon preached first in 1864, repeated in many places, and always with a profound and startling impression, which those who heard can never forget; the fourth, written in 1868, based on the passage in Revelation which speaks of "The sea of glass mingled with fire;"⁴ and the fifth entitled "The Beautiful Gate of the Temple,"—a sermon first written in 1861, while in his second year in the ministry, but afterwards rewritten in 1873.⁵

Whether Mr. Brooks was the best judge of his own preaching may perhaps be questioned. Authors, it is well known, have often an opinion of the relative merits of their books wherein the general public does not always acquiesce. But some reasons may be given which will perhaps account in part for the circumstance that he should have doomed to oblivion the results, with these few exceptions, of the first ten years of his ministry. The earlier sermons differ from the later in that their tone is more intellectual. He was occupied at this time with the intellectual difficulties which stood in the way of the acceptance of some Christian doctrines. He was showing the rationality and coherence of the Christian experience from whence had emanated theological formulas. But he was also clearing away much of the débris and the underbrush impeding the pathway of those seeking the truth. This indeed was the leading purpose in the decades of the fifties and sixties. Carlyle had called it the getting rid of the "Hebrew old Clothes." But religious inquiry was to sound a much deeper note in the decade of

¹ Vol. i. p. 117.

² Vol. ii. p. 91.

³ Vol. ii. p. 183.

⁴ Vol. iv. p. 110.

⁵ Vol. iv. p. 127.

the seventies. It was with a feeling of strange disappointment that many realized they had escaped from these minor difficulties — questionings about inspiration and revelation, the nature and method of the atonement, or the reality of the miracle — only to fall into deeper and sadder questionings which touched the existence of a personal God and the personal immortality of the soul. Of course no definite line separated these two periods. The desire to restate in more intelligible forms the old truths still went on after the deeper issues had been raised, and these deeper issues may also be detected in the earlier years.

After coming to Boston, Mr. Brooks became more keenly alive to the greater peril, and in his own way addressed himself to the task of meeting it. Few could realize that a great movement forward in the history of the development of doctrine had begun, which must go on to its predestined conclusion. But Phillips Brooks was one of those few, a leader in the process, never losing his faith that God in Christ was bringing the world into richer and larger fields. He still continued for many years to feel the influence that moulded the Philadelphia preaching, but his soul grew more powerful, and his preaching reflected the change, as he bent himself to the simpler and yet more difficult task of encountering at close quarters the subtle penetrating doubt in whose atmosphere all things religious and spiritual seemed to melt away, and the mind contemplated the possibility of a world without God and with no future for the soul.

From this point of view, the Philadelphia ministry had done its work; it was inspired by a different mood, and the old sermons no longer gave adequate expression to the needs of the changing hour. But while in their way they were beautiful and positive in their teaching, they are marked by another characteristic, — they reveal more than do the later sermons the methods and the process of his own growth. The traces of work may sometimes be seen. In his later preaching the contagion of a great conviction is the power on which he relies for the propagation of truth. For the rest, it may be said of the Philadelphia sermons that they

tend to transfigure life somewhat in the way in which Browning has transfigured the scene in the poor dissenting chapel, in his poem on Christmas Eve. The great Brighton preacher, F. W. Robertson, had travelled over the field with such thoroughness of observation, noting with such keen and minute criticism the strength and weakness of the popular Christianity of the time, that it might seem as if no opportunity were left for those that came after him. Phillips Brooks did not imitate nor reproduce. The world as it appeared to him was not quite the same as it appeared to Robertson; his outlook was richer, more joyous; free from any touch of morbidness, and more robust. No great calamity had befallen him in the loss of faith, no reaction against an earlier teaching. He had moved steadily onward from the moment of his first awakening. He assumed that what had been true of himself was true of others. Beneath the difficulties and the questionings reposed the great faith of humanity. Upon that he built with confidence, and to it he carried his appeal.

It would be an incomplete picture of the Philadelphia ministry if no allusion were made to certain defects which at times were bemoaned by individual members of the Church of the Holy Trinity. How, it might be asked, did this brilliant, intellectual style of preaching, as it has been described, meet those who had been trained in the first principles of evangelical religion as presented by Dr. Vinton, or as generally held in the city of Philadelphia, which was a stronghold of the Evangelical school? To this question the answer must be that the result was at times unsatisfactory. It was complained of the preacher that he was subject to moods. There were those who went to hear him, wondering whether they would be fed or turned away hungry. A very accomplished lady, in whose household he was a frequent and regular visitor, took him to task as his mother might have done. She wrote to him at the moment when he was contemplating the abandonment of the pulpit for the chair of Church History in the Divinity School, and while she remonstrated with him because he did not recognize how strong a hold he had upon

the affection of his people, she could not refrain from speaking her mind about his preaching: —

Let me go on to say that I am scarcely surprised at the point you have reached, when I remember the gradual change in your preaching that I have observed during the last few months, — a change which has pained me more than I can express, and which, it seems to me, is only finding its natural result in your present dilemma, — I mean your increased tendency to preach duties and to set forth the Christian life in a manner to make it a painful bondage, taking away from the believer the assurance of hope. . . . I have been trying to believe you did not mean all you seemed to imply, but the present state of your mind painfully convinces me that you did. You said on Wednesday night (as I was told), and I have also heard you say at another time that no one could call themselves safe, that we never knew when we might fall away and be lost. . . . I think that lately, from some cause I know not, you have allowed your energy, zeal, devotion, and imagination to reach a morbid point of excitement which borders on unsoundness. Pardon me, I must speak plainly now, if never again. It seems as if you were urging yourself and your hearers to work and deny themselves, and more and more exhibiting the Christian life as a painful toil, overshadowed by a dismal terror lest after all it might be in vain. You will perhaps be shocked, and perhaps laugh, when I say I think the road you are travelling tends to that Church which enjoins penance as the road in which our salvation can be daily earned.

The late Rev. F. C. Ewer was singularly drawn to Phillips Brooks from what he heard of his preaching. Considering how their paths diverged in after years,¹ it is suggestive, at this time, to find Mr. Ewer writing to him that beneath all their differences they have much in common, standing hand to hand, and neither of them heading exactly in the beaten paths of their predecessors. He invokes God's blessing on him, and calls him "a noble leader."

The mother of Phillips Brooks was for a moment alarmed about the tendencies of his theology. It was in 1864 that she wrote in great distress, warning him against the dangerous errors, as she regarded them, in Bushnell's writings.

¹ Mr. Ewer afterwards became known by a book called *The Failure of Protestantism*.

Nor could Dr. Stone quite reassure her. For several years he sat in the chancel of Holy Trinity, listening closely to the wonderful sermons which surpassed, as he thought, anything in the history of preaching. He was accustomed to remark that it was not the gospel as he was wont to preach it, but none the less he recognized in it a helpful message; it aroused, and sometimes it pained him, yet he could not but listen, and he refused to believe that there was any ground for fear of the preacher's theology. The cause of this doubt and hesitancy lay in the preacher's method, which reflected a bewildering process. The tenets of his own church and of historic Christianity were passing through his spirit in order to their readjustment and to more living estimates of their meaning. So also the human world, with its diversity of efforts to solve the religious problem, came before him for a rehearing. There was a moment when he was affected by the attitude of Pascal, which had been reproduced in Sir William Hamilton's writings and in those of Mansel, who, in their effort to delimit the bounds of the reason, were preparing the way for agnosticism, or for the reaction to Rome. In one of his most brilliant sermons, regarded, that is, from a purely intellectual or literary point of view, he seemed to admit that the absolute truth could not be known; that in this world we saw, as in a glass or mirror, darkly, and only reflection of truth, not truth itself; in other words, the picture of life, as it appeared in the familiar comparison of Plato's cave.¹ There were also some of the phases of Evan-

¹ Cf. p. 459, *ante*, for an account of this sermon. An extract will illustrate its character: "Here is the picture. A man is shut up in a dungeon, which is so built that no ray of sunshine ever finds its way through any door or window. It is so turned away from the light, so walled about on every side, that day by day and year by year the sunlight in its various approaches never finds an open side on which it can break in and lay its glory through the thick and sunless air at the poor prisoner's feet. But before one unlighted window is set up some polished mirror on which an imaged sun is seen repeating the changes and procreations of its unseen original; and watching this, the captive studies by its reflected rays the laws and nature of the heavenly body that he never sees, and gets his vague, imperfect notion of what it is and how it moves at second hand. One of two things must result: either the poor prisoner never finds out that he is studying a copy, and, counting it an original, gets wrong ideas about

gelical doctrine with which he became impatient because he did not at once detect their bearing on life. To these he would sometimes refer slightly, saying that he did not preach them, for he did not know what they meant.

While the process through which he was passing was unsatisfactory at times to himself and to others, in the imperfect, one-sided utterances to which it led, yet it was a vital one, necessary to his full development. When he said, as he did so often in the later years, that the great body of Christian doctrine had positive value, and was to be retained and not discarded; that it was verifiable to the reason, or had grown out of the spiritual life and needed only to be translated back into the terms of life in order that its importance as spiritual testimony might be evident, — he was speaking from the insight gained in his Philadelphia ministry. But already, before he left Philadelphia, he had entered upon the second phase of his religious and theological development, where the lack of unity which marked the earlier preaching would disappear. Hitherto he had sought to worship the Christ as presented in the traditional ecclesiastical art, where passivity and atonement for the world's transgressions was the ruling motive. He had now begun to discern the Christ as will, the legislator for humanity as well as its redeemer; the stronger Christ, whom he needed for himself,

it, mixes the laws of its reflection with the nature of its direct radiance, mistakes the direct for the indirect, the echo for the utterance; or else, feeling how unsatisfactory his knowledge is, his one great longing is to break the walls away and let the full unhindered glory pour down upon him, that he may know he sees, and learn to love and understand the sun. So man knows God only by his reflection in some lower nature, and either misunderstands God from not knowing the inherent fault of his position, or else lives and labors with a high dissatisfaction, an intense ambition to break the thick walls of his humanity aside and see his Maker at last face to face. You see how important is the subject that is brought before us. It is the difference between direct and reflected knowledge in the highest things. We stand before our window thinking that we look on God and duty and the phenomena of the eternal life. What if it be so that all we see is how these great Eternals relate and represent themselves in the phenomena of time? Not yet; not till this prison house goes to pieces do we see God and duty and heaven as they are." For the contrast with the later preaching, compare a sermon written in 1886 (vol. iv. p. 280) entitled *The Knowledge of God*.

in order to bring him into inward peace by obedience. He had discerned the stronger Christ as yet from afar, but henceforth his work as a preacher would be to enter into the mind of Christ, to reproduce His image, that life and character whose power had remade the world. Perhaps the later preaching, after he came to Boston, lacked something of the imaginative charm and the literary finish of the earlier period, but it gained in directness and in power. At any rate, there was a difference. He felt it, and showed that he was no longer in sympathy with the attitude of his Philadelphia ministry, when he refrained from publishing many of those exquisite sermons which as literary productions have the highest quality, but as sermons fell short of his later standard.

The Riverside Press

H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

U. S. A.

